Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

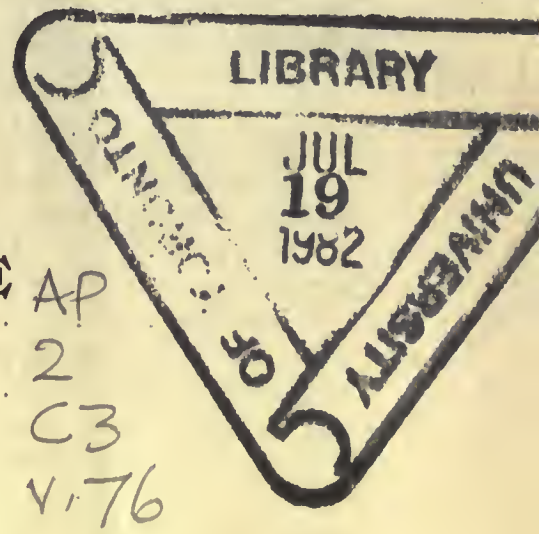
http://www.archive.org/details/catholicworld76pauluoft

P3811

338.09
70208

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.



A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AP
2
C3
V.76

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. LXXVI.

OCTOBER, 1902, TO MARCH, 1903.

NEW YORK:

THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,

120 WEST 60th STREET.

1903.

CONTENTS.

Anarchist, The?—*John A. Foote*, . . 59
Anarchy and Government.—*W. F. C. Scholasticus*, ... 44
Apostolic Delegate, Our New, . . 569
Apostolic Mission House, The Ceremony of Turning "the First Sod" for the, (*Frontispiece.*)
Bangkok: The Venice of the Far East. (*Illustrated.*)—*Francis Mury*, . 159
Catholic Citizens and Public Education, ... 430
Catholic Novel, The Basis of a.—*Rose F. Egan*, ... 316
Cecilian Art, The Evolution of.—*Marie Donegan Walsh*, ... 794
Church Building, A Practical Talk on. (*Illustrated.*)—*Charles D. Maginnis*, ... 368
Columbian Reading Union, The, 140, 282, 425, 567, 710, 853
Comment on Current Topics, 136, 277, 422, 563, 705, 849
Dante, Certain Characteristics of. (*Portrait.*)—*A. C. Storer*, . . . 172
Easter Redemption of the Soul, The.—*Ethel T. Drought*, ... 752
Educational Crisis in England, The.—*Rev. Gilbert Simmons, C.S.P.*, . 152
Educational Struggle in England, The.—*Rev. Gilbert Simmons, C.S.P.*, . 724
English Life, Pen Pictures of.—*William Seton, LL.D.*, 351, 531, 636, 761
Evictions in Brittany, Recent. (*Illustrated.*)—*The Comtesse de Courson*, 339
Falconio, Mgr., (*Frontispiece.*)
Farley, D.D., Most Rev. John Murphy, (*Frontispiece.*)
George Eliot, The Ethics of.—*Georgina Pell Curtis*, ... 217
German Jerusalem, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*E. C. Vansittart*, ... 658
German Life in Town and Country.—*Rev. P. Farrelly*, ... 64
Gotti, D.C., His Eminence Jerome, the new Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, (*Frontispiece.*)
Great White Shepherd of Christendom, The, ... 713
Grottoes of Marmoutier, A Bicycle Trip to the.—*Miss De La Fontaine*, . 614
Guild of Artists, A Modern.—*William Laurel Harris*, ... 436
International Congress of Americanists, The. (*Illustrated*)—*Rev. Charles Warren Currier*, ... 476
Ireland, The Reawakening in. (*Illustrated.*)—*Seumas MacManus*, . 17
Joyce Josselyn, Sinner.—*Mary Sarsfield Gilmore*, . 90, 223, 385, 517, 670, 823
Knowing God, A Way of.—*Albert Reynaud*, ... 443
Leo XIII., His Enemies and Critics—*Rev. D. J. MacMackin, D.D.*, . 289
Library Table, 131, 270, 417, 558, 699, 843
Lost has been Found, The: A Christmas Story.—*Marion Ames Taggart*, ... 453
Louvain: Zigzag Notes on a Belgian University Town. (*Illustrated.*)—*Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley*, . . 620
Magnien, S.S., D.D., Very Rev. Alphonse. (*Portrait.*)—*Rev. M. F. Foley*, ... 814
Modern Madonnas, Types of, (*Frontispiece.*)
Modern Poetry, The Religious Element in.—*Frank Waters*, ... 110
Montalembert and Lamennais.—*Rev. William Sullivan, C.S.P.*, . . 462
Montluel, the Birthplace of Bishop Crétin. (*Illustrated.*)—*Lorenzo J. Markoe*, ... 729
Mystery of Grace, A. (*Illustrated.*)—*Richard Stearns*, ... 645
Mystical Nuptials between our Lord and some of the Saints, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Georgina Pell Curtis*, . 50
Nuremberg, When the Clock Stopped in. (*Illustrated.*)—*Margaret F. Sullivan*, ... 194
One Midnight Mass.—*James M. Keating*, ... 330
Our Lady of Foreboding, (*Frontispiece.*)
Oxford Movement, The Ebb and Flow of the.—*Willoughby Braithwaite*, . 651
Paintings of Hans Memling, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Mary F. Nixon-Roulet*, 770
Passionist Fathers, The Golden Jubilee of the. (*Illustrated.*)—*A Passionist Father*, ... 502
Photograph of a Ghost, The—*Grace V. Christmas*, ... 186
Pope Leo XIII., Two Portraits of, (*Frontispieces.*)
Propaganda, Cardinal Gotti and the.—*James Murphy*, ... 1
Prosperity of Ireland, A Dawning Day for the.—*James Murphy*, . . 599
Religious Progress in Porto Rico. (*Illustrated.*)—*Rev. Alonso-Alonso*, . 445
Rights of the People, Vindication of the, ... 143
Saint Chantal: A Type of Christian Womanhood.—*Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, ... 571

St. Francis Xavier and Unitarianism.—*J. S.*, ... 11
Saint of Lindisfarne, The. (*Illustrated.*)—*Mary F. Nixon-Roulet*, . 303
Sister Marie du Sacré Cœur, a Reformer in Education.—*Suzanne de Castomir*, ... 34
Soul-Blindness.—*Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, ... 782
Spiritual Hope for Ireland, A Vision of.—*Rev. Henry Edward O'Keeffe, C.S.P.*, ... 739
Study of the Child, A.—*S. M. J.*, . . 579
Symbolisms of God, The.—*Albert Reynaud*, ... 156
Tasso and the Church of San Onofrio. (*Illustrated.*)—*Georgina Pell Curtis*, ... 585
Theology, Progress in.—*Rev. James J. Fox, D.D.*, ... 488
Turning of the First Sod, The.—*Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P.*, ... 287
Unitarianism and Foreign Missions.—*J. S.*, ... 248
Unitarianism and Religion in Education.—*J. S.*, ... 296
Utica Pioneers, Two Notable. (*Illustrated.*) -*John C. Brogan*, . . . 77
Views and Reviews, 118, 255, 404, 543, 690, 836

POETRY.

Bells of St. Mary, The.—*Rev. Julian E. Johnstone*, ... 247
Brother's Tribute, A.—*Rev.* —— ——, *S. J.*, ... 750
Crucifix, The.—*Anna McClure Sholl*, . 813
Cynic, The.—*Francis Waite*, . . . 49
Desolation of Babylon, The.—*N. J. Bell*, ... 41
Faith.—*Edward Doyle*, ... 158
"Gloria in Excelsis Deo."—*Rev. John W. Wolf*, ... 461
Indian, The.—*Louise F. Murphy*, . 669
Joy of Mary, The.—*Charles Hanson Towne*, ... 516
Lumen in Cœlo, (*Frontispiece.*)
Memories.—*Francis J. Rohr*, . . . 254
Moonlight Symphony, A.—*Louise F. Murphy*, ... 781
Mother's Foreboding, The.—*Susan L. Emery*, ... 501
My Mother Confessor.—*Charles Woodward Hutson*, ... 16
New Year's Prayer, A, ... 429
Night.—*Albert Reynaud*, ... 635
Resemblance, The.—*George H. Turner*, ... 216
Resignation.—*George H. Turner*, . . 193
Sanctus Bell, The.—*Rev. Julian E. Johnstone.* 366
Song of Praise, A.—*Marie Rylman*, . 315
Sunshine and Rain.—*Francis J. Rohr*, 350
Voyageur's Story, The. — *Thomas Walsh*, ... 328

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Agapé and the Eucharist in the Early Church, The, ... 406
Altar Boy's Own Book, The, ... 263
Althea, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation, ... 412
Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies, The, ... 409
Arnold, Matthew, ... 553
Babel and Bible, ... 255
Between the Cubes; or, Some of the Lessons of the Mosaics in the Ancient Christian Churches in Rome, . . 696
Boer Fight for Freedom, The, . . . 557
Boy, The, How to Help Him to Succeed, ... 696
Brother Hilarius, The Gathering of, . 836
Canterbury to Rome, From, ... 129
Catholic History of Our Country, A, . 125
Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Unpublished Letters of, and of his father, Charles Carroll of Doughoregan, . 262
Christian Apologetic, A, ... 414
Coast of Freedom, The, ... 124
Comfort for the Faint-Hearted, . . 695
Convents of Great Britain, The, . . 263
Correspondance de Mgr. Gay: Lettres de Direction Spirituelle, ... 412
Day of an Invalid, The, ... 414
De Deo Uno et Trino Disputationes Theologicæ, ... 840
Discourses, Doctrinal and Moral, . . 263
Dogtown, ... 696
Dolling, Father, ... 694
Early Church, Monuments of the, . 126
Education in the Philippine Islands, Statistics concerning, ... 124
Education, Thoughts on, ... 552
Einleitung in das Neue Testament, . 404
Elder Faiths of Ireland, Traces of the, 837
Elementary Geography; Complete Geography, ... 264
Eliot, George, ... 127
Essays, Historical and Literary, . . 555
Études d'Histoire et de Théologie Positive, ... 406
Experimental Psychology to Philosophy, The Relation of, ... 258
Faith of Old England, The, ... 265
Four Feathers, The, ... 841
Friars and Filipinos, ... 118
Hearth to Cloister, From, ... 126
Histoire des Croyances, Superstitions, Mœurs, Usages, et Coutumes, selon le plan du Decalogue, ... 267

Holy Rosary in Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, The, . . . 574
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, The, . . . 260
How to Sing, ... 697
Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth, ... 265
Instructions on Preaching, Catechizing, and Clerical Life, by Saints and Fathers of the Church, ... 266
International Encyclopædia, The, . . 415
James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery, . 698
Jesus the Jew, and Other Addresses, . 121
Jezebel: A Romance in the Days when Ahab was King of Israel, . . . 127
Julien l'Apostat, ... 415
La Magie Moderne, ... 258
La Questione Religiosa nei Popoli Latini, 838
Laughter, An Essay on, ... 839
Lee at Appomattox, and other Papers, 410
Le Livre de la Prière Antique, . . 690
Le Mouvement Théologique en France depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours (IXe. au XXe. Siècle), ... 259
Le Problème des Causes Finales, . . . 410
L'Évangélisation des Hommes en France et Quelques Réformes Nécessaires, ... 411
Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages, The, ... 413
Manor Farm, The, ... 549
Marquette, Father, ... 257
Mary's Children, More Home Truths for, ... 263
Mémoires des Évêques de France sur la Conduite à tenir à l'égard des Réformés, ... 840
McBride Literature and Art Readers, . 551
Mystery of William Shakespeare, The, 543
Oldfield, ... 842
Our Lady and the Eucharist, ... 127
Œuvre du Saint Esprit ou La Sanctification des Âmes 555
Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII., including the revised Compositions of his early life in chronological order, ... 261
Pharaoh and the Priest, The, . . . 548
Philoxenus, Bishop of Mabbogh (485–519), Three Letters of, ... 408
Religion, Agnosticism, and Education, 268
Religious Life, The Harmony of the, . 697
Répertoire Bibliographique des Auteurs et des Ouvrages Contemporains de Langue Française ou Latine, . . 120
Representative German Catholic Novelists, A Round Table of, ... 550
Rome, ... 547
Sacristan's Manual, The, ... 125
St. Anthony of Padua, The Little Manual of, ... 267
St. Dominic and the Rosary, ... 264
Sally Cavanagh; or, The Untenanted Graves, ... 128
Sancti Francisci Legendæ Veteris Fragmenta Quædam, ... 123
Science of the Saints, First Lessons in, 555
Science of the Saints, The, ... 257
Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year, and the Principal Festivals, ... 118
Sermons from the Latins, ... 545
Shadows of an Ideal, The, ... 547
Sons of Francis, ... 692
Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Melleario Concinnata, ... 694
Sunday, ... 842
Synopsis Theologiæ Moralis: De Pœnitentia, Matrimonio, Ordine, . . . 692
Ten Common Trees, ... 125
Texts for Children, ... 554
Timothy; or, Letters to a Young Theologian, ... 262
Unto the End, ... 265
Wesen und Principien der Bibelkritik auf Katholischer Grundlage, . . . 119
With Napoleon at St. Helena, . . . 550
Wyndham Girls, The, ... 550
Young Christian Teacher Encouraged, The, ... 838
Yourself, ... 413
Youth and a tried Antidote, The Danger of, ... 126

His Eminence Jerome M. Gotti, D.C., the new Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. OCTOBER, 1902. NO. 451.

CARDINAL GOTTI AND THE PROPAGANDA.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

THE nomination of Cardinal Gotti to the head of the Sacred Congregation De Propaganda Fide is an incident in the administration of Leo XIII. that is likely to prove historically interesting. A modest Carmelite monk thus enters on the office that is practically second in importance to that of the Supreme Pontificate itself; becomes, in the phraseology of the Roman public, the "Red Pope"; in the vulgar parlance in Rome the Holy Father is the "White Pope," and the superior-general of the Jesuit order the "Black Pope." This in itself is a noteworthy departure.

The office is one that in recent times was regarded practically as the appanage of one or other of the secular cardinals of the Roman Curia. For the filling of the vacancy made by the death of Cardinal Ledochowski Cardinals Satolli, Vincenzo Vannutelli, and Rampolla were mentioned. It seemed almost a certainty that one of the three would be chosen. Instead the Pope appointed a regular, who was not even a member of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

Cardinal Gotti's appointment is being variously interpreted. Some see in it a tribute and an assurance of regard by the Pope to the religious orders; others explain it by a desire of Leo XIII. to fill an exceedingly important office with a man who has no affiliations, who cannot be accused of having

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

VOL. LXXVI.—1

meddled in politics, who cannot be suspected of having friends to favor or enemies to punish. But in reality the explanation ought probably to be sought in the man himself, and in the fact that Leo XIII. has always shown a determination to select, and an accurate judgment in selecting, the right man for the right place.

Cardinal Gotti is in his sixty-ninth year, as he was born at Genoa on March 29, 1834. His origin was of the most modest kind, his father being a humble dock laborer. In his boyhood the future cardinal joined the order of Discalced Carmelites. He developed a remarkable talent for physical science, and shortly after his ordination to the priesthood was made first professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the College of St. Ann in Genoa.

Even to this hour Cardinal Gotti shows the keenest interest in the progress of the world's thought on physics, and in all new mechanical inventions and devices, and his apartments at the Trajan Forum were almost congested with books and periodicals on these subjects, which kept pouring in from various quarters of the globe. It is believed that under Cardinal Gotti's influence the study of mechanical science will assume a much more important position than heretofore in the curriculum of the Propaganda College.

Young Gotti rapidly rose in the ranks of his order until he obtained the position of provincial, which gave him the opportunity of travelling. He became known at the Vatican for the keenness of his judgment, revealed as consultor of the Sacred Roman Congregations. His appointment as Delegate Apostolic for various special missions to South American republics followed, and his success while administering this function in Brazil gave him prominent rank among the diplomats of the church.

Pope Leo XIII. had long shown a special predilection for him, and in the Consistory of November 29, 1895, he created him cardinal, with Santa Maria della Scala as his titular church. Later he was appointed Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and member of the Congregations of the Holy Office, the Index, Rites, Indulgences, and Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He is also protector of the Archconfraternity of St. Anthony of Padua, of the Venerable Company of the Stigmata of St. Francis in Florence and in Filottrano.

Personally, Cardinal Gotti is of medium stature, has a small, oval face, a fresh complexion, and a bright, cheerful aspect that makes him look younger by three or four decades than he really is.

The importance of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda in the administration of the church, and particularly its direct hierarchical supremacy over the Church in America, will render a brief mention of its origin, character, and methods of operation not inopportune here. Pope Evaristus, the fifth successor of St. Peter, created the first "titles," or parishes, of Rome, the occupants of which were afterwards known as Cardinals. In the beginning of the third century twenty-five of these titles existed. Then they were increased to fifty, later to seventy, and at the present time there are seventy-four titles, although the number of cardinals in the Sacred College is limited to seventy.

The functions of the members of this highest ecclesiastical dignity after the Papacy are vastly different to-day from what they were in the olden times when the cardinals were administrators of parishes. The greater part of the administration of the church is under the charge of the cardinals who live at Rome—the cardinals *in curia*, as they are called—who are members of the Sacred Roman Congregations, which correspond in a certain measure to the political ministries in modern states.

These congregations are established in Rome by the Sovereign Pontiff, and their objects are to inquire into, discuss, and decide the important affairs of the whole church and of the temporal dominions of the Holy See. The cardinals are assisted by consultors, by distinguished ecclesiastics both secular and regular, and by other officials appointed by the Pope. The head, or prefect, of a sacred congregation is a cardinal, except in the case of the four congregations of the Holy Office or Inquisition, the Consistory, the Apostolic Visit, and the Pontifical Commission for the Reunion of the Dissident Churches, of which the Pope himself is the Prefect. A cardinal is the secretary of the Holy Office. The acts, decrees, rescripts, and letters issued in the name of a congregation are subscribed generally by the prefect, and always by the secretary. These two officials chiefly regulate the affairs of the congregation, and submit to the Pope at periodical audiences the matters which require his approval.

HISTORY OF THE PROPAGANDA.

Among the Sacred Roman Congregations the Propaganda Fide to-day is almost in a class by itself from the magnitude of the work entrusted to it, and from the importance of the field over which its administration extends. The earliest traces of the foundation of this congregation are brought back to Pope Gregory XIII., who during his reign, which extended from 1572 to 1585, appointed three cardinals—Medici, Caraffa, and Santorio—to superintend the propagation of the faith among the Slavs, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, etc., and to further this work he had several thousand books printed at his own expense in the various languages.

Clement VIII., who was an Aldobrandini and came to the throne in 1592, decreed that the cardinals charged with the propagation of the faith should meet regularly in congregation every week. He himself presided over the first of these congregations, which was held on August 11, 1599. It was Clement VIII. who founded the Scotch College in Rome, and under whose pontificate occurred the conversion of the Ruthenian nation to the Catholic faith.

The real founder of the Congregation De Propaganda Fide must, however, be recognized in the person of Gregory XV., who, on June 22, 1622, in the first year after his elevation to the Pontificate, issued the famous Bull *Inscrutabili*, by which the sacred congregation was formally instituted, and by which was reserved to it "the business of the spreading of the faith and the sending of harvesters of souls to foreign parts." By a decree issued on the same day the Pope assigned to the new congregation for all time the sum of 500 gold crowns, which each cardinal at the time of his promotion should pay for the cardinalatial ring. The sum was later reduced by Pius VII. to 600 silver crowns. Many privileges and subsidies were accorded to the congregation by Gregory XV. and his successors. Innocent XII. donated 150,000 gold crowns, and Clement XII. gave 70,000, and many conspicuous legacies have since been made by cardinals and by laymen. The first cardinal prefect of the Propaganda was Antonio Sauli. Other notable cardinal prefects have been Antonio Barberini, Stefano Borgia, Lorenzo Litta, and Alessandra Barnabo.

The attributions of the Propaganda consist in the spiritual

and temporal administration of the missions, the settlement of their points of contention, the sending of missionaries into countries that are to be evangelized, the nomination of bishops and of vicars-apostolic. The Propaganda is the ordinary tribunal for controversies and conflicts that arise among missionaries of various orders, or among superiors of missions and the local native clergy. It also solves questions of doubt submitted to it.

The personnel of the congregation consists at this hour of twenty-five cardinals, one of whom is Prefect, Cardinal Gotti, and another of whom is *Prefetto dell' Economia*, or supervisor of the finance department, Cardinal Antonio Agliardi. Cardinal Gibbons is one of the members of the Congregation. The secretary is usually a titular bishop, at present Monsignor Luigi Veccia. He is aided sometimes by a substitute—the post is at present vacant—and by an Apostolic Protonotary, Monsignor Luigi Pericoli. It further comprises thirty-eight consultors, of whom fifteen are monks, four minutanti or high bureaucratic officials, and an archivist. The only American at present in the list of the consultors is the Most Rev. John Joseph Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque.

For the temporal administration of the Propaganda there exist the following positions: a chief of administration, a comptroller, a minutante, a cashier, an architect, a director of the Polyglot Press, a jurisconsult, and an attorney, all of whom are laymen. The general congregation is held once a month, on Mondays. It is held under the presidency of the Pope only on the occasion of the transaction of unusually important business. Every week a "congress" convenes, composed of the Cardinal Prefect, the Secretary, and the attachés.

The work of the congregation is now supplemented by that of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda for Affairs of Oriental Rite. This subsidiary congregation owes its origin to Urban VIII., who in the early part of the seventeenth century formed it for the correction of books of Oriental rite. It was formally organized by Benedict XIV. one hundred and fifty years ago. In 1862 Pius IX. reconstructed it and extended its operations to all Oriental business. It is now composed of fourteen cardinals, with Cardinals Gotti and Agliardi at the head. Its secretary is Monsignor Antonio Savelli-Spinola. It has nineteen consultors, four minutanti, and four interpreters,

all ecclesiastics. Several minor commissions for matters of detail exist within the Congregation of the Propaganda.

METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION.

As for the administrative methods of the Propaganda, it is to be noted that the church divides into three classes the territories over which it exercises its action: first, canonical countries, those, namely, which are submitted completely to the rules of canon law; secondly, concordate countries, in which the rules have been modified by agreements between the Papacy and the temporal powers; thirdly, mission countries, where Catholicism is either in process of establishment, as in pagan nations, or in the New World, or in process of re-establishment, as in nations which, like England, once were Catholic but had become heretical or schismatic.

The Holy See deems it inopportune to impose definite canonical legislation in these mission countries. It proceeds with the fostering care that the various situations demand. The missions depend directly on the Pope and are all placed under the charge of the Propaganda, which holds as an enduring tradition the custom of allowing them all the liberty compatible with the peace, unity, and authority of the church. The mission countries are: In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, Norway and Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Northern Germany, Saxony, Anhalt, Schleswig-Holstein, part of the Grisons, the Balkan Peninsula, and Greece. In Asia, all except the Portuguese colonies. In Africa, all except Algeria, the Canaries, Ceuta, and Reunion, the bishop of which is a suffragan of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. In America, the United States, Guiana, Patagonia, the West Indies and the Antilles, with the exception of Cuba, Hayti, Guadeloupe, and Martinique. The bishops of these last two islands are also suffragans of the Archbishop of Bordeaux in France. In Oceania, all except the Philippines. It thus happens, somewhat anomalously, that the Philippines are in a higher administrative class than the United States.

The official representatives of the Holy See in the mission countries are the apostolic delegates, the apostolic vicars, and the apostolic prefects.

The apostolic delegation constitutes a more or less extended jurisdiction accorded by the Pope to a secular or regular

prelate over a certain number of dioceses, of apostolic vicariates, or of prefectures, without distinction of rites.

The apostolic vicariates are territories, or parts of territory, the spiritual administration of which is turned over by the Holy See to individual prelates. Ordinarily the vicars-apostolic are bishops and have a titular see. They are chosen by the Propaganda, which lays down specifically the limitations of their jurisdiction. It sometimes happens that vicariates are raised to the rank of bishoprics, without, however, ceasing to be part of the mission countries. This was the case in England when on September 29, 1850, Pope Pius IX. re-established the nation's hierarchy.

Apostolic prefects are chiefs of missions who are not bishops. They are simple missionaries, seculars or monks, invested by the Propaganda with certain special powers. Apart from the faculty of conferring the major orders, priesthood, diaconate, and sub-diaconate, they often exercise all the powers of a bishop. They may give the tonsure and confer minor orders, move as they will their subordinate clergy, broaden or restrict the rights and privileges entrusted to the missionaries, inspect churches, address pastorals to the faithful, and administer the sacrament of confirmation.

The United States and Canada are among the apostolic delegations; North Carolina, Arizona, and Indian Territory, in the United States, are apostolic vicariates. Alaska is a prefecture apostolic, the prefect apostolic being a Jesuit father.

THE URBAN COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA.

The error is sometimes made of confusing the Sacred Roman Congregation De Propaganda Fide with one of the institutions which depend on that congregation, the word Propaganda being variously taken to mean the congregation, and the Urban College De Propaganda Fide, also called the Apostolic Seminary of all the nations.

This renowned and exceedingly interesting establishment was instituted in 1627, by Pope Urban VIII., whence the name Urban College, in the palace and with the foundation donated by a Spanish prelate, Monseigneur John Baptist Vives. His plan for the college was "that there should be educated and instructed in the necessary sciences, in good discipline, and in the dogmas of Catholic truth the youths of the various foreign

nations, in order that on returning to their own country, or sent elsewhere by the Congregation of the Propaganda, they should confirm Catholics in the faith and should promote or preach the doctrine of Jesus Christ where the Christian name was unknown; and that, finally, they should illuminate schismatics and heretics on the darkness of their errors."

The seat of the college was and is the great palace, restored by Bernini, which on one side looks out on the Piazza di Spagna, and on the other faces Via della Mercede. Here are located the various offices of the congregation, the residence of the cardinal prefect, the archives, the library, and the famous printing plant. Alexander VII., who was Pope from 1655 to 1667, not only increased the college but also built within its quadrangle the now famous Church of the Epiphany.

At its origin the college was placed under a rector, and the administration was confided to three canons, one from each of the archbasilicas of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. But Urban VIII. himself before his death nullified this arrangement, and formally incorporated the College of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

When the French invaded Rome Napoleon Bonaparte, by a decree of 1809, suppressed the Urban College, as well as the celebrated printing establishment. He caused its type, its presses, and its almost priceless matrices for the alphabets of the Oriental tongues to be smashed to pieces. In 1817 the college was reopened. The polyglot press has been re-established, and under the fostering care of Leo XIII. it has become the most marvellously varied printing-house in the world.

One of the great celebrations of the year in Rome is the celebration of the feast of the Epiphany at the Propaganda College. The visit of the three Wise Men from the East is taken as the symbol of the first conversion of the Gentiles and the spread of the Gospel, and is fittingly the commemorative feast of the great missionary college. In the grand hall of the college on that day a public entertainment is held in which many of the students, who in all number about a hundred, take part.

Among the most interesting features on the programme is the reading by the students of compositions in the native language of each. This forms a polyglot entertainment that

could hardly be duplicated in any part of the world. All the tongues of Europe are heard, as well as the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Persian, Copt, Ethiopian, Chinese, and even the unnamed tongues of cannibal tribes in the Southern seas, for the students of the Propaganda are drawn from all the colors and varieties of the human species.

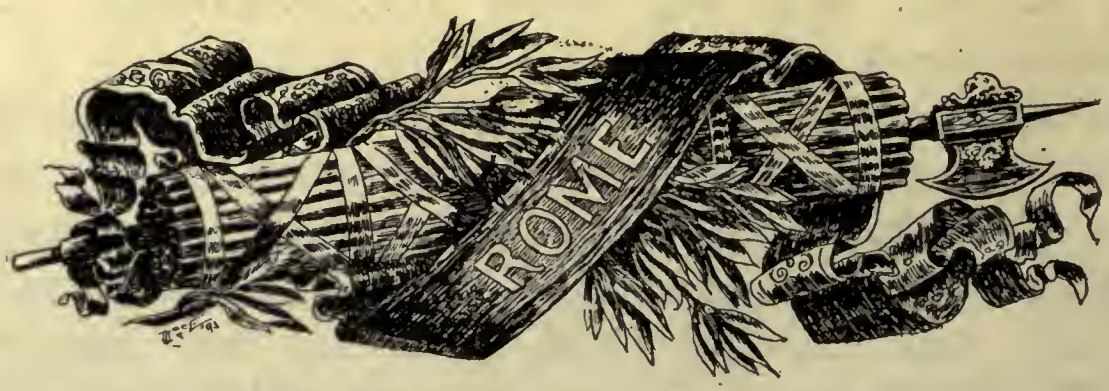
On the first floor of the palace is the famous library, rich in polyglot Bibles, in catechisms in all languages, in dictionaries and grammars, and also in the book collections made by several Sovereign Pontiffs. Opposite the library is the Borgian Museum, named after Stefano Borgia, who was once cardinal prefect of the congregation. It has a priceless collection of manuscripts in Arabic, Syriac, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Indian—many of them on palm-leaves—Greek, Latin, Italian, etc. Some veritable treasures are here in book-form and in parchment. Worthy of mention is the celebrated Mexican Code, of great antiquity, painted in hieroglyphics on deer-skin. Again, there is a Latin folio volume, a masterpiece of penmanship, which was made to serve as the Christmas-night missal of Pope Alexander VI. It contains an admirable portrait of that Pontiff. The famous map on which the same Pope, who had been chosen as arbitrator by Spain and Portugal, drew the historical line of demarcation to divide their dominions in the New World, is also here to be found. There is also a wonderful collection of stained and painted glass discovered in the catacombs, and on the whole the Propaganda palace may be ranked as one of the conspicuous art and antiquity treasure-houses of the world.

In Rome the new Propaganda Prefect, Cardinal Gotti, is regarded as essentially a bureaucrat. Method, discipline, and order are points on which, at the offices of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, he showed himself to be exacting in the extreme. His long life as a monk naturally gave him this turn of mind.

No one among his entourage would dream of suspecting him of composing a Latin verse, or of foregathering with painters, sculptors, and musicians, characteristics which in Leo XIII., an entirely different man, are an element of additional charm. It is not that Cardinal Gotti is in any way narrow. His tastes, for all the world knows, may be artistic to an unusual point and his soul may long for association with the dainty and æsthetic side of life, but his long and severe schooling

has made him a man who devotes himself exclusively and scrupulously to the work which he conceives to be in his line of duty. It is said of him that no other cardinal in Rome can give such immense concentration to the handling of matters of detail, that he has the infinite capacity for taking pains which is one of the marks of genius. This fact probably explains in a great measure his remarkable success as a diplomat.

His diplomacy has nothing of the crafty or pettifogging about it. It was the simplicity and lucidity of his work while at the Apostolic Legation in Brazil that won for him his first public triumphs. As a member of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs his reports and judgments on all matters submitted to him were couched in a style of logic that had a mathematical precision about it, and which was limpid and convincing. Should it be within the decrees of Providence that Cardinal Gotti be called to the Chair of Peter there is little doubt that his term of office would be marked by immense systematic labor by all the departments of the church administration, and by changes and innovations in these departments, from the bureaucrat's point of view. It would also be quite possible, on the same hypothesis, that Girolamo Maria Gotti might not be ranked by the public at large or remembered by posterity as among the great popes. But that the impress which the work and individuality of Cardinal Gotti, whether called to the Papacy or not, will leave on the church will be wholly good and lastingly beneficial, those who know from within will even from this hour attest.



ST FRANCIS XAVIER AND UNITARIANISM.

BY J. S.

OUR fellow-Christians of the Unitarian denomination are often in our minds as people who if converted would become excellent Catholics, and we never omit to pray for them. Catholics indeed are bound to wish for all men, and bound to strive by word and example to draw all men into the light, because our Saviour came, lived, and died for all of human kind; yet a preference like ours is permitted, and we confess that we covet Unitarians for converts more than we do any other outsiders. We repeat that we think they would be signally valuable, as we know they would be blissfully happy, if members of the true church. Their defection from Congregational Orthodoxy, some seventy-five years ago, was a healthy movement towards intellectual and moral freedom, and although inveterate inherited prejudice has forbidden them to consider seriously the claim upon them, as upon all Christians, of the Catholic Church, yet the record they have since made may justly be termed progress—towards nothing, it is true, at which point they have happily arrived—but progress, nevertheless. Their emancipation from spiritual thraldom of any nature is complete, and no people were ever better circumstanced to exchange nothing for everything—the desert for Paradise—if they would but make the effort, bravely and in humble and sincere fashion. Their unrest and longing are hopeful signs, and it is not in human nature to be for ever spiritually satisfied with nothing; and, again, their protest against sham and pretence is an ingrained and an American trait, so that, if they may obtain a glimpse of the truth they will not rest satisfied with less than the whole of it; no fractional Christianity will content them. Let us Catholics, then, pray fervently for them, and, as far as may be in our power, urge and help them forward.

We have been moved to these reflections by a sudden interest manifested in St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of India and Japan, by one who may be termed the very Nestor of the Unitarian Church, a sage whose words command attention throughout his own denomination and indeed far beyond it:

we mean, the Reverend Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, and we augur much from his interest in Xavier, although we cannot feel sure that it has yet taken deep root; but we trust the learned doctor may make a real study of the saint's life and works, that thus the splendor and edification of Xavier's brilliant and glorious career may become better known to himself and others.

Dr. Hale's theme (in his *Good News* and the *Christian Register*, both of Boston) has been missions in general, and that of Xavier in particular. Gregarious rather than solitary missions commend themselves to his judgment, and he reproaches Xavier for having gone abroad alone instead of amid a crowd, and Dr. Hale demands to be told where now are Xavier's numerous converts or their descendants. This inquiry of his we will answer, though necessarily in a brief and sketchy manner, and we repeat our hope for a thorough and exhaustive study of Xavier by the Unitarians.

St. Francis Xavier, then, born in 1506, youngest child of a noble Spanish family, was blessed with a pious mother, who bred in him a horror of sin. His brothers having become warriors, he was destined for the law, and pursued his studies awhile at Paris. High-spirited and ambitious, he had hoped to shine in the world, but, coming under the influence of Ignatius Loyola, he yielded to those supernatural graces which, indeed, are in some measure within the reach of all Catholics, but which not all of us are so ready to heed as was Francis. Ignatius befriended him, and in ways so generous and so delicate that Francis recognized the loftiness of his soul, became more and more drawn to him, and came in time to love him intensely, and this personal devotion to Ignatius lasted through Francis' whole life. The former lost no fit occasion to admonish his friend to save his soul rather than seek to gain the world (which counsel, we fear, must seem mighty foolish to President Eliot, of Harvard, who recently urged the 113 girl-graduates of Radcliffe not to try to save their souls), and Francis felt the rankling of these shafts of wisdom until he yielded to grace and gave himself wholly to the service of Jesus Christ.

His mission to India and Japan lasted fourteen years, and he died, as he had lived, heroically, of exhaustion and fever, in his forty-seventh year, while longing and striving to spread the Gospel in China. His conversions had been numerous, often at the price of cruel martyrdom for his converts; but, though

himself fearless and quick to seek and face dangers, his own life was not thus sacrificed.

In Japan he was at first received civilly by that brave and intelligent people, and was welcomed to gain as many converts as he could; but, later, the native clergy and some of the courtiers denounced him and his religion to the government, and Christianity was thenceforward strictly tabooed. From 1617 to 1632 especially an anti-Christian persecution raged in Japan. In 1612 the faithful had numbered nearly two millions of souls, with churches and chapels, schools and universities, and the noble qualities of the Japanese were favorable to the spread of the true religion; but now churches, crosses, all monuments of Christianity, were destroyed and many hundreds of the faithful were put to death, and these martyrs comprised not only priests and members of religious orders, but, as well, lay people of both sexes and of all conditions and ages. Father Braeckaert, S.J., says: "The Emperor Daifu-Sama's infernal plans were so ably combined, the torments so horribly prolonged, the searches so thorough, that, finally, after thirty years of slaughter, not a victim was left, not a Christian was to be found, not a trace of Christianity remained." Indeed, the authentic records of the martyrdom of Catholic priests and people, native and foreign, in Japan must be characterized as at once hideous and sublime.

Yet, although no public profession of Christianity was possible, nor even, as far as it could be prevented, any private practice, Catholic traditions, being long-lived, survived through succeeding ages; and when the late gallant Commodore Perry, about the middle of the last century, in true American style—with bluff politeness and decent respect for the Japanese people and government—"opened" Japan to the world, there were found to be many Catholics in scattered localities who, although deprived of priests and Mass and sacraments, had cherished and preserved much sacred truth, baptizing their children and teaching them the catechism of the true faith. Rev. Dr. Hale will be real glad to know that these faithful souls have been rewarded for their constancy by the re-establishment of Catholic missions and the reappearance among them of the glorious Jesuits and other orders, and that the cross and our holy religion which it typifies flourish again in that splendid land.

En passant, and merely as a notable historical fact, we add, certain nominal Christians indeed were allowed to live on and

trade in Japan during the persecutions, viz., such of the Dutch and English as would forswear themselves or would hold their Christianity in a Pickwickian sense; the test being the trampling on a cross. When real Christians were invited or required to commit this symbolic act they invariably refused. They consented readily to set their feet upon two straws if placed side by side; but when the same straws were placed crosswise it became quite another matter, and martyrdom was preferred and endured.

Rev. Dr. Hale seems almost to scorn individual missionary efforts, and yet of these there have been successful instances. St. Patrick, by God's grace, and the single-heartedness of the race, converted the whole Irish people to Christianity, and that without the shedding of a drop of blood, and Dr. Hale must allow the Irish to have been pretty effectually converted, for they have "stayed put" until our own day.

We do not recall any Unitarian foreign mission that was not undertaken single-handed. There was Rev. Mr. Dall's effort to convert India to Unitarianism, and, later, Rev. Mr. McCauley's similar attempt on behalf of the Japanese people (and he had successors), and all these enterprises were maintained or aided by the A. U. A. Perhaps Rev. Dr. Hale was not consulted in either case. Our Lord's own Apostles, the first of all foreign missionaries, went forth singly or in pairs. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the world knows that all pagan peoples who have ever been Christianized, from the Apostles' time down to our own, have been converted by missionaries of the Catholic Church; and this fact should have weight with our Unitarian friends.

We have good hope that the alert Japanese and the inert Chinese alike may have a fair chance at being Christianized during this wonderful twentieth century of which so much is predicted, and our charity reaches also to the subtle Brahmins and the gentle Hindus. These various non-Christian races and peoples, often well disposed and (although not Anglo-Saxon) intelligent, say now in response to appeals for their conversion by Protestant missionaries, telling them half-truths or differing and contradictory truths, "Go home and agree among yourselves; then come again, and we will listen to you." But Protestant propagandism, as far as it goes, is positive, and thus far respectable. What shall the heathen say in response to Unitarian appeals: the denial of all Christian truths that ever

have been believed among men; a warning that every such truth is uncertain, questionable, not to be accepted until the last critic shall have said his say? Why, the heathen (who, fortunately, are generally polite to Christians) must reply: "Will you ask us to give up our all for your nothing? are you fooling? or do you take us for fools? Pray go away."

Why will not all denominations of Protestants reflect that as far as they are positive they are Catholic; only Protestant in denials; therefore that each sect would gain whatever it lacks, and lose nothing, by conversion? Then we Americans could go for the heathen hopefully and all the world would begin to be Christian.

If God—the God of souls, as of nature and the constellations, who made us in his own image and likeness, and without whom our souls can never be satisfied,—if he have ever spoken to man, then the Catholic Church must be his representative. While, if he have not thus spoken to man, then Christendom has arisen and has lived under a delusion, the Jews are right in still awaiting their Messias, and Unitarians properly reject Rome's claim to their spiritual allegiance. But Unitarian Christians will not embrace the latter alternative—at least, not all of them will do so—and these wiser ones we will remind that in missions only the Catholic Church produces fruit—non-Catholic missionary efforts being barren; that if Unitarians be converted they can aid greatly in the conversion of others, while if, and so long as, they remain unconverted, their utmost of success will be only in the impeding of others.

If we have misconstrued Dr. Hale's study of Xavier's life and works (and this may be so) our appeal to Unitarians may seem to them to be an uncalled-for intrusion, and this we should regret, for no one likes to be *de trop;* but, in fairness, is not our belief in their wish for the spread of Christianity a just inference from the profession and the lives of at least a good many Unitarians? And, again, we protest, one cannot help longing for brotherhood of faith with people so excellent, so capable, and so intelligent too in all save the one thing essential to be known and lived--supernatural faith, their lack of which is too pathetic to be forgotten or disregarded by true believers.

We thank Rev. Dr. Hale for calling up the subject of missions and conversions, and hope he may continue to apply his mind to them.

MY MOTHER CONFESSOR.

YES, always there was one
To whom my feet would run,
To whom I all would tell
That e'er to me befell:
The hurts that seemed so sore,
The wrongs I brooded o'er,
And—scared at them—the sins
That loomed as large as Jins,
Released from fished-up flasks.
'Twas sweetest of her tasks,
These heard, to soothe, deplore,
With charge to sin no more.
There never was a time
My most enormous crime
Could keep her pity back,
Or paint me wholly black.
The penances she laid
Upon me never weighed
So heavy as her sighs
And sadness in her eyes.
She had no special place
To do to me this grace;
No time was set apart
When I could reach her heart:
What would she not contrive,
My little soul to shrive?
When now I do what's wrong,
For her how much I long!
No other would, I wiss,
Absolve me with a kiss.

CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.,
Irish Scholar, Poet, Shanachy, and President of the Gaelic League.

THE REAWAKENING IN IRELAND.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

THE spirit of unrest in Ireland has assumed a new phase, and an interesting one, and one that is fraught with big possibilities.

Strange enough, this new phase has not sprung up, nor has it been fostered, in the political arena. In the western part of the land, political Ireland is, indeed, particularly restless. For there, though the judges on circuit find, and are unwillingly forced to declare, the country absolutely crimeless, still the bludgeon of coercion is laying about it both blindly and brutally. The right of free speech is denied; members of Parliament, addressing their constituents,

have been forcibly dragged from the platform, dashed upon the ground, and kicked by an invading force of police, and their blood left distaining the stones of the public highway. And a touring coercion court is, week by week, sending men to jail, for two and three months, for having dared to insist upon the right of free meeting and free speech. And, as a sequence, public opinion, throughout the whole of Ireland, is once again shocked and revolted.

This strange state of matters keeps the west in a ferment, and leaves the other three parts of the country dogged and sullen. If there was no other cause, this mood of the popular mind in Ireland would in itself be quite sufficient to cloud the rosy prospects for a royal visit, which English statesmen, looking through optimistic glasses, thought they saw.

But politicians and the poor are always with us in Ireland; and likewise administrative tyranny; and, consequently, the aggrieved and aggressive spirit. Kings may come and queens may go, but these things always remain. Independent of, and outside of politics, the new spirit has grown; and even, with much truth I may add, in spite of politics it has sprung. This movement embraces alike people who are politicians, people who were politicians, and people who never were and never will be politicians. Gradually and imperceptibly it has been growing for close upon ten years; so imperceptibly, in fact, that it was

DR. SIGERSON,
Irish Bard, author of "Bards of the Gael and Gall," President of the Irish National Literary Society.

EDWARD MARTYN,
Author of "Maive" and "The Heather Field." A promoter of the Irish Literary Theatre.

DR. MARK RYAN,
of the London Gaelic League.

DR. O'HICKEY,
Vice-President of the Gaelic League.

only the other day, as it were, we awakened to the fact that great new forces had come into existence in the midst of us, so imperceptibly that even yet an unthinking portion of the nation may well refuse to believe in its existence even though, against their inclination, it is driving them forward. It has been the natural outcome of the stranding, and great break-up, of the political ship after the collapse of Parnell. Until the days of that apparent catastrophe, while still the ship sailed smoothly, no man of the multitude took thought,—all believed that wiser heads, and surer hands, were at the helm. But when the unlooked-for break-up came, and the captain was lost, and each officer tempted the waters with a boat and crew of his own, there were a few thousands who, refusing to put trust in any officer, hurriedly bound together, each, a little raft for him-

self, or even clung to a spar; preferring to work his own salvation, or sink in trustworthy company. Then these independent ones were put upon their mettle, and, willy-nilly, driven to do that which hitherto they had steadily neglected; that is, reflect and think for themselves. And during the stormy times that succeeded, drifting aimlessly as they were, they had both time and opportunity to follow this course. Now these who took to rafts and spars were, for the most part, young men; men whose ideals had not yet faded, or whose sentiment had not departed from their souls. And upon reflection they clearly saw that whilst people had for years been pursuing agrarian and political reform, they had been entirely unmindful of, if not quite blind to, the fact that, by the intentness of this material pursuit, we had been slowly starving out our national spirit; that our distinct nationality was passing, and the inherited Irish characteristics surely slipping away; that we were, day by day, adopting the manners and modes of action and thought of the materialistic enemy whom we fought—swapping, for modern British shoddy, our own ancient spirituality. And though our politicians were yearly wresting further reforms from England, reforms which, though undeniably good and great from the worldly point of view, were yet—because the spiritual side of our nature was being let slip unheeded—but milestones on the road to a West Britain that was rising upon the ruins of Ireland. The discovery startled them, and they wisely said, "What will it profit a people to gain the whole world if they thereby lose their national soul?" And thereupon the new movement in Ireland first took form of life.

These thinkers began in a modest way, but still firm and assertive, to exchange their opinions, and whilst far from objecting to political reform, or to the work of the politicians, so far as this work made for good, they boldly said that it were far better for the Irish people to forego corporeal advantages than to lose the spiritual. They said it were better that Ireland should never gain her political independence, if, at the same time that she became a political entity, she was doomed to become a spiritual nonentity. They asserted that, whilst none more sincerely than they craved for those rights which had so long been denied to our country, still political reforms should move step for step with the regeneration of the Nation's soul. They said that politicians had unwittingly been pawning this

for seventy years, that the people must be awakened, the Nation's eyes opened, and the tide of anglicization, which had been deluging the land, turned back, Irish ideals set up again, and Irish ideas and characteristics fostered. So that, despite England and the world, we would remake an Irish Nation,

ARTHUR GRIFFITH,
Editor of the "United Irishman."

FRANK FAHY,
President of the Gaelic League of London.

PADRAIC MACMANUS,
Founder of the Gaelic League of Argentina.

self respecting and respected of all—a Nation in every essential characteristic save the minor one of form. This was the doctrine preached by, at first, non-politicians, but it infected the young men in the political ranks; they subscribed to its articles and took it up with enthusiasm. Strangely, though the general movement has accumulated astonishing force it is still without organization, without head, and without any one official mouthpiece. Thousands of young men who have created this force seem, still, to be upon the rafts that they took to some years ago. But they have, in great part, for safety and mutual support, collected—to pursue the figure—into a number of fleets, all of which, however, as well as the single sails that still remain crawling over the waters, are moved by the same main impulse, and steering for the same harbor.

There is one of these fleets, however, far greater, and more numerous, and more important than all the others combined. It is the Gaelic League, a now powerful association, whose direct object is the revival of the Irish language and its restoration to the place it should hold, and to the place it did hold seventy years ago (before the inception of the English school

system), as the household and commercial language of the Irish people. But in this, its main object, is comprehended the accomplishment of an Ireland from which we had fast been falling away—an Ireland that shall be Irish not merely in language but in manners, in customs, in modes of thought, in aspirations and ideals—a truly and genuinely Irish Ireland.

The Gaelic League, though it existed before, is now the paramount symptom of the new movement. For years it had been a voice crying in the wilderness where no man might hear. It had been the voice of a small band of self-sacrificing idealists, few but noble, soulful, and determined men: seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams—so a sympathetic world regarded them as it hurried by. But, to the world's surprise, their visions are rapidly becoming actualities, and their dreams taking palpable form and shape. Month by month during the past half-a dozen years their ranks were being recruited by the young men and young women of Ireland (for, to their credit be it said, the women are, in this case, little less active than the men) who have enthusiastically flocked to that standard upon which is inscribed *Tír a's Teanga*—Country and Tongue. And they who, a few years since, were a pitiful, isolated poor handful of dreamers, command now a multitude of laboring enthusiasts who are to be reckoned by the ten thousand, and whose wonderfully successful work is only to be measured by a standard proportionately great. The wave of enthusiasm, with which they have deluged the Island, has been practically irresistible, and has borne down all opposition. The strides they have already made, and the success they have already attained, is only less startling than the thorough and complete success that all penetrative minds which observe the movement see surely in store for them, ere the present decade shall have ended—an Ireland revolutionized, and ideal in the most vital essentials, being arisen to astonish the world. And this, remember, is not a rhetorical flower of enthusiasm but the plain fruit of close and critical thought.

The wave of enthusiasm which has lifted the young men and women of our Island does not cease here, but has likewise visited colonies of drifted Irish men and women where they have been cast in far quarters of the globe. That our exiled people in the United States and Canada should respond in keen sympathy with their brothers and sisters at home is in no way

ETHNA CARBERY (MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS, recently deceased) and IRIS OLKYRN
Poets, Editors of "The Shan Van Vocht," the pioneer literary organ of the new movement.

surprising. But it is more striking to consider that this far-rolling wave of Gaelic enthusiasm has even swept up the Rio de la Plata, and inundated the pampas of Buenos Ayres, where thousands of our countrymen, or sons of our countrymen, who, half a century ago, went thither to herd sheep, have not merely embraced the propaganda for their own sakes, having established a Gaelic League of Argentina, but are likewise, season after season, forwarding to the Old Land, to help the good work here, subscriptions whose generousness has amazed the multitude at home. The great colony of our countrymen, who, in the general exodus, amounting almost to a stampede, which swept out of our country after the famine years, had pitched their tents upon vast, lone plains over which glowed

the strange Southern Cross—there pitched their tents and prospered.

In Ireland itself the fruits of the Gaelic League are every day, and everywhere, evident. The number of day schools which some years ago taught the language of their own country might have been reckoned on the fingers. To-day it is taught in some thousands of schools throughout the land, and, week by week, this number is increasing with astonishing rapidity—popular opinion having forced the hand of the West British Education Board, compelling it to grant special privileges and inducements to teachers of Irish. In hundreds of the towns and villages, and notably in the hitherto anglicized cities of Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, numerous night-schools sprang into being in which teachers, for the most part voluntary, are acquainting the many thousands of adults with a grammatical knowledge of their mother tongue. Three salaried chief organizers of the Gaelic League, and several sub-organizers, are touring the various parts of the country, holding meetings, arousing enthusiasm, and establishing classes in every parish, and every school. Provincial and local festivals are the order of the day; festivals at which competitions are held and prizes awarded—some being prizes specially offered by the Gaelic Leagues of America and Argentina—both for oral and literary aptitude in the language; for original Gaelic poetry; for Gaelic oratory, Gaelic songs, and Gaelic stories. And the poetic and oratorical powers displayed at these gatherings by illiterate old men and women, who may have trudged a dozen miles of moor and mountain to compete, are marvellous. One great annual festival, the *Oireachtas*, is held in Dublin in the month of May. It is looked forward to with enthusiastic interest, and prepared for during the whole of the preceding year, and attended by men and women of all ages from all parts of the island; some to compete for prizes which in the aggregate amount to several hundreds of pounds, and others to find food for renewed enthusiasm. Thus are the people encouraged to foster old stories, old songs, old airs, old manners and amusements, and stimulated to create new literature.

This great and important festival is now five years established, and is, each succeeding year, a far greater and far more important, and has now become fixed as far-and-away the chief, national event. Last season, also, for the first time, Gaelic

MEMBERS OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE AT THEIR MEETING IN DUBLIN IN 1901.

Summer-Schools, for the benefit of teachers on their holidays, were started at the seaside resorts.

Not only has the wonderful progress of the Gaelic League called into existence an official weekly organ, *An Claidheamh Soluis* (The Sword of Light), and a literary quarterly, *Banba*, as well as made more valuable its monthly magazine, *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge*, but the great body of the provincial press, as well as the leading Dublin dailies, have all been forced to lay in fonts of Gaelic type, and print columns of Gaelic notes, stories, songs, and speeches, from day to day, and from week to week. And in a press so conservative as is the Irish that was an achievement. Gaelic printing, in all its branches, has got a remarkable fillip; and the Irish Text Society is busy publishing, in elaborate form, ancient Irish texts, that scholars sorrowfully thought, a few years since, would surely pass into oblivion. And in the production of entirely new material both of prose and verse, song, story, and novel, Gaelic authors and Gaelic printers are rapidly at work.

Though not the direct work of the Gaelic League, it is one result of it that an annual Feis Ceoil (Festival of Music), whose object is the development and fostering of Irish Music, is now well and firmly established, and popular. And an Irish Literary Theatre has come into existence, which this year, for the first time, put upon the boards, in the leading Dublin theatre, an Irish play, *Casadh an t-Súgain* (The Twisting of the Rope), the production of the distinguished Irish scholar and poet, Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League. Elsewhere, at provincial *Feisanna*, several very successful Gaelic plays, written by two very earnest workers, scholars and littérateurs, Father Peadar O'Leary, and Peadar T. MacGinley, have been enacted.

And, finally, Irish history which, since the inception of the "National" School system (a system avowedly established for the purpose of anglicizing the Irish nation), was strictly forbidden in the education of the youth, was, after strenuous efforts, placed upon the school programme last year. And the young boys and girls of Ireland are now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, for the first time permitted the dangerous privilege of an acquaintance with the history of their country.

But, recognizing that, however much they might instil national ideas into the youth of the country, it was only making ropes of sand if—as has long been the case—when these young

people grew to maturity, they took the watery western way over which our young people have been streaming for generations, to seek for fortune in your ever-generous western Republic. The patriotic workers see that the people must be kept in the country if we are to have a nation. And they acknowledge that in order to hold them industries, at which our people may earn a livelihood, must be established and enthusiastically supported. Therefore the stoppage of emigration and the fostering of Irish industries have become two most essential features of the new national programme. A strenuous, even bitter, fight against emigration is being carried on from press and platform. In some parts of the country Anti-Emigration Leagues have been formed. And even as I write I lift a little provincial weekly paper which, after a piteous appeal to the thousands who have been thinking of quitting their country, earnestly calls for volunteers to further the anti emigration propaganda, and offers gold and silver medals for patriotism to the twenty-one of its readers who will, within the next six months, succeed in keeping most people from emigrating, and a vellum certificate to every one of its readers who will succeed in keeping in the country even one individual who had been determined on leaving it. And every intending emigrant, who gives his or her solemn promise to stay in Ireland for at least twelve months, will be awarded a certificate, and have his or her name inscribed upon a Roll of Honor that is to be prepared and published.

FOR IRELAND'S SAKE.

I, ...,

of ....., County .....,

have secured from .....

..... , of .....,

.....

County ....., the promise

that although he (she) had fully made up his (her) mind to emigrate, he (she) will not leave Ireland until after Sept. 27th, 1902—if then.

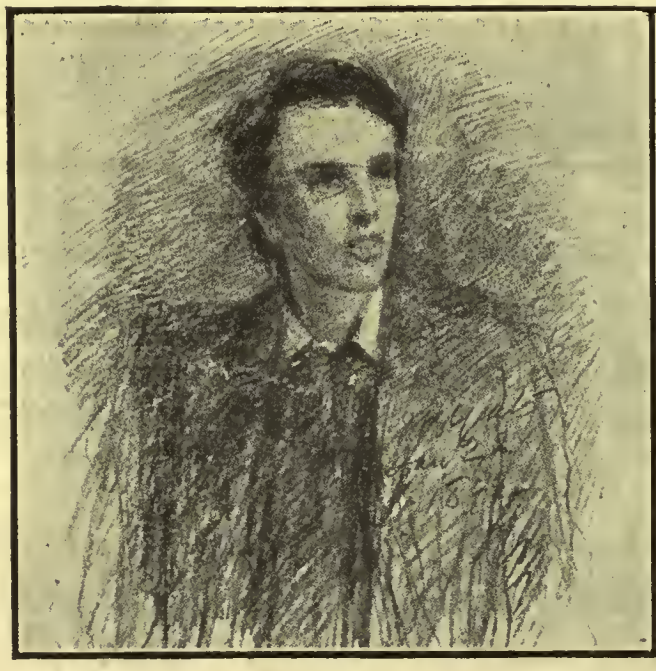
Dated .....

The names of the patriotic boys and girls, men and women, who give their solemn word, shall be inscribed on the Roll of Honor to be afterwards prepared and published. The certificates offered to the Volunteers and would-be emigrants will be works of art, suitable for framing.—*Clipping from the Anglo-Celt.*

As it is an almost hereditary instinct for the eyes of our young men and women to turn to their Mecca in the West,

those who have set out to fight the emigration problem have taken upon their hands a work that will certainly require all the buoyant resolution of optimists and grit of heroes to accomplish. It is difficult to foretell the result, but I can readily see that public opinion may be so prejudiced, and turned so antipathetic, that those who would still persist in leaving their country will slink off with shamed souls.

The revival and support of Irish industries, by which means it is hoped that Irishmen may be enabled to live at home in Ireland, speaks not merely to the more thoughtful and more patriotic of our people, but it has a big advantage in appealing to the class of tradesmen who are swayed more by material instincts, and, consequently, it has been enthusiastically, and instantly, taken up, and seems surely on the highroad to success. And already, amongst a vast body of our people, it is considered a shame not to wear Irish-spun clothes, Irish-made boots, Irish-made hats and caps, not to smoke Irish-made tobacco, not to use Irish blacking, Irish soap, and Irish starch. And woe to the unfortunate individual who, on foreign marked



WM. BUTLER YEATS,
Poet, Dramatist, and Chief Promoter of the Irish Literary Theatre.

LADY GREGORY,
Author of "Legends of Cuchuluin," etc.
A promoter of the Irish Literary Theatre.

paper, unthinkingly indites his *Pro Bono Publico* communication to one or other of the more patriotic organs that preach the doctrine of the Irish industrial revival; he will awake to find himself notorious! The result of this campaign has naturally been that almost every branch of Irish industry has had a rapid and a forceful impetus, that many manufacturers

were, for a time, unable to cope with the orders that flooded them, and that some, whose fame, previously, had not carried further than the view from their own chimney-tops, have their goods now in demand at both ends of Ireland. Of all the industries none has got such a wonderful fillip as paper-making.

J. J. DOYLE,
Author of "Leabhar Cainte," etc.

PEADAR MAG FHIONNLAOIGH,
Gaelic League Propagandist.
(Ancient Irish costume which it is sought to restore.)

D. P. MORAN,
Editor of the "Leader."
Responsible for the great industrial revival.

And one other thing, that cannot be forgotten in enumerating the elements that are working in the regeneration of Ireland, is Horace Plunkett's Agricultural Board, and particularly the Co-operative system that Mr. Plunkett has established so successfully among the farmers. Both for the farmer and for shopkeepers, and for the country in general, things are now very much brighter, and very much more prosperous, than they have been for a century, the people being better educated and more patriotic, industries being developed, farming carried on more scientifically: and altogether there being much more capital, and less poverty, in the country. And, notwithstanding our great and just antipathy to emigration, I have no hesitation in admitting that this last-mentioned condition is, in no small measure, due to America and to our poor boys and girls who have toiled and sweated there, and given, to you Americans, of their muscle, and brawn, and brain; of their bodies, ay, and of their red heart's blood—this latter willingly and joyously. American wealth has undeniably, and undoubtedly, bettered the condition of Ireland; but, if it has, Irish bones

and red Irish blood have nurtured and watered the fields of America. You have got your equivalent.

While it is true, indeed, that our love of England was never great, it is difficult to say whether, under the new state of feeling that pervades the island, our hatred of England or our love of Ireland predominates. The former would certainly be thought to be the case by a stranger who chanced to visit any even the most remote recesses of our mountains when, in exuberance of joy over the great Boer victories, which marked the early part of the present Anglo-Boer war, our people went frantic with delight, and our hills spoke to the heavens with tongues of fire.

When, too, the household knelt at the nightly rosary, in the poor mountain cabin, the *bhean-an-tighe*, good woman, led in fervent Pater and Ave, for the success of the Boers, ere she hung up her beads again.

Elated as they were with the Boer successes, they were proportionately depressed over Boer defeats. The capture of Cronje was one of the sorest and most pitiful blows that our people received during the whole course of the war. And apropos thereof, I remember well how, some days after this capture, when a rumor—as strange and unaccountable as the many others that float in through our hills daily—got whispered around that Cronje had escaped, a poor shoemaker, a neighbor of mine, who lay on a sick bed almost in extremity, hearing the voice of an incomer, who, in the kitchen beneath him, breathlessly imparted the rumor to an excited household, instantly drew his clothes to him, got into them, and, ere he could be stopped or hindered, had dashed out, and was gone through the neighboring houses to satisfy himself on the reliability of news that seemed to him too good to be true. To this earnest poor man, the fate of Cronje was of far more importance than his own. And in this he was no marked exception amongst his fellows.

This state of anti-English feeling has become so aggravated and so general as to penetrate England's own army, even to a turbulent degree. The world knows how, as detachment after detachment of Irish soldiers were laid under orders for South Africa, they gave riotous proof of protest. Some of them had to be captured and brought forcibly on board ship, whilst, all the time, they confounded the echoes of the Cove of Cork with thunderous cheers for Kruger and the Boers. This state of dis-

affection in the British army has, in sympathy with the new feeling in Ireland, been growing for some years past, and is most pronouncedly marked in the ranks of the county militias. The methods taken by some of these militia regiments to mark their disloyalty even two years ago, were the source of much local amusement in Ireland. At one military camp of three

PADRAIC O'SHEA,
Gaelic Scholar, Writer, and Propagandist.

TAIG O'DONOGHUE,
Editor of "Banba" (Gaelic Literary Quarterly).

such regiments in training, one regiment was loyal and two were disloyal, and, as may well be expected, there was little love lost between the loyal regiment and the disloyal ones. On an occasion, when the Commander of Forces in Ireland came to review them, a sham battle was elected to take place between the regiment that happened to be loyal and one of the disloyal ones. But the feelings of the latter regiment got wrought up so that, at the last moment, this event had to be foregone; upon which the disloyal regiment waxed very wroth, for they protested that they had been deprived of a grand opportunity of paying off, in a very emphatic way, a long score. Afterwards, when "God save the Queen" was played by the bands, they stubbornly refused to uncover, and eventually, when dismissed, marched back to camp to the music and words of such rebel tunes as "The Boys of Wexford" and "The Risin' of the Moon."

Recruiting in Ireland, which for a long time was a flourishing business, gathering into the ranks of the English army two classes of Irish boys—unthinking ones and unworthy ones—has

within the last few years dwindled to insignificance. For the new spirit that pervades the country as well as (an outcome of it) a direct campaign against recruiting, has thrown so much obloquy upon the wearing of the English livery, that even when, still, some unworthy ones join the British army, they know that they are bringing shame upon themselves and disgrace upon their friends.

This, then, is the present state of Ireland. And all these things are the symptoms and expressions of the strange, silent new movement, without head, form, or official mouthpiece. A movement which, because it doesn't answer the technical requirements of a modern movement, even the political journals of the country affect to ignore; and the unwilling ones, who are driven before it, refuse to recognize—a movement that has confidently grappled with the monster of Anglicization that was, silently and surely, crushing out our national soul—a movement that has put this monster to its knees, and will as surely overcome and strangle it—a movement that has succeeded in making "West Britain" a term of the most shameful and ignominious reproach which, to-day, can be cast upon an Irishman—a movement that has no toleration for English claims, and no room for English royalty—a movement that, more silently, but more surely and steadily, than any which preceded it, is infusing into our people the old soul and the old spirit, warning them from the material instincts that were threatening, giving them, instead, high and noble ideas, and, despite the technicalities of superimposed English laws, and English rule, truly and certainly making for Ireland a Nation.

In the presence of the Canadian premier, and members of his cabinet, recently, John Redmond proclaimed that if England, in her generosity, only bestowed upon Ireland the same rights and privileges that Canada had taken to herself, she would make of Ireland a colony as true and loyal as Canada or Australia. John Redmond in saying these words spoke, either as a politician or as one in complete ignorance of the feelings that were nearest the hearts of his countrymen. I think I know the Irish heart, and I know the spirit of independence that is ever warm there, and the feeling of scorn, for the slave-master, that actuates it; and I know that, though our people struggle and will struggle for Home Rule, and Land Reform, and such, England, in no spasm of her utmost imaginable

generosity, could ever bestow on our people that bribe which would induce them to renounce the ennobling desire for independence that preserved our Nation a Nation in darker hours and darker times than these, and, as acknowledged slaves, for material advantage, consent, at length, to kiss their chains.

At one period of our history we used to look to Spain for redemption; afterwards to France; and later still to America. But now, like sensible men, it has dawned upon us that we must work out our own salvation, and our motto nowadays is—what should be the motto of all people who would be free—the good Gaelic one of *Sinn Féin, Sinn Féin, Amhain* (Ourselves, Ourselves alone).

In a pleasant hill in Donegal is a cave where a warrior of old time and his men, with hands upon their swords, sleep an enchanted sleep upon enchanted steeds. A belated countryman once wandered by mistake into and through this cave, and accidentally sounded a gong that instantly woke up this band, who eagerly asked, with one voice, "Has the time come?" But being answered by their chieftain, "Not yet, not yet! Sleep on," bowed their heads and resumed again their enchanted slumber. When the great hour comes, it is said, these ancient warriors will fight in the forefront of Ireland's ranks, and lead the way to victory. Then, released from their enchantment of centuries, they will go rejoicing to their final rest. Embodied in this tradition is the great and grand lesson for Irishmen, that, if they will be free, it is the olden spirit that must battle for them, and cleave the way to Freedom.

And it is this lesson which inspires the new movement in Ireland.

SISTER MARIE DU SACRÉ-CŒUR, A REFORMER IN EDUCATION.

BY SUZANNE DE CASTOMIR.

ON the 6th of July, 1901, in the small town of Mauriac in France, a great soul expired, and Adrienne Laroche—or, as she was called in religious life, Marie du Sacré-Cœur—found in death the peace she had in vain sought in this life. In Catholic Europe her name was well known, although her fame only lasted a few years; by some she was greeted as the dawn of a new day, to others she was an object of hatred and discord, for she embodied that word of which many have a holy horror—*reform*. The aim of her life was the improvement of woman's education, the forming of her personality, the intellectual culture both of soul and mind, so as to make the perfect woman, equally fitted to lead her own simple life or to be the ornament of a family circle.

Mère Marie was not what we call a *Feminist;* she defends herself energetically against the name, although the definition of her opinions on that subject closely resembles the so-called movement. To us it seems so very simple and self-evident; but one must know Catholic Europe, and especially France, nowadays, to be able to understand how great a courage is required for a woman and a nun to undertake a reform of convent education, based upon those principles.

Born in 1857, in a modest but well-to-do family, she was always passionately interested in girls and their education. Not wishing to marry, and still desiring to utilize the educational powers she felt in herself, she entered, when twenty-one years old, the teaching order of Notre Dame.

In this order Mère Marie du Sacré-Cœur lived for twenty years. She was devoted to her convent and to the religious life; still she felt sadly that it did not suffice for the aim she had in view. The pupils diminished year by year; the girls she had taken such pains to fit for life seemed, as soon as they

turned their backs upon convent walls, only to try to forget as quickly as possible their kind mistresses and their good advice. Evidently the education they received was not a sufficient foundation on which to build a Christian life; and seeing that the result answered so little to the work, Mère Marie concluded that something must be wrong. In a word, she wanted to bring back the old influence of the monastic orders on humanity by making existing agencies what they used to be. Her ideal was the grand old figures of monasticism, who did not try to serve both God and Mammon by concessions to the spirit of the world, and to whom intellectual life was as necessary to the soul as the daily food or activity was to the body. She deplored the modern educational error of scission between Science and Religion, the two greatest powers of the world. "Why do absurd prejudices blind so many souls into such strange errors with regard to science? One would think that science was the greatest evil and a perpetual danger. Why should not a devout nun love study? is there an insurmountable incompatibility between science and the religious spirit? is sanctity the exclusive privilege of ignorance, or ignorance the principal characteristic of sanctity?" *(Les Religieuses Enseignantes).* Or again: "If a high-minded soul has thoughts of her own, why stifle them? Why prevent the voice telling us what a noble heart has reflected? Do we calculate the deep impression and lasting good these simple ideas thrown among the tumultuous current of our impious literature might produce among souls that hunger for something higher? Why should not every intelligence give out the highest measure it can produce? or are the children of darkness always to be cleverer than the sons of light?" *(Idem).*

These and other similar questions were the constant cry of her heart. One feels through them the craving for the intellectual and scientific light that was denied to her in her convent, and that she wanted to impart to others, to save them from moral starvation, and to open to women, whether as nuns or in the world, the full enjoyment of the gifts that God had given them. Her ironical description of the poor young nun who tried to obtain permission of her superiors to read something besides dry school manuals or trashy pious books is pathetic, but it was destined to create for her many enemies among the ordinary nuns, who had never felt such wants, and who

considered this so-called innovation as a direct temptation and snare of the evil spirit. They had been accustomed generation after generation to continue in the same beaten track; to try to fill the girls with as much knowledge as was thought compatible with ordinary *comme il faut* education, which was all that was demanded for one destined for the duties of a wife and mother; the parents did not care for more, and the future husbands still less. Their religious duties were enforced on them: a daily routine of pious exercises, good in themselves but scarcely sufficient to form a basis for the Christian life of girls when left to their own experiences, or with which to resist temptations that were sure to meet them when they had to live among people in the world away from the sheltering wings of the nuns.

Now and then a former pupil would come back to visit the convent; and the good sisters would look admiringly at the transformation of their child when she displayed the change both of mind and clothes, for her new *milieu* had given her that external varnish which to superficial minds so often means all the development required. And her simple-minded educators were proud of their work. But Mère Marie, with quicker perceptions, saw through the shallowness and vanity of such an education, and in the condescending ways of the young lady, who had done away with all their early influence, she detected a pitying contempt for the ignorance of her former mistresses. Mère Marie's heart smote her and she suffered intensely. Some other day would bring back a stray sheep, a suffering woman who had shipwrecked faith and morals, and whose repentant cry: "Had I only known better!" seemed a constant reproach to her.

Years went by and nothing changed except that fewer and fewer pupils came, and there seemed no remedy for this desertion. Mère Marie had her own ideas about the matter; they ripened every year in her soul, and at last she felt that she must do something, were it only a cry in the desert: something that might attract the attention of the Catholic world; something that might bear fruit in future and put an end to this misery, even were it to cost her life and happiness—as it eventually did.

And she became what she calls herself: the incarnation of an idea.

Long before she had confided herself to her superiors, and now, with their permission, she devoted herself to the writing of two books in which she developed her ideas and the motives for the reform she wished. In the first book, called *Les Religieuses Enseignantes*, she draws a comparison between the instruction given in the convent schools of France and that of the government schools, to the complete advantage of the latter, which she considers one could not do better than imitate,—of course on the condition of Christianizing them. She proposes to found a Normal School for Teachers, where the most gifted nuns of all teaching orders could pass some years in order to qualify themselves for their mission and obtain sufficient knowledge to be able to educate girls according to modern principles and fit them for life.

This project raised a storm against her. Never had any one before dared to propose to unite, were it only for some years, the subjects of different religious orders under the same roof, and they judged that she herself must have very little of the spirit of her order, or understood that of others. Neither calumny nor unjust accusations were spared her. That she, on account of the printing and publishing of her books, had to live outside her convent, did not make matters better. Still she persevered, and obtained permission from the ecclesiastical authorities to open a normal school, if she could persuade others to join her. Some new and unknown religious orders, who had no traditions of a glorious past to which they clung, accepted. She hired and furnished a house, and was going to risk this first experiment, aided by several professors and teachers of great Catholic reputation, when on Good Friday, 1899, a week before the opening, a despatch arrived from Rome in which the Holy Congregation of Rites forbade her work and *disapproved* her books, not allowing them to be sold or spread among the public.

All was over; her enemies had triumphed, and for the first time Mère Marie lost courage. She felt the combat too unequal; she felt that her intentions, so pure and full of zeal and love of souls, had been considered only as a personal revolt, an ambitious overestimation of self. She was too good a Catholic not to submit immediately; she gave up all, and only desired to return to her simple convent again, where, unknown from the world, she could lead her life in peace and quiet.

But it was too late. She had left with the full permission of her superiors on the understanding that it was only an experiment to be tried, an essay to be made; but when she had failed, when her superiors saw she was disapproved by Rome and the object of hatred and persecution from all sides, they had not the courage to take her back, and henceforth all convents were shut to her.

It was an unexpected and bitter trial. She writes in a private letter to a friend: "Yes, the Cross has struck me. The Lord be blessed! With all the rejoicings of my Christian soul, with all my Faith, I accept His will, only too happy, in paying this price, to show myself indeed a child of holy Church. Have I felt this blow? have I suffered? *Much* and *very little.* God has carried me along and I have not bargained the sacrifices; He has made them light. Still, in consequence of the fact, to me inexplicable and by my enemies joyously qualified as a condemnation, all the convents of my order have shut their doors upon me. How am I to live? wherewith can I pay the enormous expenses of printing, furnishing, etc., since the sale of my books has been forbidden? All questions that only God can answer. I expect all from Him."

This project was over, but another remained. Her second book, *La formation Catholique de la Femme contemporaine*, had treated the subject of education directly: the education of the character of woman more than of her instruction, and it had created a sensation.

Among Catholic families in France little is done for the formation of women into self-thinking individuals. On the contrary everything is done to prevent the development of her personality, which old-fashioned prejudices suppose would spoil her "childish charm" and do harm to family life. They could not or would not see the immense advantage an educated woman would be to her surroundings; the influence a strong character would have on the education of her children. It was all very well to say that piety is all that is required of a woman, but, to quote Mère Marie's words: "St. Paul wrote that piety is *useful* in all things, but he did not add that it *suffices* for all things; and it would indeed be an error to fancy it!"

To found a school in which she could exercise her influence

directly over young girls, who as future mothers might become a fruitful soil for spreading her ideas, now became the object of her life. But without the permission of Rome such an undertaking would be useless to try. She determined to risk an audacious step: to go to Rome, to throw herself before the feet of the Holy Father, and let him judge her case. Her child-like faith in the great Pope was not deceived. Through influential friends she obtained an audience on the 18th of May, 1899, and there she opened her whole heart to him, persuading him of her perfect orthodoxy and good intentions. Leo XIII. listened to her with paternal interest, gave her his blessing, and encouraged her in the following words: "We know that your principles upon education are good; go back to Paris, continue teaching, and may our Apostolic Benediction remain with you."

Thanks to this, the disapprovement was lifted and her books again allowed to be sold. She came back to Paris full of hope and energy, thinking all would now be easy. Kind and generous friends helped her to open a school in Rue d'Assas, which she named *Institut Ste. Paule*. There all was to be different from other colleges, which in France are still organized after the pattern of military schools, or still worse, penitential institutions. She intended liberty and love of study to take the place of enforced discipline; confidence in the noble qualities of youth was to be the basis of a hitherto unknown independence. All was done to make the pupils feel that it was a *home* and not a locked prison; she tried to show it even in the arrangements of the house. "Our simple but comfortable installation pleases all visitors. The rooms are airy and spacious, full of sun; we have two large studies, four charming rooms for the pensionnaires. The whole aspect is so fresh and white that one sees immediately it is a house fitted out to suit young girls; nothing reminds them of a cage—the birds may come safely, they will not be smothered."

The birds did come from all parts of the world, and to all Mère Marie was a motherly friend. She knew so well the nature of women, and no trouble found a deaf ear in her. So girls of different nationalities and religions began to group around her. Still the French kept back. It was a great trial to Mère Marie, for her feelings were bound up with those of her country. She had refused good offers in England and Switzerland because she wanted solely to devote herself to the

regeneration of her countrywomen, and they seemed not to require her. Strange to say, the French are generally most conservative in their devotion to old habits, and keep away from what to them seem novelties. In time she would have been sure to gain them, but this final success was not granted her; her health could not stand the perpetual strain.

"Life in Paris is killing," she wrote to a friend; "it is terrible; and although I feel a deadly fatigue, still I walk on and God seems to bless my work. Pray much for me. . . ."

For a couple of years she struggled on; God alone knows under how many difficulties, financial and moral, alone against powerful enemies, feeling her health daily breaking down from fatigue, overwork, and actual want, until God suddenly called her away.

Her mission on earth was over.

"Unless the seed falls into the earth and dies, it cannot bear fruit."

Will her noble soul, her good intentions, be a seed found worthy to bear fruit? A future generation may perhaps give us an answer.

The Desolation of Babylon.

"THE BURDEN OF BABYLON, WHICH ISAIAS THE SON OF AMOS SAW."

(Paraphrase of Chapter xiii.)

BY N. J. BELL.

SING, sacred Muse! May all the rage be thine,
That thrilled Isaias with a warmth divine;
Whose haloed visions, and heroic strains,
Of deathless joy, or everlasting pains,
Fan faith to flame, and guide to rapture's goal,
A whirlwind rising in the fevered soul:
Oh! like the prophet has rehearsed its fate,
The impending doom of Babylon relate.

On towering peaks a beck'ning standard blows,
'Tis Heaven's dread signal for the birth of woes;
A voice breaks forth, and speaks the Lord's command,
To the far limits of the sinful land;
Let all thy people to that voice give ear,
The peasant hearken, and the noble hear,
Thy sons and daughters to the gates attend,
And know their doom, nor scruple at their end.

What mighty echoes from the mountains rise,
And roll like thunder through the sounding skies!
From these deep murmurs fly on airy wings,
Contending nations, or the clash of kings?
The vile, the vain, are come to kiss the rod,
The loved and chosen meet an angered God;
The God of wrath the multitudes acclaim,
With words of pity, but with hearts of blame;
Heaven's vengeful King commands his tribes obey,
His hosts are forming for the hostile fray;
He speaks: Ye sinners howl, nor hope to gain
The wondrous mercy that was shown in vain;
Ungrateful people! every joy were thine,
For none could love you with a love like Mine;
Slaves to your wickedness, to Reason foes,
And guilty parents of your future woes,
Lo! livid Fury leaps from out the skies,
Shrink back your bodies, and avert your eyes!

It comes, Destruction! o'er the land it sweeps,
Doves flee before it, and a kingdom weeps;
Oh! pale-eyed mortals, who beneath their breath,
Shall moan for courage at the blast of death;
All hands shall feel a swooning numbness grow,
All hearts run melting like the mountain snow;
Their minds shall sicken with a deadly fear,
Like flames their faces shall to each appear;
Their helpless forms shall agony attain,
And writhe like woman in her labor pain;
Their mutual horror shall assault their eyes,
With wild amazement, and with mad surprise;
A gloomy blackness shall be spread on high,
The sun rise darkened through the ghostly sky,
The constellations' light shall cease to flow,
The stars to glitter, and the moon to glow:
Then shrieks shall rise as feels the frantic race,
The earth lunge madly from its wonted place!
Ill fated fools, whose arrogance and pride,
Bewail the judgment of the Lord defied;
My curse shall teach them, as it smites them low,
Heaven's love for Virtue which it yearns to show:
Beside the man whom Virtue's arts refine,
The gold of Ophir will be vain to shine.
As sheep unherded, timorous of harm,
Flee filled with panic at a wild alarm,
Diverse they run, the flocks are scattered wide,
No union bonds them, and no shepherds guide;
Thus they shall fly to scowling guilt's despair,
And mad contrition shall pursue them there;
As the swift legions press their panting flight,
Toward native lands for succor in their plight,
The sword shall swing, the backward hordes be slain,
And fields be flooded with the crimson rain;
Striplings and sires shall glut the thirsty blade,
And all be murdered who would give them aid;
O'er beauteous maids the sanguine streams shall ride,
And slaughtered infants swell the gory tide;
Behold! the Medes shall rise at My decree,
And hurl new terrors at the throngs that flee,
Nor gold nor silver dazzle with desire,
But Heaven shall fill them with ferocious fire;

Jehovah's wrath shall dart their arrows round,
And strew pale corpses all along the ground,
With mangled mothers, these to bits be torn,
The dimpled nursling, and the babe unborn.

Fallen from thy power, O Babylon the fair,
The Chaldeans' glory, and their boastful care,
Whose templed crimes God 'neath his sceptre brings,
And lays them level with the pomp of kings;
Thus shall it meet its awful earthly hell,
As Sodom toppled, and Gomorrah fell.
Here none shall live, though countless ages roll,
Here smile no refuge to a single soul,
For weary shepherds shall avoid the spot,
Nor wandering Arab form the tented cot;
But through the shapeless, shaggy, gruesome piles,
The black recesses, and the shaded aisles,
The startled winds shall halt in dumb dismay,
As these dread echoes meet them on their way,
Like horrid requiems at the throne of Doom,
The lion roaring through the haunted gloom;
Here jackals cry, and howling wolves o'ertake,
The lewd hyena, and the furtive snake;
Satyrs shall dance, and hungry vultures hide,
In courts of pleasure, and in halls of pride;
Through waste and ruin baying dogs shall creep,
And ghostly owls a ceaseless vigil keep.

ANARCHY AND GOVERNMENT.

A DISCUSSION AFTER THE MANNER OF THE "SUMMA" OF ST. THOMAS.

BY W. F. C. SCHOLASTICUS.

PROBLEM.—Whether there ought to be any Political Government.

Objection 1.—All creatures are impelled to actions by their own desires. Hence all the acts of men result from their own desires and wills. But desire cannot be compelled, although Political Government can exert no other power than physical force. Hence no government is necessary.

Objection 2.—The harmony of a well-ordered society arises from the concord of the free and voluntary acts of its citizens, and this harmony becomes the more perfect the less coercion is exercised upon their wills. Therefore, without any government the harmony of society will be more perfect.

Objection 3.—The only lasting order is that which arises from the nature of things. But it is the nature of man to seek to do what he pleases, to gratify his desires with the least exertion. Therefore the only lasting order is anarchy.

Objection 4.—The strength of the coherence of any material substance is the aggregate or total attraction of the molecules of that substance. Thus, the firmness of steel is due to the cohesion of its parts. These parts are not held together by exterior restraints. But human society is such a substance, being composed of so many units, and the strength of its cohesion is the sum of the original and free inclinations of its citizens. But these inclinations or desires are stronger in proportion to the freedom with which they may be gratified, and *vice versa*. Hence society is strong or durable in proportion to the absence of constraint upon its members; that is, it is strong in proportion to the absence of government.

Objection 5.—Jefferson said: That government is best which governs least. But the least government would be none at all.

Objection 6.—All governments err in compelling men to do

what they ought not to do, and by restraining them from doing what they ought to be freely permitted to do, viz.:

(1) They forbid the free use of vacant and unoccupied land.

(2) They forbid or limit the natural right of trade by tariffs, embargoes, exports, licenses, indirect taxes, and special privileges.

(3) They make wars for robbery and oppression, and excite in the people a spurious passion of "patriotism," and expend vast sums to gratify the love of military display and glory.

(4) They intermeddle with the moral obligations and private life of adults; with science, education, and religion; and yet are not able to define what is right or true in any matter.

Objection 7.—Finally, Government has failed; on all sides it is the dead-weight of obsolete law that represses the growing life of society. Man cannot make law; law as a rule of action suitable to any mode of society must always vary with every development of society. It is impossible to anticipate the future modes of society, and it is tyrannical to attempt to confine in the iron bands of inflexible rules the growing institutions of civilization. Just in proportion as Government ceases to tyrannize, it ceases to govern, and it is inevitable that Government should fail as mankind approaches intellectual and moral maturity, for free men will have no one to govern them.

Objection 8.—Moreover, Christ said: "The kings of the nations lord it over them; but among you be it not so, but let him that is first among you be the servant of all and as the younger brother." But the servant does not seek his own will but the will of the person served, and the younger brother does the will of the elder. Hence in the perfect human society there should be no government.

But on the contrary: Government is primarily that authority which maintains physical order by physical force. And so long as there is a necessity for the exercise of physical force to maintain physical order—that is, to secure the personal freedom of locomotion and the rights of property—there must be reason, justice, and co-operation, constant and universal, in the application of that force. For in the beginning the earth is the common heritage of all mankind, and it is necessary that all should be secured in the right of equality of access to it,

or it ceases to be the common heritage. Hence property in land must be made fixed and determined: permanent improvements secured to the use and enjoyment of those who have erected them, continuous routes of travel laid out, bridges and highways constructed and repaired. In all cities provisions must be made for the care of the public health. All these necessities cannot be left to chance or the isolated and fortuitous co-operation of small groups. It is necessary that there should be exercised the power to compel obedience in these things, and to watch over the public order thus established with incessant care. If all men were alike good and benevolent, it does not follow that they would be equally intelligent; and if they were *equally* intelligent, it is not possible for them even to know how to maintain the order which they would desire without unceasing concert of action to that end. But this is government.

Again, every man has the natural right to resist by force the invasion of his rights, and hence all men have the right to co-operate with each other to resist the invasion of their rights. But as their rights may be continuously subject to invasion, and are in fact so invaded, it is necessary to maintain continuously a co-operation to protect them. But this is government.

Conclusion.—It is necessary for the enjoyment of the largest measure of personal liberty that in a free society there should be instituted a permanent authority, by the consent of the majority, which shall, by the exercise of physical force in accord with the purpose and end of civilization, maintain and secure:

(*a*) The peaceable possession of land and private property, with all its incidents.

(*b*) The highways and routes of travel.

(*c*) The public health and public peace in those matters which cannot be left to personal caprice or to purely voluntary association.

To the First Objection.—It may be replied that political government does not and cannot deal with the entire problem of life; it is its business only to protect all against the physical invasion of the right to life and property. It can restore property to those entitled to the use or enjoyment of it, and it can restrain those who by force interfere with the freedom of

others. The fact that the acts of men result from their desires, and that these desires cannot be controlled by physical force, only evidences that the intellectual and moral (suasive) authority of civilization cannot be lodged in the functions of political government, which can act by physical force only in accord with the prevailing intellectual and moral order of civilization. Hence this objection, which anarchists urge, really arises from a vague perception that it is impossible for the functions of service to be exercised by political government, and that the "glory" of civilization cannot be "forcibly seized." Hence it is true that the highest authority of civilization does not exercise physical force in its government, yet nevertheless prescribes by infallible utterances the laws of God. But these laws themselves threaten and inflict physical injury upon those who violate them; and all men are governed by fear of injury as well as hope of good, these being converse aspects of the same passion. It is of little concern to the public whether the person restrained concurs voluntarily in the restraint—so long as the restraint is in accord with natural justice—but it is of great importance that obedience result. Disputes must come to an end finally.

To the Second Objection.—It may be said that the perfect harmony of a well-ordered society arises from the concord of the free and voluntary acts of those who seek justice, and who respect the rights of others. But those who seek justice will establish a just order.

To the Third Objection.—It may be replied that it is in the nature of things that man cannot accomplish results except by acting in accord with the physical, intellectual, and moral forces. Obedience to the force of nature, whether of man or of lesser things, is the necessary condition of power, and power is liberty.

To the Fourth Objection.—It may be replied that the desires which hold men together in a well-ordered society are desires for all the gifts of civilization, spiritual, intellectual, and moral. These can only be obtained and conferred in a manner according to the character of civilization, which is the co-operation of nature, man, and God towards the attainment of beatitude. Hence justice or equality of right arising from equality of destiny must distribute the gifts of civilization. Hence the keener the desires for the gifts of civilization the more prompt

will be the exercise of whatever force may be necessary to secure equality in their distribution.

To the Fifth Objection.—It may be said that the proverb attributed to Jefferson is untrue and extravagant. "That government is best which best attends exclusively to the business of government" would be a better proverb.

To the Sixth Objection.—It may be said that the fact that evils are committed by governments is not a reason why political government *per se* should be abolished; but it is a reason why a more intelligent interest should be taken in fundamental political problems, so as to finally cause the withdrawal of political governments from improper courses of action. But it should be conceded to the Sixth Objection that in the particulars enumerated all existing governments are justly indicted so far as these particular offences go; but this concession does not establish that all government should be abolished, there being valid reasons why it should be maintained for certain purposes.

To the Seventh Objection.—It may be said that the authority of government was never so great as it is now; never in the history of our civilization was the force of law so far-reaching and effective. Government has grown stronger with the advance in culture and the extension of personal freedom, and it is more and more necessary to the freedom, happiness, and progress of society just in proportion as society places a higher value upon its liberties. But this very growth in the direction of a more perfect liberty and power in the individual life has brought out into greater contrast many ancient practices having the sanction and authority of the state which are inconsistent with the exercise of the reasonable freedom of civilized life. Hence as mankind approaches to intellectual and moral maturity it will strengthen and intensify its authority, both as a negative restraining power and as an affirmative executive power.

To the Eighth Objection.—It may be said that the words of Christ do not condemn the exercise of the limited dominion of political authority, for that is necessary; but they directed the attention of the Apostles, who were to be the creators of the modern civilization, to the fact that they were called to the exercise of a higher authority than the political authority, and that their rule should be exercised according to the principle of service. For they who preside over the moral and intellectual

nature of man must rule by moral and intellectual force alone; they must command voluntary obedience, and no other.

Nevertheless, even in the exercise of the mere governmental power of physical force, those acts only are consistent with the spirit of civilization which serve the interests of all, and which do not tend to compel men to form unnatural associations. For political government is the watch-dog of the material goods of civilization; it has no right other than as a trustee of an express trust, and its function is to keep guard over the equal rights of all to opportunity in the physical order of things.

THE CYNIC.

BY FRANCIS WAITE.

WITH sneering lip and evil glance,
And mocking laugh, and look askance,
He says, There is no God but chance.

All virtue he proclaims a game,—
A bid for fortune or for fame;
And honesty—only just a name.

Chastity, merely temptation 'scaped;
Religion,—hypocrisy, draped:
Heaven—Hell,—myths, long craped.

His breath breeds moral pestilence;
His heart throbs with malevolence:
His only creed a vain pretence.

He 's sold himself unto himself;
His God is Pleasure; his high-priest—Pelf:
A worm-gnawn volume on an attic shelf!

A walking sepulchre of dead men's bones:
Christ's grace alone for such atones;
Pray for his soul! as dead as sea-washed stones.

Mystical Marriage, by Tintoretto.

THE MYSTICAL NUPTIALS BETWEEN OUR LORD AND SOME OF THE SAINTS.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

THE PREPARATION.

"My heart is softened like wax to receive the imprint of Christ. In this transformation of my heart, love cries out to me that it lives in me. My heart is rent as by a sword. Hast not thou too, my Lord, been wounded by love?"—*St. Francis d'Assisi.*

IN the divine revelation that the Sacred Scriptures and our Lord, through his church, has made to us, few things stand out so clear and beautiful, and yet so hidden and mystical, as the spiritual espousals between Christ and some of his choosen saints. Seldom considered, or else regarded merely as an allegory, it has nevertheless existed, closely interwoven in the life of the church.

Multitudes do not comprehend it, others there are who

MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE, BY CORREGGIO.

form an entirely false conception as to what it is; while still others openly scoff at the idea. There are not wanting men who give to this spiritual manifestation a modern name, and tell us that the saints had hysteria; that as a matter of fact none of them ever saw or held converse with our Lord, but that when they thought they did they were the victims of disordered nerves.

These declarations of later-day science need not disturb the Catholic; for in relation to this there is a point that many miss; and that is, that as surely as a man can be born blind, or lose after birth his physical sight, so surely also is it true that thousands never have the gift of spiritual eyesight, or else lose it so completely that they are utterly incapable of judging of the things of the spirit. Just as hereafter we will be "sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body," so are some gifted with the power to see into the spirit world by faith, which others entirely lack.

To attain to this spiritual union the soul has to pass through a special training. Our Lord cannot reveal himself, or claim as his own, the heart that is filled with worldliness or love of self. There must be perfect love, perfect humility, and an utter sur-

render of the will, before he can enter in and take possession of his beloved for all eternity. What takes place in the soul when it is ready for this mystical union?

Père Grou, in *Ames Intérieures*, beautifully expresses it. He says:

"The celestial light and peace that overwhelm us prove how sweet it is to give ourselves to God, and how worthless is all that does not belong to him, and one is detached more and more from creatures and from one's self. One realizes, also, the sacrifice God demands of us—a life of love, of self-denial, a total holocaust. This peace that the soul tastes at the beginning of a life of love to God is nothing in comparison to what comes later, as the spiritual life deepens. It is even more than a union; it is transformation, unity. It is the illustration of the adorable unity existing between the three Divine Persons. It was for this union that our Lord prayed before His Passion: 'That they all may be one in me, as I am in thee,' etc., and also in the Apocalypse the union is spoken of in the guise of common intercourse: 'I will come in to him and sup with him'

THE PERFECT ST. CATHERINE, BY MURILLO.

(Apoc. iv. 20). There will be a species of equality between this soul and mine: my table will be his, and his will be mine, our nourishment will be in common. God passes into his

MYSTICAL MARRIAGE, BY VAN DYCK.

creature, and his creature passes into him. This is what is promised, even here below, to the soul that is united with God."

We read in the life of St. Catherine of Siena that this doctrine "is not acquired but infused," and St. Catherine herself, in her *Dialogues*, says:

"Proud ignorance remains blind to this light because its eye is clouded by self-love. Such souls can never penetrate beyond the letter of the Scriptures; they may read much and turn over many books, but the pith and marrow they never taste. They wonder to see the simple and illiterate possessed of a clearer knowledge than they of spiritual things, but there is nothing to wonder at in it, because these humble souls are illuminated by grace, which is the true source of knowledge" (*Life of St. Catherine*, p. 49). Another preparation required in the soul is to be tried by temptation. This takes place in

greater or less degree; some being subject to the most fiery ordeals, and others again being for a time tormented by delusions. Nothing else so purifies the heart of self, making of it a fit dwelling place for that espousals which is founded on perfect love.

Union with Christ is something which all holy souls who are striving to live the higher life may attain to; but it has only been to the few that God has manifested himself by certain visible signs, accompanied by formalities such as are used in ordinary marriages.

II.

THE CONSUMMATION.

"I have espoused you as a chaste virgin to Jesus Christ."—*II. Cor. xi. 2.*

Of the great saints who have been granted this espousals we may name St. Catherine of Siena, St. Veronica Guiliani, St. Catherine of Alexandria, St. Teresa, St. Gertrude, and St. John of the Cross. It was after she had passed through a long period of seclusion, prayer, and fasting that our Blessed Lord appeared to St. Catherine of Siena, and in answer to her request that he would bestow on her perfect faith, made reply:

"'Because thou hast forsaken all the vanities of the world, and set thy love upon me, and because thou hast for my sake chosen to afflict thy body with fasting rather than to eat flesh with others, especially at this time, when all others that dwell round about thee, yea, and those also that dwell in the same house with thee, are banqueting and making good cheer, therefore I am determined, this day, to keep a solemn feast with thee, and with great joy and pomp to espouse thy soul to me in faith.'

"As he was yet speaking there appeared in the same place the most glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the beloved disciple St. John the Evangelist, St. Paul the Apostle, and the great patriarch and founder of her order, St. Dominic; and after these came the kingly prophet and poet David, with a musical psalter in his hand, on which he played a heavenly song of inestimable sweetness.

"Then our Blessed Lady came to her and took her by the hand, which she held towards her divine Son, and besought him that he would vouchsafe to espouse her to him in faith. To which he consented with a very sweet and lovely counte-

nance, and taking out a ring that was set about with four precious pearls and had in the other part a marvellous rich diamond, he put the same on the finger of her right hand, saying thus: 'Behold, I here espouse thee to me, thy Maker and Saviour, in faith, which shall continue in thee from this time forward, evermore unchanged, until the time shall come of a blissful consummation in the joys of heaven. Now, then, act courageously; thou art armed with faith and shalt triumph over all thine enemies.'

MYSTICAL MARRIAGE, BY PAOLO VERONESE, IN VENICE.

"The vision disappeared, but the ring, invisible indeed to other eyes than Catherine's, remained upon her finger; mysterious token of a favor no less mysterious, yet one the signification of which is not obscure to the student of Holy Scripture. If every faithful soul is knit to its Creator by the tie of a spiritual espousal, what must have been the closeness of that union which Catherine contracted when she received as her dowry 'the perfection of faith'? That precious ring was to her the token of her Divine Vocation; the pledge of an indissoluble union with her Beloved" (*Life of St. Catherine*, pages 60, 61).

Observe that Christ says he has espoused her to him "in faith"; for the things of the unseen world are not material but spiritual. This union fills the soul with abiding joy and calm, although some of the saints have been subjected to farther tests. St. Veronica Guiliani, after her espousals, says: "Oh intolerable agony of the soul, to see herself stript of every support, and utterly separated to a distance from its Sovereign Good! . . . She calls her Spouse, but he comes

not. She seeks him; but he flies still farther off. I had no relief but in seeing the cup approach nearer. . . . God be praised! . . . For his love all is little."

After this trial she cries out: "My God, thou knowest that I am thy spouse. Grant, therefore, that I may never be separated from thee." God did not fail to strengthen her heart by saying: "Fear not, thou art mine."

It is, however, the Princess Saint, Catherine of Alexandria, daughter of an Egyptian king, whose mystical marriage has been made most familiar to us in legend and art. Endowed with wealth, knowledge, beauty, and noble blood, she early said that "she would only marry him of such noble blood that all the world would worship him; so great as not to be indebted to her for being made a king; richer than any other; so beautiful that angels would desire to see him; and so benign as to forgive all offences."

MURILLO'S LAST PAINTING.

From his throne on high God looked down, and seeing the pure heart of this heathen princess, he determined to call her to himself. There soon appeared at Alexandria a holy hermit sent hither by the Virgin Mother of Christ to tell Catherine that her Son was the husband she desired. The saintly recluse showed the maiden a picture of our Blessed Lord, and when she gazed on that face, so full of deathless beauty and love, her heart went out to him. That night she had a strange dream. In spirit she seemed to be with the hermit near a sanctuary on top of a lofty mountain. As she drew nearer angels

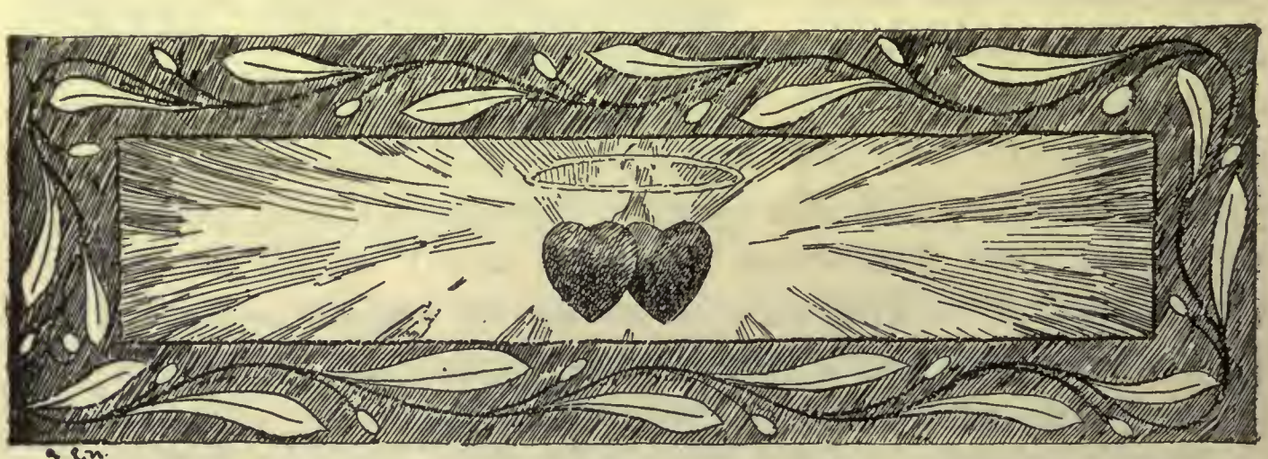
JAGER'S PAINTING IN MUNICH.

came to meet her, and she fell on her face; but an angel said: "Stand up, our dear sister Catherine; for thee hath the King of glory delighted to honor." Then she arose and followed the angel to a lofty room where the blessed Mother was surrounded by angels, saints, and martyrs. Angels presented Catherine, and besought the Blessed Virgin to receive her as a daughter. Our holy Queen bade her welcome and led her to our Lord; but he turned away, saying one thing was lacking to make her his bride. Then Catherine awoke, and calling the hermit, asked him what could make her worthy of her celestial bridegroom, and the hermit answered "faith." She joyfully received instruction from him, and, with her mother, was shortly after baptized. The next night the Blessed Virgin and her Son appeared to her, and Mary again presented her to Jesus, saying: "Lo! she hath been baptized, and I myself have been her godmother." Then Christ smiled on her, and plighted his troth to her, and put a ring on her finger; and from that day the holy maiden despised all earthly things.

Her martyrdom took place in 307, under the Emperor Maximin. In sacred art St. Catherine has been many times represented espoused to our Lord. Correggio, Titian, Van Dyck,

Ambrogio Bogognone, and Cola dell' Amatrice have all made this mystical nuptials the subject of beautiful paintings. In all but one our Lord is represented as a child, sometimes in his mother's arms, sometimes standing on a pedestal while her arms encircle him. In the painting where our Saviour is a grown man, he stands on one side attended by a company of angels, while Catherine, with a train of virgin martyrs, stands opposite to him. The painting by Van Dyck is especially charming. The Blessed Virgin holds a wreath in her hand, ready to crown the saint, while Catherine's expression of reverent adoration is very beautiful.

What are the fruits in the soul of this intimate union and communication between our Lord and his chosen ones? Greater love of God, a more intimate knowledge and practice of the spirit and mind of Christ, and a growth in his likeness. Some after their celestial nuptials have lived a hidden life in the cloister. Others, like St. Catherine of Siena, have had to go forth in the world to labor and suffer. But whether in the stir and tumult of life, or living behind an enclosure, always and at all times the souls thus called keep close to the Heavenly Bridegroom by means of mental and vocal prayer, through an ardent and sensible love for their spouse; and finally, above all, through the Divine Eucharist—that Sacrament the meeting place between the soul and Christ, and which gives us here on earth the nearest approach to perfect union in heaven.



THE ANARCHIST?

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.

THREE sharp, piercing blasts came from the whistle of the shaft-house and reverberated through the silent, snow-covered valley. It was an inky-dark night, cold with a biting keenness, and few of the miners had left their cabins and their comparatively comfortable firesides. But even while the whistle was still sounding its hoarse warning, lights glimmered in the neighborhood of the black building that covered the shaft, excited men with lanterns moved here and there, shouting to each other; and out in the village the light from many an opened door made ruddy patches on the snow. A few minutes later, and black groups of people, some bearing blazing mine-lamps on their hats, swarmed up the steep hill toward the scene of the disturbance. In a little while after the warning had sounded a crowd of several hundred men and women had gathered outside of the shaft-house, curious, excited, all asking questions, and no one being able to reply.

The one man who knew the cause of the warning was Jifkins, the mine foreman. He stood in the little office building near the fan-house, with his ear glued to the telephone receiver, pale as a ghost, his hair dishevelled, and his black eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement.

"Hello!" he said. "Give me J. C. Coughlan, of the Coughlan Coal Company. For God's sake hurry! Hello! Is that Mr. Coughlan? This is Jifkins! There has been an accident at the mine. Fans were running only half speed on account of strike. Harry, your son, came over this afternoon and went down this evening without my knowledge. Some of the chambers had gas in them, and—well, there was an explosion and the inside of the shaft is on fire. Hello! Yes, sir! We will do our best; have courage! Good-by!" He almost threw the receiver into its receptacle and dashed from the room. There was work for him to do. Meanwhile the crowd outside had grown to a mob of several hundred people. At intervals

vast volumes of pungent smoke shot up from the mouth of the pit, acrid and irritating with the odor of oil-soaked wood. Willing hands manned the huge hose which was brought out to flush the shaft, and a dozen sturdy arms pointed it down the black cavity. There was a babel of shouted suggestions as to what should be done; the crowd packed closer and closer around the shaft-building, and all seemed confusion. Suddenly out of the tumult rose a clear, shrill voice:

"Men, we must have order here! Push the crowd back, you in front; we must have room to work, and we must have silence! Let me give the orders. Now, everybody: bring around that other hose! There, that's it! Now, down with it! Good!"

It was Jifkins, the superintendent. His pale, steadfast face and commanding voice seemed to exercise a remarkable influence over the crowd. The men worked with a new energy; out of confusion came order. Gradually the smoke became less dense, and Jifkins, noting every change, at last gave the signal to have the water shut off. The fire had been extinguished.

At almost the same moment a commotion arose in the rear of the crowd. A carriage drawn by a team of steaming horses drove up, and a man and a woman alighted. Instinctively the people pressed back and made way for them.

"It's Coughlan and his wife!" was whispered from mouth to mouth. Formerly they had been accustomed to mention Coughlan's name only with execration—Coughlan, the man who had forced them time and again to remain idle in order that coal prices might not fall from over-production; Coughlan, the man whose satrap bosses had practically made slaves of them. His wife—they knew little concerning her; that she was Coughlan's wife was sufficient.

Jifkins met the mine-owner and his wife in front of the shaft-house, and a hurried colloquy ensued.

"There is hope," said the superintendent; "but some one must go down in the shaft immediately. The smoke renders the attempt very dangerous, but we may get volunteers. My lungs won't stand it, or I'd go myself. We need a strong man, and a true man."

The flabby face of the mine-owner was crimson with excitement and nervous tension. His wife was softly weeping on his shoulder, and looked up as the superintendent ceased speaking.

"Thank you, Jifkins," she said. "We need—O God! how we need a friend now—strong and true. James, can we ask these people to make such a sacrifice for *us?*"

Coughlan bowed his head. "Don't!" he whispered. "Don't talk that way now! Be brave! I'll offer a reward; we'll find a way!" The woman began to sob aloud, and clung to him more closely.

In the meantime somebody had lighted a bundle of oil-soaked cotton waste, placed in the fork of a near-by tree. As it blazed up the red glare, reflected by the snow, threw into relief the eager faces of the crowd, pressing now in increased numbers around the shaft-house, and the anxious little group in the centre of the circle. Behind showed the mountain, bleak and desolate, covered with blackened tree-stumps, with here and there a scraggy pine standing in dismal misery all alone. Around the radius of the circle the powdery snow glittered like a shower of diamond dust.

Coughlan, as if nerved with a new determination, released his wife's hands from his neck, placed an arm around her waist, and, facing the assemblage, raised his hand to command silence.

"Men!" he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "my son is down in that burning shaft, and some one must brave danger to find him, and to rescue him. We hope that he's alive; but alive or dead, I am determined to help him. He is my only son, and he is dear to me. So listen now. I am an old man, and I call on you to do, not an act of justice but an act of heroism. I myself will go down into the shaft to find my son; I ask for only one volunteer to accompany me. Who will be my companion? He will be rewarded!"

The crowd was silent for a moment. Then several men attempted to go forward. There were many brave hearts there; but their wives or their sweethearts pulled them back. Why should they give their lives to this man? They were as dear to their kindred as his son was to him. They were sorry indeed, but they had given him everything else; why should he now demand their lives?

"Is there no one to volunteer?" cried Jifkins, searching the faces of the crowd. "Then, men—" He paused. A burly, bewhiskered giant, wearing a red flannel shirt, open at the collar to display his brawny, hairy chest, was pressing to the front. His slouch hat was pulled far over his forehead, and his

eyes glared from under their bushy brows with a gleam like a mad bear's. He reached the centre of the group, and for a moment confronted the mine-owner in silence.

"The Anarchist!" the crowd exclaimed in wonder. During the past two weeks of idleness the man had been given this title, however unmerited, on account of his fiery speeches against capital. He was counted one of the most desperate men, and the hardest drinker in town. Whether his nationality was German, Polish, or Slavonic no one could tell—he spoke all these languages indifferently well; but that he was a fanatic, with all of the fanatic's love of admiration, was admitted by all.

His burly frame towered over the stooped figure of the mine-owner, and there was an exultant ring in his voice when he began to speak.

"Master Coughlan," he said, "you haf coom to beg of the beggars; you haf asked us to go to maybe death to save your son. One little week ago we come to you; we ask you for work. You say to us when we come, that you cannot afford to let us work. You tell *us* that, remember! You say you cannot afford—and you heard him, my people,—you cannot afford to keep the starve away from us. Huh!" There was biting sarcasm in the man's tones, and the mine-owner was infuriated. He glared at his accuser, and attempted to step forward; but the "Anarchist" made a warning gesture with one hand, and with the other pointed toward the shaft.

"You can talk later; now it is our time! Master Coughlan, you haf asked us to keep your son from death—you who would not risk the price of a loaf of bread to keep us alife! And what do we answer? Listen, then!" He paused for a brief instant. "What do we say to you, the heartless man? We say '*Yes!*' We say we *will* help you; not because you are rich, or because of money, but to show you that riches haf not the power to buy courage or friends. We say no man is rich or poor in the bresence of death, and so we say: 'Here is Alex. Birchoff—a poor man, an ignorant man—and *he* will go down in the mine and face death for you—alone—all alone! You shall not go; you are too old. Have I spoken well, my people?"

There was a cheer from the crowd, and the orator's eyes glittered with pleasure. The mine-owner, forgetful of all save that his son was to be rescued, tried to grasp Birchoff's hand.

"I will pay you well!" he repeated over and over again.

Birchoff seemed not to notice him. "Don't bother me now," he said. "We will talk if I come back. Good-by, friends!" he cried, and he stepped on the "carriage" ready to be lowered five hundred feet into the earth. His clothes were wetted and a damp sponge was placed over his nose. Then the bell clanked, and the carriage sank down, suddenly and noiselessly, into the tomb-like darkness.

Then ensued tense moments of waiting that seemed hours. Suddenly the bell again clanked, the signal to "hoist." The cable became taut, and there was a buzz of conversation, followed by a strange silence. Somewhere in the crowd a woman sobbed hysterically, and now all eyes were strained to see the uprising "carriage."

When at last it came to view a dozen volunteers rushed forward to help the returned men. Birchoff, as erect as a soldier, stood on the platform supporting in his arms the unconscious form of Henry Coughlan. Those who would assist him he waved back with a stern brusqueness. Blackened and burnt with the subterranean flames, his hair and beard singed to a crisp, there was yet a certain nobility in his mien as he walked erect with his burden and laid it at Coughlan's feet.

Mrs. Coughlan took her son's head in her lap and kissed his pale and smoke-grimed face with rapture.

"Thank God! thank God!" she exclaimed, "he is not dead! Heaven will bless you for this noble act!" And then, bending over her son, she smoothed his hair, matted with the singeing blaze, and wept with mingled joy and sympathy.

"My man—" began the mine-owner, but Birchoff interrupted him with an imperious gesture.

"It is a bresent," he said—"a holiday bresent, to you and to her—from the beople. We haf given you the life of your son; we only ask that you give to us a little work—a little bread—a little—we ask—"

He swayed and fell like a log, his fingers clutching at the feathery snow, and he muttered weakly: "It is a bresent—a little work—for the beople!"

GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY REV. P. FARRELLY.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON'S volume on modern Germany is descriptive of the life, manners, and customs of its people, and is very readable. It is the second in the series of publications by the same author on modern countries to appear, but it is vastly different in spirit from the one written on France by Hannah Lynch. The author of the work on France gave expression to the prejudices which she imbibed in a biased English atmosphere; prejudices which have been handed down in English nurseries and ministerial circles for many scores of years.

Mr. Dawson has approached his task with broader views and is entirely more equitable in his treatment of his subject. He does not set up English customs and manners as the criterion by which everything is to be judged. Necessarily he cannot wholly divest himself of his English views, but these are made subservient to a thorough knowledge of his subject, which a long residence in Germany has enabled him to acquire. Above all, the absence of religious rancor is conspicuous; this may, perhaps, be due to the fact that Germany is classed as a Protestant country. At all events this is a pleasing feature of this work, for nothing is more nauseating to fair-minded readers than to find authors making comments on the effect that the religion professed by a people has on their moral or material success, when it is evident the writer is not speaking from personal convictions, but is merely voicing the dictum of others. Surely Mr. Dawson avoids all such blunders, it may even appear to some that he sins by leaning too much to the other side.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Germany plays a prominent *rôle* in the events of the period, and yet withal comparatively little is known about it; it is somewhat of a sealed book. The German Empire formed after the Fran-

co-Prussian War is composed of twenty-five states; Prussia is the principal one, *primus inter pares.* The real power belongs to the representative council of the federal governments (the Bundesrath) and to the elected assembly of the empire (the Reichstag). Between these two it is divided—one being a counterpoise of the other. Prussia, because of its size, sends the larger number of representatives; Prussia is the backbone of the empire There is a romantic story which relates how good old Henry the Fowler, as Carlyle styles him, took one thousand years ago the patch of sand between the Elbe and the Havel from the Wends, which finally became the basis of the German Empire. In 1415 this territory was given by Sigismund to Frederick IV., Burgrave of Nuremberg, a member of the Swabian family of Hohenzollern. When greater Germany was formed, in 1871, Prussia did not absorb the other states, but left to them a certain amount of autonomy. Each state enjoys a distinct individuality; for although there is a general cohesion and pride of empire, yet in travelling through Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg one cannot fail to be impressed with the state consciousness as opposed to the empire consciousness. The deep affection shown for the "Landesvater" is evident. The fortunes and interests of the governing house, however lowly its place in the rank of potentates, means infinitely more to them than the grandeur of the imperial fabric or the splendor of the imperial name. Notwithstanding this, the permanency of the empire is the innate desire of all. Disputes have arisen between the empire and the federal states, but have been easily adjusted. The wonder is there have not been more of them.

LOVE OF EMPIRE.

All the states are loyal to the empire because they have enjoyed great prosperity since the union. Professor Rudolph von Geist said, just before his death: "Discontent with the course of public affairs is the natural condition of the German, varied only by rare episodes of patriotic enthusiasm." There is some truth in this, but it is more the result of newspaper talk than anything else. The journalist is apt to magnify his profession and position; but as years roll on the Cassandras of the press do not mean what they say. Greater latitude of expression and action is allowed in the criticism of men and affairs in Germany than is commonly supposed. The Socialists even are

permitted to pay reverent tribute, in the form of ribbon, wreath, and oration, to the memory of the insurrectionists of 1848. The German, stolid and phlegmatic, may be permitted great latitude; for in the long run he will remain faithful to his traditions, the best instincts of good government and the general weal. As Bismarck said in his speech of retirement to his fellow-Prussians: "We Prussians, we Bavarians, we Saxons, we are Germany, and we remain so; we must study Germany's interests. Cling fast to the imperial idea, even in the Prussian Diet. Do not forget that you are citizens of an empire, have duties towards the Empire and its Confederates. I beg you not to pursue a Brandenburg or a Prussian national policy, but a German imperial policy." This idea has made greater Germany; it still permeates all classes. Germany still desires to extend her frontiers. There is a Pan-German Atlas *(Alldeutscher Atlas)* published, which places the limits of the German frontier at the extremities of the lands inhabited by German stock—Austria, Tyrol, Holland, Flanders. This corresponds with the prophecy uttered in one of Ernest Moritz Arndt's fervent songs, that Germany would one day be the whole country speaking German. The same is the hope and fond expectation of most of the Germans of the Fatherland to-day.

ERA OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

The Germans are suffering from overweening vanity due to their great success, which is almost phenomenal. Still there are many Germans out of sympathy with the spirit of this realistic age and the present material spirit of Germany. Trained in the school of the idealists, these latter prefer to live in the poetry of the past; would barter all the millionnaires of Germany for the brain and soul of another Fichte; all its workshops for a Schiller. But these idealists form a small school to-day; material prosperity appeals to the multitude. The imperial government promotes industry and commerce to support the army and keep the people at home. Modern progress has made Germany a land of millionnaires in marks, has transformed the quiet, peaceful life of a generation ago into a life of hurry, bustle, and scramble for gain; and this not only in the capitals, but in the smaller towns. The historical, archæological picturesqueness of other times has disappeared before this new invader. There is still a mediæval Germany which defies all

this. The meistersinger, the cunning craftsman whose productions in wood, in glass, in enduring metals, both precious and base, and decorative work, are so wonderful, are to be found in Nuremberg, Brunswick, and Augsburg. In many of the other towns the Neustadt and Altstadt are to be found side by side; the centuries of the Fuggers, of Dürer, of Hans Sachs are preserved side by side with the products of the present century. In many a town the effect of this change is very marked; the grassy market-place has disappeared, the low-eaved houses are replaced by those of more modern appearance.

WHAT THE NOBILITY IS.

Because of the intrusion of the possessors of wealth into society great jealousy exists. Caste, not wealth, had been the door of entrance into society heretofore; the former is extremely envious of the rough intrusions of the latter. Incomes are not large viewed from our standard. Although Parliament decreed half a century ago that titles should be for ever abolished, nobility is still held in undiminished esteem. The democrat, even the socialist to a degree, loves his lord. There is what is known as the high and the low nobility. At the beginning of the past century, when the "Roman Empire of the German nation" was dissolved, many of the petty rulers were deprived of their independence and became "mediatized." They still belong to the high nobility (der hohe Adel), are exempted from military service, are members of the first chamber of the national legislature, of equal birth with the reigning families. The inferior nobility (der niedere Adel) was identical with knighthood, comprising those who received knightly rank from the emperor or their own princes. This nobility is now graded into counts, barons (Freiherren), and knights. There is a distinction between what is known as the "personal nobility" and the hereditary nobility. Where titles are not enjoyed the coupling of "von" generally supplies the want. They are very proud of this bit of nobility, as Goethe—himself von Goethe by creation—said. To claim nobility in the lower order it is only necessary that the father be of certain rank, but in case of high nobility there must be pure blood on both sides. Elevation to nobility is awarded as a mark of distinction to privy councillors, real privy councillors, famous painters or scientists. The names of Hermann Helmholz, Abraham Werner, and Werner Siemens are

contemporary examples. Great importance is attached to titles, orders, degrees, etc., among the Germans. I wonder if any of them feel as Castlereagh wittily said, to be without any distinction, "This is also a distinction." The Germans, particularly the women, are very punctilious in exacting the full use of their titles; so much so that great offence is frequently given by the omission of the full use of official titles. Because of the number of the universities, the facilities afforded for frequenting them, the officials are generally well educated, and in consequence of the number of these officials an educated circle is to be found even in the small towns; a circle somewhat different from anything we have. The army social circle is by all odds too narrow. The legal or medical man must prove his worth before he claims position; this is because all the professions are supervised by the state. The doctor is not free to make his charges; his clients make them for him and send them to him New Year's day with their compliments, and so both live apart for a year; but the fees offered must be proportionate to the services rendered by the Hausarzt. Great confidence is reposed in the family physician, because he is the product of the state university. There is no room for quacks; they are not even tolerated. Generally speaking literature is not remuneratively paid, though, as with ourselves, light literature, novels, and plays pay best. A lady but slightly known is addressed as Gnädiges Frau, Gnädiges Fraulein. Interchange of name is usually accepted as an introduction, instead of waiting for one, and thus many disagreeable moments are avoided. The old Christian forms of salutation are disappearing, except in the very Catholic portions of the empire; but the weather is rarely if ever used as a greeting or salutation.

CUSTOMS AMONG THE POOR.

Side by side with the nobleman the workman (*Arbeiter*) is living in a low scale, is poorly paid and badly housed; he has little if any chance of improvement. In the cities rent is high and the accommodations scant; whole families live in two rooms, living, cooking, and sleeping; often one room serves for all. At times even, in large cities, numbers of families live together in large barracks. Housing, too, in the farming districts is insufficient, but is undergoing a much-needed improvement. Latterly, many of the large employers, like the Krupps,

have built model villages for their employees. Much still remains to be done in this line.

The Germans are known to be great beer-drinkers, though there is very little drunkenness; but even this is increasing in later years since brandy (Schnapps) is much more freely imbibed than formerly, especially in the northern provinces of Prussia. Too much money is spent in beer. The working-classes spend the greater part of the Sunday in the beer-gardens. The scene is very convivial-looking and wholly different from anything seen in English-speaking countries. It is no unusual thing to see the members of a family, father and mother, sons and daughters, seated around the same table, sipping out of the same mug. The young men bring their girls to these gardens, each couple often drinking out of the same stein. The dancing saloons, which are becoming common, are a source of immorality. I do not mean the more respectable ones, but the average haunts where delicacy and chastity in man and woman suffer irreparably.

INDUSTRIAL LIFE.

The development of the modern industrial customs is fast affecting the German family. In the days of the handicrafts the boys were dependent on their parents until they acquired steady habits; whereas to-day boys become practically independent at an early age on what they are able to earn in the factories. So it happens the Socialists are able to swell their ranks with the young and unthinking. The girls, too, suffer from the same causes; but a strong effort is made to counteract these evil tendencies by giving more attention to domestic economy in the elementary schools. Free circulating libraries are also used to instruct the rising generations. Though the cities are growing enormously, the Germans still cling tenaciously to the soil. Even those who go to the towns remain landsmen to the end of their days, read the village paper every week, go back to their natal village to die. A country wedding in the home of a well-to-do farmer is a great event. At a particular one in the Weser the following preparations were made for the feast: 1 fat sow, 7 pigs, 17 calves, 220 hens, 200 loaves and cakes, 370 gallons of beer. The laborers are dissatisfied with the wages the farmer offers them and flee to the cities. The employment system differs in the different countries. The manorial

system prevails east of the Elbe, in northern Germany, Westphalia, and Saxony. Besides working for wages on a large farm, the peasant laborer tills a small plot for himself. The mutual respect and regard which existed between employer and employee is fast disappearing; the common use of the expressions *Gesinde* for employer and *Leute* for laborer is proof of this. The feeling that they are regarded and treated with contempt by those for whom they work weighs heavily on the rural population. "You should not fear me; you should love me," said Frederick the Great to two Jews whom he was thrashing. The old feudal relations still exist in some places.

THE SCHOOL LIFE OF THE COUNTRY.

It is almost universally felt that the army has made Germany; the army consequently is respected. Military service is obligatory; but it is not as difficult to escape military service as is commonly supposed. Sole bread-winners are excused, as are also all those tainted with slight physical blemishes. The general staff directs all military matters; its efficiency is universally acknowledged. Germany is fully as much a land of public education as it is of militarism. It is very common to picture the German pedagogue with spectacles on his nose, a ferule hanging by his side. Besides the three R's, they teach grammar, geography, history, religion, geometry, drawing, singing, sewing, drill, and gymnastics. In some schools the natural sciences, chemistry, and stenography are taught. The schools are mostly confessional—that is, they represent the religion of the scholars attending them; but there are also mixed schools. The religious question in the schools exists here as elsewhere, the effect of the liberalism, nationalism, and materialism of the day. According to the Prussian common law—*Landrecht*—religious training must form part of the schooling. The old common law states that "children who are to be brought up in a different religion from that of the elementary school they attend must not be compelled to receive the religious instruction of that school." Under such ministers as Falk and von Gossler the children of dissident parents were exempted from religious teaching, on promise of supplying it. In 1892 Minister von Sidlitz introduced a new reservation, making religious teaching dependent on adequate proof of its being supplied elsewhere. His successor, Dr. Bosse, followed in the same line, ingeniously holding that

the conscience of parents could not be offended at their children receiving religious instruction, as such instruction was a matter between the school and the child alone. The law did not recognize freedom of conscience on the part of school boys and girls; for if it did, the schools might be closed. The efficiency of the schools depends, in a great measure, on the thorough training of the teachers, though their salaries are generally inadequate. Free baths are commonly introduced into the schools. A free lunch is supplied the children of the poorer parents in winter, and a free doctor in most of the cities. There are seven grades between the elementary school and the university. The Gymnasium is the first door to the highest possibilities of state service and professional promotion; then there is the Progymnasium, which lacks the highest form of the former; the Realgymnasium retains Latin, drops Greek, devotes more time to the modern languages; the Realprogymnasium does not carry the pupils as far as the preceding. The Oberschule and Realschule dispense with Latin and Greek, pay much attention to the living languages and commercial education. The higher Burgher schools are the bottom step of the ladder, and are of a purely mercantile character. The Gymnasium has forged ahead of all the others. Often its well-educated students have to wait long for the positions for which they have trained, not being good for anything else. A reaction has set in, in favor of the modern school. The saying of the emperor was received with acclamation, when he said, a few years ago, "We do not want to make Greeks and Romans, but Germans." Poor students are well cared for in the schools of Germany. All classes are well represented at the universities, although class and caste distinctions are rigorously maintained. There is no college life, because there are few if any internes. It is generally admitted that the thorough character of German education has immeasurably contributed to German success in later years, in every walk—science, discovery, geography, commerce, and the arts. But many a well-educated man has to wait a long time before being able to get a decent position. This state of affairs has swelled the army of "Privatdoceten," who are willing to accept any position while waiting for an opening in their specialty. Here is a sample of an advertisement for one of these teachers: "He must be a doctor, and have passed his examinations successfully; compensation, free board and lodging." A wag

added: "Will this private teacher be required to know music, English, French, ventriloquism, and be able to play croquet?"

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Germany is commonly classed as a Protestant nation, although all religions are endowed by the state. Germany is far from being as irreligious as is commonly believed on the outside. The writings of a few atheists and the Kulturkampf (the echoes of which have not yet completely died out) have had most to do with spreading this somewhat erroneous impression. A strong religious feeling exists abroad in the land, and even those who profess to have cast off religion observe the festivals of the church. Christmas is the national festival. Its celebration begins Christmas Eve, known as *Hiliger Abend;* all gather round the Christmas-tree, embellished and bedecked with lights and all sorts of toys, and the presents intended for the different members of the family. Even the departed are not forgotten. Passion week, *Stille Woche* or *Charwoche*, is the principal church-going season. *Todtenfest*, our All Souls, is well kept; public amusements are legally forbidden on this day and Good Friday. The Germans have more respect for religion than the Protestants of this country; even the professed unbelievers and freethinkers greatly respect religion, the very class that boasts it follows the proverb, *Thue recht und scheue niemand!*—Do right; fear no one. German Protestantism is almost just as Luther left it,—a protest against Rome. German rationalism is different from that of other countries, in that it is not so irreligious. Rationalism is rife in the Gymnasia and the universities; the names of Hegel, Strauss, Bauer, Ritschl, and Hase are commonly appealed to. There is a rationalism in the pulpit. How did you like the sermon? Very well, but he cannot be a believer. Why? Because the church was full. The Germans are critical; theirs is the classic land of metaphysical speculation and unfettered scientific investigation.

CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM.

The Catholics of Germany form a little more than one-third of the population of the empire. They gave proof of faithful constancy, unflinching devotion to duty and loyalty to their church, during the severe strain to which they were subjected while the Kulturkampf hung over their heads. Their example

of unswerving loyalty is a shining lesson for all of us, especially for their kith and kin, in this land. The absence of worldly allurements and emoluments prevents the scions of wealth and nobility from finding an attraction in the clerical calling, whose forces are recruited from the sons of the poorer classes—a fortuitous coincidence, as they are better able to endure hardships and rebuffs.

Much has been written about German Socialism in recent years. Socialism is the religion of the average German workingman who adopts it, and for him it involves not merely the advocacy of a new industrial order, but it is in his eyes the subversion of the present political, economic, and religious systems. Many of these refuse to take an oath, because of their unwillingness to say "So help me God!" The Socialism of the laboring classes in Germany gives them an estimate of life and religion which cripples morality, makes it well-nigh impossible. Its science is taken from Büchner, Haeckel, and Darwin; its philosophy from Schopenhauer, Feuerbach, and Hartmann; Strauss and Bruno Bauer are its theological leaders. The hostility of Socialism, under such leaders, to the church is easily understood; but worse still, it has robbed the working classes of all respect for religion, all recognition of divine laws. Is it because of the spread of these opinions that suicide is so common in Germany? It may have something to do with it. The prevalence of suicide in Saxony remains unexplainable. Some say it is due to the peculiar temperament, the result of the blending of Wendish with the German element, Wendishism being inclined to self-extermination. Some allege other reasons, such as excessive militarism, which is scarcely conclusive; others again attribute it to poverty; but perhaps the best reason is the predominancy of materialistic views. This is the direct result of the Protestant view of life which is now being entertained by so many. Some few years ago a picture was placed on exhibition which only a German could paint, *Lebens Müde*—Tired of Life. This picture represented two figures, a youth and a maiden, in the act of throwing themselves from a jetty into a lake. The expression on their faces reflected the emotions which the event occasioned. The attitude of the lovers was severely "naturalistic." To a non-German mind the picture was ludicrous, inasmuch as all pathos was destroyed by the fact that the girl's hat was a conspicuous triumph of the milliner's art, and the rope

used was prosaically new. Crowds studied and lingered before this picture while it was on exhibition; and the scene was soon realized in a near by lake. Sense of honor, weariness of life; and, in the case of women, remorse and shame are determining factors of suicides.

WOMEN AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

German women do not enjoy the freedom or distinction of their sisters in other countries. This was very annoying to the late Princess Frederick when she went to live in Germany as crown princess. Her proud spirit revolted at what she considered the abject condition of German women. She earnestly set to work to ameliorate their condition; but was poorly seconded, nay, even was opposed, by the very women whom she strove to uplift. Thanks to her efforts, and other causes chiefly educational, there is an improvement in this line. The German woman makes a good housewife; she is usually to be seen with a bunch of keys hanging at her waist. Sausage is the staple food prepared by the rich and sauerkraut by the poor. *Tüchtigkeit* (thoroughness and efficiency) is fully applicable to the German woman; she is self-sacrificing and wholly devoted to her work. Women in the lower grades of society have to work too hard; are employed very frequently in occupations which are both uncongenial and unbecoming, such as mowing, ploughing, digging, carrying the hod, carrying manure in baskets, dragging a hand-cart by the aid of a dog or alone. Women must not meddle in politics. The houses are usually well heated. Mark Twain humorously describes his first impression on seeing one of those large porcelain stoves commonly used for heating; he felt, he tells us, as if he was in front of a family heirloom. The Germans prepare plain, simple food, which is usually served five times daily: a cup of coffee in the morning; luncheon of sandwiches and sausages with beer about eleven o'clock; the dinner is usually served with soup, hot dishes, vegetables, and fruit, but no sweets or pies; coffee again about four P. M.; then later supper, which is more substantial, consisting of cold meats and salads. The mistress of the house usually has the dishes carved at a side table, which she then hands round to those seated at table until it comes back to her again. These housewives have difficulties with their servants, as seems to be the fashion in all countries.

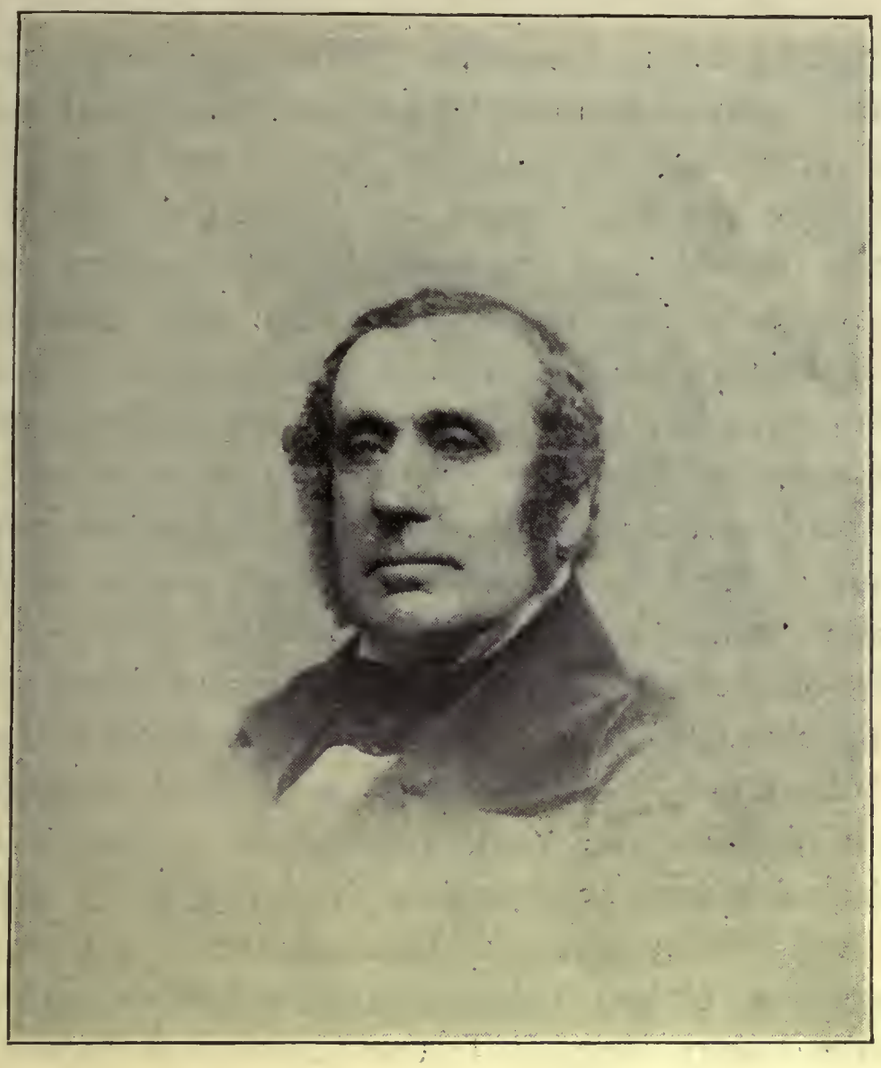
The Berliner born and bred considers himself superior to all other Germans; he is fond of pleasure and amusement. The café plays a prominent part in his social life; it is clean and well kept; no profanity is indulged in there. Ladies may and do frequent it. The Berliner considers he is not as phlegmatic as the rest of his countrymen; frequents the theatre more, but is scarcely as fond of out-door sports. The Germans have always frequented the home baths in the season; in later years, having acquired more prosperity, they show a disposition to travel, and are met with in numbers in Switzerland, the Tyrol and Italy, Sweden and Norway, in the season. Berlin is considered the best governed city in the world.

THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

Though the Germans are ruled by an autocratic dynasty, they are allowed great freedom of speech at election times, if not at other times. "My people and I," said Frederick the Great, "have come to the mutually satisfactory agreement that they are to say what they please and I am to do what I please." German politics are complicated. Second elections are a peculiarity of German politics. The Urwähler are first chosen, who in turn elect the Wahlmänner. Elections must be held until one of the candidates gets an absolute majority. Necessarily the existence of so many quasi-independent states affects more or less the general politics of the nation, because the people of each state are mostly ruled and affected by their own particular state. However, government and bureaucratic influence is felt in every direction. This is hurtful; it stifles public spirit, it has injected a strong tinge of unmanly forbearance and dependence in civil life. The paralyzing effects of state patronage reach out in all directions. The prevailing idea is that the state is responsible for everybody's welfare, and what the state does not do cannot be done profitably at all. Undue respect is consequently paid to "officialdom." Many of the lower officials are inordinately inflated and pretentious, and even the deferential Germans are compelled to show them at times that their patience may be too far trifled with. A strong mutual dislike exists between the police and the common people. The police are entirely too meddlesome and autocratic. Even strangers who have passed through Germany can bear testimony to this; tourists passing through the country, if they

happen to remain a few days in a hotel, are compelled to give a satisfactory account of themselves.

Newspapers, it is said, reflect the status of the people they serve. The newspapers are what the people want, what the people make them. In Germany the papers have not a tithe of the influence wielded by leading journals in other lands; this too reflects the conditions existing there, inasmuch as it shows the wave of imperialism which sweeps over the country. The police watch the newspapers very closely; confiscate or suppress a whole issue for trivial causes at times. The editor must send the first copy of each issue to the censor. The newspapers are not well written; but special contributions on the arts or sciences are usually well polished. The newspapers deal too freely in gossip and trivialities. There is a general provincialism about the German press—even the largest journals of Berlin. The notices of births, deaths, and marriages read very comical to our mind. "A manager of an old institution, of pleasant exterior, seeks a pretty, presentable lady (widow), very strong, weight 75 to 85 kilogrammes, but of fine figure, as helpmate."



NICHOLAS DEVEREUX.

TWO NOTABLE UTICA PIONEERS.

BY JOHN C. BROGAN.

THE closing years of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth witnessed the advent in the United States of a class of Irish exiles different in some respects from the emigrants who begun to settle among us in such overwhelming numbers a generation later. They were often of gentle birth and rearing, sometimes even belonging to the hated landlord aristocracy; but they were also men of singularly pure aspirations and disinterested patriotism. Many of them had wrecked their fortunes in the bloody convulsions of '98 or in Emmet's ill starred venture, and, after encountering perils of every sort, during which their footsteps were rarely out of touch with the headsman's shadow behind them, they managed to escape from the ruined island. Others reached our shores a short time before the explosion, and others a few years after

Emmet's gallant effort had failed. They all won honor in the land of their adoption, and played no unimportant part in the social and economic activities of the infant Republic. Their high-bred grace and courtliness had, besides, the effect of creating a certain standard of refinement and elegance among the somewhat rough village communities that were destined to develop into mighty cities. While, unhappily, in some of the families they founded their descendants have degenerated from the noble ancestral type, in others the traditions of unspotted and reverent devotion to faith and country, pride in their race and a loving interest in the fortunes of the home of their forefathers, have remained bright and vigorous.

In none of these Irish emigrants have the finest qualities of the national character been more vitally embodied than in two young brothers whose names are still well remembered in Central and Western New York, and familiar to the older generations of Catholics in many parts of New England. John Corish Devereux and his brother Nicholas contributed immensely to the progress of Utica; their energy, public spirit, and commercial ability were weighty factors among the agencies which transformed the little town into a great centre of industry. But they did more than help to found a city. Their presence was a tower of strength to the struggling Catholics of the district. Their fervid enthusiasm combined with their practical and lavishly generous service was a priceless boon to religion. How, in their case, heart and brain and open purse might always be relied on when needed for the creation of any noble institution or the accomplishment of any noble purpose will be seen in the course of this narrative.

If to have sprung from a grand old race can confer any distinction in so democratic a land as ours,—and apparently it does, else why have we Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, and many other societies whose members are wildly eager to convince a sceptical world that they had grandfathers?—if such be the case, the Devereuxs may feel a not unnatural complacency in their high descent, which has at least the merit of being genuine. The first of them to come to England was Walter, feudal lord of Evereux, whence his name, Walter d'Evereux. The old Norman town still exists; but, unlike its rulers, not having expanded through the ages, has squeezed its name into Evreux. Walter proved himself a

doughty champion, spurred by William's side at Hastings, and was not more backward than another in following

> "The good old plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Walter did not feel any scruple in taking at least his fair share of the sixty thousand manors into which the Conqueror divided unfortunate England; and with it his due portion of Anglo-Saxon serfs, *adscripti glebæ*—a month ago freemen, now slaves to be kicked and lashed by their French masters for centuries afterwards. The degrading influence of the Norman Conquest is still prevalent, for the wealthiest British merchant will tell you with bated breath and whispering humbleness that So-and-so's ancestor "came over with the Conqueror."

How the Devereuxs waxed fat in the fertile lands they had wrested from the helpless natives, how they intermarried with royalty and grew to be famous statesmen and captains, how they helped to build cathedrals and founded abbeys and monasteries, need not be told here. A stout, fierce race, these French free-booters, doing with all their might whatever their mind set their hands to do, whether it were good or evil. They help Cardinal Langton to tear the charter which, many centuries later, was to form the basis of English liberty from the tenacious grip of John, are foremost among the rebellious barons who try to reduce Henry III. to the condition of a royal figure-head, and one of them is slain at the battle of Evesham in 1265; then, when they cannot find an outlet for their superabundant vitality in forays through France under the royal banner, they are making it hot for royalty in Parliament, or hammering the Welshmen on their borders.

The first of the Devereuxs to seek his fortune in Ireland came in the train of John in 1210. This Thomas Devereux, the fourth son of a Sir Walter Devereux, received large grants of lands in the district which had just been formed into the county of Wexford, and was the ancestor of the numerous Devereuxs still to be found in Wexford and the neighboring counties. It did not take long to make good Irishmen of his sons and grandsons. There must, after all, have been something strangely seductive in this Irish civilization to have melted these iron Norman barons and made them entirely undistinguishable

from the Celtic chiefs around them a few years after they were settled in the country. The "Celtic witchery" English writers have called it. It was a witchery which the Anglo Saxons never succeeded in practising on their French masters. Even as late as Edward III., who, like all these French kings of England, could not speak English, it was not unusual for a nobleman to protest against a dishonoring accusation in some such words as "Only an Englishman would be capable of such a deed."*

So the Devereuxs ranged themselves quickly alongside of the De Burgos and Fitzgeralds, intermarried with the daughters of the native chiefs, cultivated mustaches, rode bareback, sent their children out to fosterage, and became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.* They no doubt had their full share in the unhappy conflicts of the time—now in alliance with Celtic chief or Norman baron, now at bitter feud with one or the other. Yet under all their barbarous turbulence lay seeds which were to blossom into the flower of a higher life centuries later. They built churches and abbeys, and the foundations of a monastery erected by Sir John Devereux at Ross, Wexford, in 1290, may still be traced. A Devereux was Bishop of Kildare in the reign of Mary, and, after a stubborn resistance, was driven by Elizabeth from his see in 1560.

Throughout all the vicissitudes of wars, rebellions, and religious persecutions the ancestors of our American Devereuxs managed somehow or other to retain their hold on a considerable slice of Wexford down to a comparatively recent period. Their father, Thomas, was the owner of an extensive and beautiful estate called "The Leap," a few miles from Enniscorthy, in the closing years of the eighteenth century. It is a picturesque and lovely region, sprinkled with farms and modest homesteads, with wide reaches of verdure dyed in that intense green to be found nowhere outside Ireland, with ponds that flash in the sunlight, and softly wooded glens and hollows.

Although there were many of the survivors of the old

* Lord Macaulay, who is sometimes capable of telling the truth, especially if the truth be susceptible of a picturesque setting, says that it is as laughable for Englishmen to pride themselves on the victories of Cressy and Poitiers as it would be for the negroes of Hayti to fling up their caps on account of the French victory at Fontenoy because Hayti was then a French colony. There were small English, Welsh, and Irish contingents at these battles; but the bulk of Edward's army was made up of Frenchmen who regarded Edward as their lawful king, which he would seem to have been by hereditary right.

Catholic aristocracy still in the county, the Devereuxs appear to have been willingly accepted as leaders in the political movements of the time. We are told in Hay's *History of the Rebellion* that at meetings of the Catholic gentry in 1792, assembled to protest against aspersions on their loyalty and to demand their rights, James Edward Devereux presided. He was selected in the following year by his co-religionists to voice their admiration for "the virtuous and independent 45"—forty-five Protestant gentlemen who had aroused the hostility of their fellow-Protestants of Wexford by the stand they took in favor of Catholic emancipation.

As for John Corish's father and elder brothers, they threw themselves heart and soul into the '98 movement. One of the brothers was slain at Vinegar Hill; another, noted for his height and manly beauty even among a stalwart and handsome race, managed to escape in a vessel bound for Martinique, but was never heard of afterward. The father, flung into prison, did not survive long the cruelties inflicted on him by his English jailers. A letter to John from his mother, written about a year afterward, gives us some slight idea of the misery of the distressful land:

"LEAP, 14th Feb., 1800.

"MY DEAR JOHN:

"I receiv'd yours of Oct. and Nov., which is the only comfort I have, to know that you are alive and doing well. I wrote to you a long letter last July, letting you know all my troubles since the Rebellion, which is your father's death, and James's departure from the Battle of Ross. I never got an account where he is since, but am still in hopes he is alive. Walter came from Dublin the above unfortunate time, was obliged to go off. He took shipping for Martinique from Liverpool, hired as carpenter's mate, so am left quite helpless with the three little boys and Margaret and Catharine. We remain here, but do not know how long it may be a place of residence, as the country is much disturbed by some unknown people that are robing and burning every night. Our chappels are burning and tearing down. Poor Mary and Frank lost their all in the Rebellion; they have no children. This country is almost done away; our Parliament is going to England; if we don't get some relief the Catholics can't live here. So, my dear child, I intend going to you in the course of two years

if we don't get some change for the better. I should prepare to go now only on account of the Distress the country is in I could not dispose of land, &c., to my satisfaction. I wrote to you in my last to come home, which I will leave to your better judgment. As you complain of not hearing from Ireland shall this day write two letters, one to be forwarded by Mr. Frank Codd, the other by your Uncle Nick, who is in a very low way and who met with various troubles. The children join me in wishing you Every Blessing. I remain your afft. Mother, CATHARINE DEVEREUX.

"To Mr. John Corish Devereux, to be left at Postoffice, New York, till called for."

Probably it was a prevision of the avalanche of misfortunes that was to overwhelm the family which induced the parents of John Corish, who was born at The Leap, August 5, 1774, to send him to France some years before the outbreak. There he became a proficient in music and dancing, accomplishments he was afterward to turn to good account in another land.

He came to the United States about a year or so before the beginning of the Irish struggle, and at once advertised himself in several New England towns as a "dancing-master." Unlike the members of his class in Ireland, this young Irish aristocrat had no false pride about him. What shame was there in a Devereux doing in free America what the Montmorencys and Cregins were doing in remote English hamlets at this very period? He had soon plenty of pupils, and looked back fondly in his old age on the humble and honest occupation which had started him on his prosperous career: "I danced a thousand dollars out of the Yankees," the old man used to repeat, gayly.

After a couple of years' residence in Albany, where he was clerk in a store, and where he married his first wife, Miss Ellen Barry, he moved to Utica in 1802. There, with the money he had accumulated, he set up in business for himself, selling the miscellaneous articles of groceries, dry goods and wet goods, to be found in those days in country stores. His shrewdness and honesty were crowned with success, and he became one of the wealthiest and most respected of Utica's citizens. He built a large and, for those days, somewhat imposing house, which is still standing on the north-east corner of Broad

THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTICA—OLD ST. JOHN'S.

and Second Streets. There was as yet no Catholic church in Utica, and whenever a missionary priest happened to enter the village Mass was said in Mr. Devereux's residence in the presence of the members of the family and the few Catholics of the neighborhood. On Sundays, in the absence of a priest, it was his custom to read appropriate prayers and a sermon for the Catholics who assembled in his parlor, and this undoubtedly did much to keep alive the faith in many an Irish heart. He also taught the children their catechism, inducing them to come regularly to Sunday-school by treating them to gingerbread and milk. Simplicity is the basis of all noble living, and the sagacity and keen intelligence which were among his most salient characteristics were grounded on a grand and gracious simplicity of nature. Ever lavish in his generosity to the church and to the poor, he was especially liberal to old St. John's, the pioneer church in Utica and Central New York, at one time clearing off a debt with a check for $7,000. He and his brother Nicholas also personally undertook to give a site and erect a suitable building for an orphanage school, to be in charge of the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, Maryland, and in 1834 each subscribed $5,000 to this noble charity,

earning for themselves the lasting gratitude of the sisters and the prayers of the orphans, to whose support John C. Devereux was ever afterwards such a constant contributor that he was regarded as the real founder of the institution and was buried within its walls.

But neither race nor creed could set any barrier to the large beneficence of this noble pair of brothers; many a struggling Protestant church was also helped along by their generosity. They probably thought that in those days any and every church was a godsend to a village and should be welcomed by all law-abiding citizens.

To prove the high regard entertained for John C. Devereux by his fellow-citizens of all denominations, it is only necessary to state that they were anxious to honor him with every public position of trust and responsibility that it was within their power to bestow. He was their first elected mayor, and the first president of the Utica branch of the United States Bank. His generous and truly Irish hospitality, his courtly manners and distinguished bearing, and the general sense entertained of his great capacity as a man of affairs, were all factors that contributed to make him probably the most popular official that has ever been connected with Utica. Dr. M. M. Bagg, in his interesting work on *The Pioneers of Utica*, becomes almost lyrical in his enthusiastic admiration for the virtues of this distinguished Irish-American and of his brother Nicholas.

Nicholas Devereux, the youngest son of Thomas and Catharine Corish Devereux, was born at the old seat of the family on June 7, 1791. He landed at New York in 1806, when he was just entering his sixteenth year. A touching incident that occurred the first Sunday after his arrival was in itself a revelation of the lad's fervent faith and Irish generosity. All his worldly wealth consisted of three sovereigns, one of which he placed on the collection plate while attending Mass in old St. Peter's, Barclay Street. The sexton thought the boy had made a mistake and returned him the gold-piece. "It is not a mistake," said young Nicholas; "it is a thank-offering for my safe voyage to America."

Perhaps it was because of this gold sovereign given in charity that God subsequently blessed with such material prosperity the career of the fine, open-hearted Wexford boy. But there is nothing wonderful in this ingenuous exhibition of sim-

ple trust in God, for he was the product of one of those Irish homes the domestic purity and sanctity of which would be almost incomprehensible to those swallowed up in the rush and hurry of our American life.

During the few years which Nicholas spent as a clerk in Albany and in his brother's store in Utica he developed such splendid business qualifications that he was admitted a partner into the firm conducted by John Corish. The Devereux brothers prospered rapidly, and amassed what was for those days a very large fortune, doing a business of $100,000 yearly. Like his eldest brother, Nicholas was invited to accept responsible public positions. Both of their names are found among the directors of great public enterprises. They were both equally popular with all classes and creeds of their fellow-citizens, and made ample returns for the public favor they enjoyed in the shape of the benefits they were instrumental in procuring for the growing city. To their initiative was due the creation of the Utica Savings-Bank, now one of the most important institutions in the United States, and of which John C. Devereux was the first president, and Nicholas one of the first directors.

We wish we had space for a full account of Nicholas's courtship and marriage. It forms a charming and delicate little idyl. The young lady, an Episcopalian, was the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Butler, of 27 Wall Street. How Nicholas wooed and won her from the suspicious parent who wants to know "who and what" this young man is who "pays more particular attention than a common visitor," that "I may regulate myself in case of his repeating his visits"; and who, when he discovers that this ardent young Irishman has just the qualities desirable in a prospective son-in-law, will have no silly dawdling about the business—"Mary takes N. Devereux, for better or worse, on Friday next. She will start for Utica by Saturday's steamboat"—may all be read in the doctor's faded handwriting, and very pleasant reading these old letters of his make. Evidently, the old gentleman was one of those imperious fathers whose despotism must seem delightful to an impatient bridegroom when exercised on the proper occasion. So Nicholas Devereux and Mary Dolbear Butler were duly wedded, Bishop Connolly tying the nuptial knot at Dr. Butler's residence on November 28, 1817.

This love-match between a Catholic Irishman and a Protest-

ant New York lady of New England ancestry was fraught with ineffable happiness to bride and bridegroom, for they remained lovers till the close of their lives.

We regret exceedingly that the limits of our space prevent us from quoting in full some of the exquisitely beautiful letters which Mrs. Devereux was in the habit of writing to her relatives after her marriage. They are full of little touches which paint the society of the period to the life, contain some charming descriptions of old-fashioned ways and bygone times, and, in this latter regard, have also a certain historical interest. The letters of the husband during his occasional absences from home are, in their own way, fully as fascinating. They are fairly quivering with life and passion informed by profound and genuine religious sentiment. "I never had so much anxiety to see home before," he says in one of them, "for, my dear Mary, my heart's blood is concentrated on you and my dear little children. May God protect and guard you."

Mrs. Devereux remained a devout Episcopalian for many years after her marriage. In 1846 the light broke in upon her, and she hurried to meet it. If it be true that it takes a good Protestant to make a good Catholic, then Mrs. Devereux's future life fully realized the truth of the old saying. There have been few more fervent converts. From the day of her conversion till her death, at the age of eighty-six, in Utica in 1881, her life was the life of a saint, and she was for many years a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. She was a zealous co-operator in the innumerable enterprises undertaken for the public good by her husband, and the leader in all organized works of charity and benevolence. Moreover, as one of the prominent society leaders of the State, a lady of magnificent presence and courtly manners, it was her pleasure to entertain in her hospitable home a great number of distinguished personages of the old world as well as of the new. She was a woman also of brilliant accomplishments, a great reader, easy and agreeable in conversation; in a word, one of those rare ideal women who see life as a whole and perform all its duties faithfully and well until the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Devereux had six children—two sons and four daughters—who grew up to maturity, and five of whom survived their parents.

Like his wife, Mr. Devereux also took great pleasure in the

NICHOLAS DEVEREUX'S HOUSE.

society and enjoyments of his family and friends, and was himself a fine conversationalist. His large mansion in Chancellor Square, surrounded by an extensive old-fashioned garden, is still remembered by numbers of people as the scene of many a hospitable and elegant entertainment. For over seventy years it has been in the family, and is now occupied by Mr. Devereux's eldest daughter, Mrs. Francis Kernan. It is a spot to which his grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and the children of his great-grandchildren make frequent pilgrimages.

A few words with regard to the personal appearance and personal characteristics of Nicholas Devereux will not be out of place. He was a handsome old gentleman, who retained the auburn hair and fine complexion of his Irish ancestors. He also retained a little of their warmth of temper and impulsiveness. But when anything occurred calculated to be trying to a hasty disposition, it was his custom to retire into the cellar under his store, and pray. Only after he had recovered his equanimity did he return to the upper world. He was very dainty in his habits, as was perhaps to be expected from the

associations of his youth; was very fond of fine linen, ruffled shirts, and good clothes, which was perhaps also natural for the same reason. Of two things he was especially proud, namely, that he was a Catholic and an Irishman. He was no respecter of persons, said grace when dining in strange hotels, and blessed himself with a large sign of the cross. Perhaps it was these characteristics that contributed to his popularity among his non-Catholic fellow-citizens. The genuine American is too manly not to pay honor to sincerity and decorous self-respect, and there is probably no being in the world for whom he feels such contempt as for the Catholic or Irishman who is too cowardly to show his colors.

In 1854 Mr. and Mrs. Devereux visited Europe accompanied by their daughter Mary, who intended becoming a nun. They were received in audience by Pius IX. Miss Devereux, who became a Sister of Mercy on her return, died at Newburg, July 8, 1887, from the effects of a terrible accident. Her life was so singularly holy that she is regarded by many as a saint.

During his stay at Rome, Mr. Devereux persuaded a number of Franciscan Fathers of the brown habit to follow him to the United States, paying all their expenses, promising to give them land in Western New York, and to aid them in erecting a monastery. He made them a grant of a farm of three hundred acres, and left them $5,000 in his will. The fine seminary and college which the Franciscans have at Allegany, N. Y., are the fruits of his generosity. They hold his memory in grateful remembrance, and have erected a public testimonial to him in their church as the founder of their seminary and college. A large oil painting hangs from the walls of the sanctuary, representing Nicholas Devereux and his wife in the attitude of prayer.

Another great work which he did not live to see accomplished, but which was entirely due to his initiative, was the founding of the American College at Rome. He authorized the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* to state that he wished to be one of a hundred Catholics who should subscribe $1,000 each for this purpose. This would be a beginning; he was confident that half a million could be raised afterward, not only to establish the college, but to create an endowment fund for its support. It is hardly necessary to say that his

wishes were carried out by his widow and children after his death.

Nicholas Devereux's influence in extending Catholicity was felt beyond the limits of New York. Such was the stupid fanaticism of the Protestants of Hartford in Know-nothing times that the Catholics found it impossible to secure a site for the erection of a church. By mere accident he became acquainted with the situation, and by the exercise of considerable tact and diplomacy he managed to purchase the old Episcopal church for $10,000, which he forthwith handed over to the Hartford Catholics. In a letter written by the Right Rev. Thomas Galberry, Bishop of Hartford, many years afterward, he says: "That good act of Mr. Devereux was the planting of the grain of mustard-seed in Hartford, and in Connecticut I may say also."

But to give details of all the noble deeds of this great Catholic and great Irishman would take up a volume. Those who may desire a fuller knowledge of them are referred to the excellent work of Dr. Bagg, already mentioned, for an eloquent and appreciative account of them from a Protestant source.

Nicholas Devereux died in his sixty-fifth year, on December 29, 1855, fortified by the holy sacraments of that Catholic Church which he had loved so well and served so faithfully; like his distinguished brother, an illustrious example of what great things a fervid love for the Catholic faith, supported by energy, industry, and honor, will enable men to achieve in our glorious Republic.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIN OF HIS YOUTH.

JOYCE, in the meantime, was striding homewards with head down and hands deeply pocketed, oblivious to the lures of a great city by night, which solicited him at every step. The beflowered, brilliantly-lighted residences of the rich yielded little by little to the promiscuous settlements adjoining the business quarter. Then the glitter and rush of Market Street challenged his youth and love of pleasure, while side-streets lurked near, full of lurid enticements; but he walked on as blindly as a somnambulist. His usually mobile face was tense, his blue eyes looked baffled, as if he groped through darkness. A sense of blankness, of the hollowness of everything, overwhelmed him. The firm ground of his life seemed to slip beneath his feet: its social rock to crumble to sand.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Gaiety Girl, enters into his life.

"They are—going to Europe," he told himself, boyishly, by way of explanation of the throb in his throat. "Mam'selle and Stephen, and—Mrs. Raymond—and—Gladys! All are going,—*all!*"

He collided with a pedestrian, and looked up unintelligently. The rakish laugh of one of his club friends aroused him. He was a gay young fellow—Dick Dawson by name—already started on the pace that kills. His father was one of the rich men of California. His down-grade was paved with gold.

"Well met, old man!" he exclaimed. "We 've a jag on for to-night, in the Chinese quarter! I say, what 's the row? You look down in the mouth. A dopy night of it 's just your bracer!"

Already Joyce had had his nights of initiation, and knew "the ropes" of local excess. The atmosphere of San Francisco is stimulating socially as well as naturally; and its dashing youth of the gilded class live at appallingly high-pressure. But Joyce's feverish instincts were counterbalanced by his Celtic purity and Puritan calmness. From the shallows of revelry he had stepped back to sane pleasure. The depths had no hold upon him.

"No, Dick," he said, lifting his hat and passing his hand across his eyes like one bewildered. "Thanks awfully, but you Western boys are too much for me. Don't paint the town red! By-by!"

Even as he turned aside, Dick was already forgotten. His train of thought resumed its interrupted course. *All* were going to Europe,—Mam'selle and Stephen,—Mrs. Raymond,—and Gladys! Yes, the throb in his throat was for—all!

But since the throb was becoming an aching sob, it behooved his pride to remind itself that he mourned not only these, but also the dear two from whom death divided him. How few months previously Raymond had been his prop and mainstay,—Mina's warm young love, even if not little Mina herself, a vital charm, a social challenge, a human magnet! Yes, it was only because Raymond and Mina were dead that the default of the living now startled and depressed him! His loss was collective,—in this was its bitterness! Therefore he must reconcile himself to it,—individually. This was philosophy, and logic!

Mam'selle! Dear, gentle Mam'selle, with the heart of a

mother in the spiritual order,—a gentlewoman of ideal refinement, of stately reserve, of sensitive delicacy; whose mere presence softened the rough edges of his social side, reproaching his crudeness and arousing the chivalry of his masculine nature. In her sorrow for Mina she had appealed doubly to his reverence and tenderness. Just to look at her, to speak to her, was an ethical education,—an inspiration to soul and heart, as well as to gentle manners! Greuze-faced Mam'selle,—how he should miss her! Yes, the throb in his throat was for—Mam'selle!

Stephen! After Father Martin and Raymond, Stephen had been his ideal of manhood. Even at college, his alumnus-fame had awed Joyce; and later, Stephen had conquered at sight. His unselfish, tireless service of Mina,—his able devotion to Raymond's interests,—his own independent yet subordinated ambitions,—his social *savoir faire* ennobled by his exceptionally earnest life and reproachless habits,—his dignified courtesy to his cousin Imogen, who constantly tried his pride and patience,—his fine delicacy with Gladys, which was but the reflection of his chivalrous ideals and moral rectitude,—even his simple friendliness to Joyce himself, had evoked Joyce's hero-worship! When Stephen was gone, to whom should he live up? His club-friends were dashing and reckless "good livers"; the boys on the staff, though clean-lived, ambitious, industrious young fellows, lacked the principles and conservatism he had admired and reverenced in Stephen. Would his single strength stand against Dick Dawson and his kind? The throb in his throat was for himself,—as well as for Stephen!

Mrs. Raymond! Joyce slowed in his walk, as his thoughts reached Imogen. "Queen Imogen," he had sometimes called her, in secret; and it was as a lost queen, rather than as an absent woman, that he believed his heart missed her anticipatively. Her real effect upon him, the sentiments she aroused in him, he had never analyzed. In her presence he was conscious only of a vague unrest, an undefined desire, which he had flattered himself was manly ambition, dashed with the poet's "divine discontent!" She had made much of him, made little of him; distinguished him, ignored him; allured him, and repulsed him,—until she had set his mind in a whirl. But in any mood, she was still his empress,—his beautiful, brilliant lady of high degree, who had opened her gates to him as a social wayfarer,

and commanded his life-long fealty. Her imperiousness thrilled, even as her fickle favor bewildered him. The loss of such a fascinating social force from his life must necessarily leave a desolate vacuum. He would be heartless, ungrateful, if his throat had not throbbed! But its *sob*,—was not that for Gladys only?

Yet at Gladys' mere name he curbed his thoughts. Gladys, even as Mina had prophesied, was not for him, but for Stephen to think of! Fair, fine Gladys! He was glad—of course he was glad—that it was as it was, between her and Stephen! Good and strong man, pure and tender woman,—surely these were destined for each other! For him the girl Gladys Broderick never really had lived at all; but merely flitted across his life like a visible angel,—slow-winged and gracious, yet intangible, elusive,—a vision only,—even though a vision incarnate!

Was the sob in his throat,—which was but the vibration of the sob in his heart,—the birth-pang of Joyce's self-knowledge? In any case, a first glimmer,—just the far, faint, apocalyptic glimmer of truth,—dawned upon him.

Mina, dear and sweet and tender as her memory was to him, had been but a little alien, a fugitive usurper in his heart, whose true love-dreams palpitated between Mrs. Raymond and Gladys, like a bird between rose and bud! Soon, both human flowers would be transplanted: even as tender little Mina,—love's forerunner,—had departed. His world was laid waste,—his youth was desolated. Nothing sweet, nothing beautiful, was left him!

With eyes blurred and throat pulsing, he dashed into the elevator running up to his newly-leased chambers. From modest accommodations in the house of a motherly Irishwoman with whom Raymond had placed him with an eye to his all-round well-being,—he had changed to a more pretentious suite in a somewhat bohemian quarter, throbbing like a vagrant vein from the artery of the city. Here, bachelor-apartments and studios of the Muses abounded. A reception-room transformed by books and desk into a library, which also served as a dining-room when the public café lost its attractions,—a bedroom with bath-extension,—and the tiniest yet most convenient of pantries equipped for gas-stove and chafing-dish experiments, represented the suite which, up to this hour, had seemed to

Joyce supremely satisfying. But now, for the first time, he realized its mockery as a home, its human loneliness, its forlorn lack of the social and domestic element. Upon his entrance, both the porter at the door and the boy in the elevator had addressed him apologetically; but as he stared at them both in uncomprehending silence, they had exchanged behind his back an uncharitable wink, and relinquished him to his destiny. As the iron grating clanked behind him, over-shrilled by the boy's audaciously significant whistle, Joyce found himself wondering what had been said to him? But the indifferent thought passed, for a blessed inspiration had rushed upon him. He would write to his mother, and invite her West for a visit! A letter, a check,—and love would be on its way to him! He would tell her that her boy was—lonely!

As his key rattled in the lock he remarked, without surprise, that the library door was already ajar. The engineer had a pass-key, and often adjusted the radiators. Undoubtedly he was in the room now. But no, it was in darkness! Probably he had forgotten to turn the key behind him. Pressing on the lights, he sank into his desk-chair just beneath the electric bulbs branching, rose-like, from one decorative corner; and tossing off his hat, bowed his face on his arms. Yes, a visit from his mother would do both her and him worlds of good! Even the expectation of welcoming her would stand between him and Dick Dawson and his kind,—till his life's new conditions were assimilated.

A rippling laugh mocked his thought. He glanced up with a start, his waking dreams still in his eyes. In his eyes? Nay, in his brain, in his heart, in every young, pulsing vein of him! Dreaming? Of course he was dreaming!

Outlined against the background of the closed door was a girlish figure in an attitude he recognized,—head jauntily tilted, hands on hips, toe and heel alternately poising her lissom, restless young body. Her *chic* automobile travelling-coat was open and thrown back, displaying a gray tweed suit with mannish shirt-front, and tie with long ends dangling loosely. Her mottled gray eyes flashed him a contagious laugh; her ruddy brown hair fluffed forward from under her dashing hat; her red mouth pouted towards him; her artful dimples, like alluring coquettes, danced into full view, then retreated.

"Well, Mr. Joyce Josselyn," she said, "I must say you 're

cool about meeting your friends all the way from Wyoming! I took a cabby to the *Pioneer*, first thing; and then drove right here; so I've been waiting just horrid hours! The crank downstairs did n't want to let me in; but I told him I was your sister and your cousin and your aunt from the East, and the all-round relationship squelched him!"

He had risen slowly, inch by inch, his palms pressed down heavily against his desk. His blue eyes,—still fixed incredulously upon her glowing young face,—were a battle-ground of dread and desire. He realized that his lips were parched and stiff, his tones unnaturally harsh, as he answered.

"Pearl," he said,—"this is no place for you. Go,—for your own sake,—go!"

She took a saucily defiant step towards him. Her coat had deep pockets, and her hands were now in them; which, with the toss of her head and her careless pose, gave her the look of a handsome boy.

"Go? Well, I guess not, after waiting all these hours,—not till I've had a word with you! You're not tied to the apron-strings of any maiden-aunts, are you, that you're afraid to give a young lady-friend a chair?"

She seated herself, and regarded him curiously. The assumed boldness of her face was redeemed and made piquant by the real shyness blushing through it.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," she suggested; "for I've lots and lots to tell you! You're a swell when you're at home, are n't you? Well, *I*'m a swell, too, you see; so you need n't be one bit ashamed of me! Why don't you ask me how I raised the latest styles,—at the junction,—on the Wyoming prairie?"

Her ringing young voice had a minor note in it. Her bright face clouded, while her dimples deepened tremulously. She drew a long pin from her hat, and sat before him bare-headed, prodding the crown with the glittering gilt spike to which her eyes, of a sudden, were lowered.

"The girls called me 'Dead Men's Shoes,'" she said, "till I showed I had live feet inside them! I've joined the profession,—and my style's from New York! Do you want to hear the story?"

Leaning his elbow upon his desk, his cheek on his hand, Joyce sat tensely, defying his instinct to strain forward,—study-

ing her, learning her, resisting her, yielding to her! Her suggestion of pathos was eloquent of purest womanliness. It seemed to redeem—all the rest.

"I hope your story—is not a sad one, Pearl," he said, gently.

Her eyes, as they lifted, showed unshed tears; but her voice fought its tremor bravely.

"Sad?" she sighed. "Oh, I don't know! Maybe she's better off,—and maybe she isn't. She told me that this life—had been a hell to her! I suppose she couldn't go—to much worse!"

"*She?*" he questioned.

She dropped her hat to the floor, and sat back with quick petulance, ignoring his puzzled inquiry.

"Isn't it all a horrid muddle," she demanded,—"the here, —and the hereafter,—especially for us women? Just because there's no answer, what does anything matter? That's the way *I'm* going to take life!"

She was serious now, as he had not thought she could be serious. In contrast with her coquetry, the change was bewildering. She swung around lithely, resting arm and face on the back of her chair. Her profile lost its pertness in a sad little pout, as she told her human story.

"It's only just—that there's a girl—in her grave on the prairie," she said:—"the girl who in life—would have come West in my place! She got sick in Cheyenne—and the show sent her ahead—by the slow, cheap way! She got side-tracked at the junction,—and I looked out for her,—till she died there! I reckon that's all about *her!*"

"And about—*you?*"

She stripped off her gloves as she turned again to face him, and folded her hands on her projecting knee. They quivered on its edge, like birds seeking a nest. But Joyce's hands made no effort to meet them.

"Oh! *Me!*" she satirized. "Well, I'm not quite through with *her* yet, after all! She was a girl just like me,—with no family, and no friends to count: so there was no one to send for—and I bought her trunks for the money—that buried her. She was my size and style, and her things seemed just made for me! That was what first put her show in my head!" Her smile was coming in sight again.

"I always did love the stage," she confessed. "Why not? It 's all lights, and music, and flowers. It 's just lovely to look across the orchestra, and see the strange faces all smiling, smiling at you! And the work has some fizz to it. One does n't get stagnant. Oh, I 'd thought of it often enough before! So when the show struck the junction, I went straight to the manager, and said, 'What 's the matter with *me?*'"

"Yes! And he?"

"Looked me over, and said—'Not a little thing!' He 's a daisy, and vows I was born for the stage. I 've signed for five years, for a tour of the world. We 're going from here to Australia!"

Her long story was finished, and she waited expectantly. But Joyce's silence disappointed her. If she had understood its significance she would have been more than content; but in her uncertainty it embarrassed and hurt her. Since the day of their meeting she had thought much of her "beauty-boy,"—far more than she had realized until this moment, when his lack of response discomfited her. The charm of his face, his responsively high spirits, his youth akin yet differentiated by sex and class,—his sympathy and championship,—all had made their effect; and she had dreamed girlish dreams, with him for their hero! Were her dreams not coming true?

She had just turned nineteen, and by her orphaned youth's battle with it, knew the world superficially; yet the ingenuousness of girlhood still survived in her. Her recklessness, if not ignorant, was still radically innocent. Religion and convention were but prudish names to her; yet her dashing rather than sentimental spirit,—her pride not yet softened by tender emotions,—her spirited nature and coquettish instincts, which, though inviting pursuit, leaned to independence rather than to surrender,—all had kept her feet in the path of honor, though the chasm of peril adjoined it. Hence there was a childlike innocence, an ethical ignorance about her present attitude towards Joyce, immortally redeeming in the spirit, yet surpassingly touching in a human sense, since the social mistake entails a worldly penalty often spared the moral sin. Traditionless, standardless, swayed by her heart, and as yet undistrustful of the impulses governing youth and affinity, Pearl faced in Joyce's silence something she did not understand,—an abstract, extraneous, arbitrary resistance to which neither his eyes, nor

the subtle pulsations that reached her from his heart, offered her key or solution.

She had had a long journey; she was tired and faint from excitement and long fasting; above all, her warm young heart felt repulsed and lonely,—as much adrift in the human world as a rudderless boat at sea. To find herself only a stranger in a strange city, where she had been but too sure a "young gentleman-friend" awaited her, was a surprise so bitter as to seem a tragedy. Was even the girl in her grave on the prairie more desolate than she?

She stooped for her hat, and as she rose Joyce rose with her. This action seemed final, and humiliated as well as wounded her. She glanced up proudly to say good-by; but as she met his eyes, her pride forsook her. Tears shimmered through her lashes; her lips trembled; her face drooped like the face of a child in sorrow.

"O Joyce!" she cried impulsively, with a sob in her voice, "aren't you glad,—just one little bit glad,—to see me?"

Was it in nature,—in human nature, in masculine nature,—not to comfort her? Whether he was glad or sorry, Joyce, in truth, did not know. He knew only that a winsome, piquant girl,—a distracting feminine incarnation of smiles and tears,—a pretty, arch face, flushing and drooping under his gaze,—solicited his favor.

"Glad, Pearl?" he repeated. "Well, I *guess!*"

And his young arm stole around her.

The moment in which young souls first meet is at once eternal yet fleeting! A lingering pressure as her soft form yielded,—and Joyce, secretly reluctant but exteriorly resolute, stood back with a suddenly forbidding air, as if thrusting sentiment behind him. Yet the transient tenderness had left its mark. The simplicity of self-unconsciousness no longer existed between them. They looked at each other with perplexed eyes, each wondering, each questioning, each suddenly fearful of self and of each other! Of the two, Pearl's emotions were the more primitive and simple. In the comfort of Joyce's arm around her she had felt all that her girlish heart unconsciously longed for,—a sense of protection, an infusion of strength, a sympathy of youth and responsive attraction,—the natural woman's demand from the man:—and here her moral and

social ignorance stopped contentedly. But Joyce, less a child of nature in cultured mind, though physical manhood remains unevoluted, knew, as all awakened souls know, the peril of the temptation to which he was yielding; and not only chivalrous self-reproach, but likewise a spiritual instinct of self-preservation, warned him to retreat in time. In an instant of involuntary introspection he realized that Pearl's invasion had startled and disturbed the masculine tenor of his life; that the trend of his recent resolutions was impeded, albeit not unpleasantly,—that his invitation to his mother was suddenly in abeyance,—implying no noble good! Then if evil to him, the man, was threatened,—what of her whose sex, morally, was more delicate and susceptible? Poor Joyce struggled bravely; and an inspiration rewarded him. He would consign this girl to woman-hands!

"Look here, Pearl," he said, snatching up her bag, from which a brass bangle of trunk-checks jingled, "better not be herded in with your show-crowd, in San Francisco. Will you trust yourself to me, for disposal?"

"Sure!" she assented, radiantly; smiling over her shoulder as she readjusted her hat before the mirror. "That 's what I came for!"

"Then come along with me. Have you had your supper?"

"No, I have n't! I 'm simply starving."

"Why, you poor little girl! But there 's a café down stairs. We can't be long, though; or Mrs. Murphy may refuse to let us in."

"Mrs. Murphy! Goodness! Who 's Mrs. Murphy?"

"A dear Irishwoman, with whom I boarded before I came here."

"Oh!"

Pearl felt decidedly crestfallen as she swept towards the café; though she revived enough to glare haughtily at the elevator-boy and porter who had resisted her invasion before Joyce's return. Her triumphant reappearance discomfited the two gossips, and coerced them, deeply to their disappointment, into giving Joyce's all-round relative the benefit of the doubt. Yet Pearl, for once, did not enjoy her victory. The unknown Mrs. Murphy was depressing her spirits. How did Mrs. Murphy fit in with Joyce's recent caress of her? Was he going to withdraw just as he had seemed to prove himself the tender hero of her girlish dreams?

In the brilliant café with its gilding and mirrors, its flowers and fruits, across the dainty table, she faced Joyce almost sadly. The glitter of glass and silver and china and damask,—the deft attendance of the solicitous waiter, even the rich odors and luscious flavors of the feast, failed to satisfy her. In a mood more responsive to material spells, she would have exulted in these, and in the chat and laughter about her,—in the frou-frou of silk on the tessellated marble floor,—in the gaze of gay youths whose full-dress somewhat awed her,—in every sight and sound and phase of an unfamiliar yet congenial scene of luxury!

But the hunger of her young human heart was now uppermost, and physical surfeit only mocked it. Sweeter than any delights of the palate, warmer than the glow of the lights, or the flame of the lamps under the nickel dishes, was her memory of Joyce's voice and eyes as his arm had stolen about her. Externals, of a sudden, were but husks and pottage. They seemed to intensify the hunger within her! What was life worth, in loneliness? What was youth, without love in it? What was the world, when one's heart ached?

And *why*,—oh! *why* Mrs. Murphy?

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. MURPHY FORESEES THE TRAGEDY OF COMEDY.

Joyce was not blind to the admiring glances attracted by his companion; and his own admiration quickened, in masculine consequence. In her usual reckless spirits and coquettish mood, whose natural evidences would have been the "eye-makings," smiles, and seductive head-tossings whereby flirtatious girlhood betrays pleased self-consciousness, Pearl's bold style of beauty and dashing dress would have challenged criticism, even in the public café whose patrons were by no means of the ultra-conservative social class. As it was, however, she was remarked as a handsome, strikingly stylish girl, whose travelling-bag suggested that Josselyn was doing the honors to a relative from the East: and women and men alike beamed graciously upon the attractive young couple.

But Joyce, for once, left the room without halting to chat

at various tables; and disappointed youths who had lingered in hopes of a presentation to the "stunning new girl," exchanged glances, and confided to one another, when out of feminine hearing, that "Joss kept good things to himself."

Joyce had been surprised and puzzled, as well as somewhat dangerously charmed, by Pearl's sudden demureness and dignity. He had no suspicion of the pain in her heart; and ascribed her reserve in public, which pleased his taste, to a refinement with which previously he had not accredited her. Had her depression endured, he might have discovered his mistake; but to the young and robust, fresh air is a stimulant more "heady" than any vintage; and the exhilaration Pearl had resisted in an artificial environment conquered her melancholy as she faced the night. She insisted upon walking; and Joyce was nothing loath to indulge her. The moist chill of the air was as delicious to him as to her; and they breathed in deep breaths, taking long, buoyant steps in easy unison. Pearl had the rare grace of walking perfectly. With head carried high, and torso erect yet pliant, she swung along from the hips, like a young Greek athlete; and many second looks were turned upon her. As they crossed the heart of the city, the crowds were just pouring from theatres and halls; and she breasted the human stream with a heart akin to it. The burden of the isolation of the prairie was lifted from her; and her youth effervesced like uncorked wine.

"Oh, it 's *great*," she said, flinging back her coat, as her high young chest expanded. "I got off life's main-road, sidetracked there on the prairie; but now I 've struck the through-line, have n't I? The city 's the place for us young ones, is n't it? The dash and fire of youth simply sit all over it. And this glittering night-life,—is n't it grand to be really *of* it? The human crowd 's so—*alive!*"

"Why, Pearl!" exclaimed Joyce, looking at her with new interest. "I did n't know you had all that in you!"

"All what, *if* you please?"

"All that—feeling,—for things below surfaces!"

"Oh, no! *Girls* don't feel,—of course, poor things! They leave feelings and thoughts, and everything fine, to boys whose souls soar to—mustaches!"

Instinctively Joyce's hand lifted, to give his modest blond appendage a guilty pull. Then they laughed gaily together.

Passers-by, overhearing the ringing peal, were constrained to smile in sympathy.

"You did n't know I *felt!*" emphasized Pearl, with scathing scorn. "Why, what 's *life* but feeling? What 's art? What 's love? What 's anything?"

"Art?" he repeated, turning frankly surprised eyes on her. "Oh,—you mean the dramatic art!"

"Yep! And all its brothers and sisters, too:—music, pictures, and the rest, if there is any rest! Say, I know a sight more than you seem to think! If you don't stop talking down to me from the top of a college-steeple, you 'll tumble off and hurt your brains!"

The clang of a passing car drowned Joyce's disavowals. As they crossed the great thoroughfare from one side, they were jostled by a crowd from the other. Heavy teams and swift carriages hastened in all directions. Shop-windows and entrances were still brilliantly illuminated. From restaurants and theatres streamed floods of electric lights. Venders and newsboys out-called one another. Men and women of all types met in common contact. The air sparkled like the breath of the stars.

A wave of vivid blood dyed Pearl's face with new beauty. Her gray eyes darkened lustrously.

"It 's just like the theatre!" she cried; "and the stage is like this! That 's its hold on the people,—and on *me!*"

"Oh, Pearl," Joyce said, impulsively thinking aloud; "I wish you would drop this stage-business!"

"Drop it? My gracious! What for?"

"Well, it—it is the very worst life for a girl, you know!"

"Oh, is it? You know an awful lot about it, don't you, now? And if it *is* the worst life, who makes it so? The girl,—or swell Johnnies, like you?"

Joyce cleared his throat apologetically.

"It makes me sick,—all this cant against the stage! Why, I love it more and more every minute I think about it. Just to take it and stand there without saying one word, puts me into a perfect fever."

Joyce swung her bag restlessly from hand to hand. He began to feel that her fever was chronic; and that its heat and delirium were contagious.

"Of course our show 's low," she admitted. "*You* don't

have to tell me that, thank you! But the stage is just beautiful, even at the foot; and I could n't begin at the top, could I? I get *life*, anyway; concentrated, intensified human life; and that 's what I needed to get the dead old prairie out of me! One breathes in the lights, and the music,—and the eyes, and the heart-beats! Oh, it 's just grand, and glorious, and splendid!"

"Why, Pearl," repeated Joyce, with a man's inaneness in the face of feminine surprises. "You have the dramatic instinct,—the artistic temperament. The soul of a real actress is in you."

She sunk her hands in her coat-pockets, fingering their silk lining with the joy of sense that makes a cat purr as it pads soft textures, and flashed glad eyes on him, gratefully.

"Have I?" she smiled. "Why, that 's jolly, is n't it? I just love to talk to you. You understand,—and draw out what 's in me! That 's your—magnetism, I suppose. I 'm magnetic, too. It gives one a lot of—power!"

Joyce strode straight ahead, his young heart trembling. Power? Yes, Pearl had power! He felt it in every tingling nerve, in every leaping vein, in every drop of riotous blood within him. It was a power he must resist, must defy, must conquer or flee. But no,—to flee would be cowardly; he would conquer, of course! He swayed closer to her, to prove his valor.

They were nearing the South Park district. The streets were darker, unpretentious, deserted. The din of the traffic on the great thoroughfare rumbled monotonously in the distance. It undertoned, like an accompaniment, the exultant note of her voice.

"*Power*," she said;—"that 's what a girl needs in this men's world, and I 'm going to use mine, you reckon! And power is n't only beauty, though some paint-boxes think so! Beauty can't hold a candle to—heart!"

His own heart beat so tumultuously that he dared not trust his voice to answer. She flashed him a side-glance, and curled her lip saucily.

"*I* would n't give *a cent* for a person without a heart," she assured him. "A heartless woman 's a doll, and a man 's a fish; and of all things, I do detest fishes!"

They had reached Mrs. Murphy's gate, and the dazed Joyce

turned in at it with reluctant footsteps. He was wondering what in hang he had wanted of Mrs. Murphy? A third party is proverbially superfluous.

Pearl approved the large, low house standing back from the modest street, and, as the door opened, smiled propitiatingly at Mrs. Murphy. But Mrs. Murphy's smile was for Joyce, who lagged in the rear, collecting his wits. At first sight, she knew Pearl for a "flibbertigibbet."

She had been saying her beads, when the door-bell startled her; and they jingled against the knob, now, as she clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth, shaking her head in protest against the lateness of the hour. But as Pearl followed her into the darkened parlor, which Joyce reilluminated, recklessly scraping his match along the panelling,—the girl's impression was strongly favorable; and, indeed, no man, woman or child, cat or dog, ever resisted Mrs. Murphy! She was a comely woman of such gracious portliness as became her ripe years:—fresh-complexioned as a girl, and with dark hair still unsilvered. Her eyes, deeply set under a bland, broad forehead, were of bright Irish-blue, shadowed by long, heavy lashes, her full lips smooth and pink as a kissable baby's; but the secret of her charm was her sweet, maternal expression,—loving, forgiving, renunciative,—selflessly tender to all the human world.

She was dressed in neat black, ornamented by a bogwood brooch framing a daguerreotype of her deceased husband, upon which her soft chin doubled itself to rest caressingly. This brooch was as inseparable from her as her wedding-ring; and was said to be a sign of her single-hearted allegiance to the departed. Flighty widows were Mrs. Murphy's detestation; therefore the mischievous Joyce had "teased the life out of her," as she expressed it, on the subject of second husbands. Moreover, her delightfully musical intonations and idioms, suggesting "the brogue" without really pronouncing it, had charmed Joyce's Celtic ear from the first, and tempted him to roguish mimicry, which in nowise offended the mimicked!

"Well, Mamma Murphy," announced Joyce, rushing to the point, "I just could not sleep nights, thinking of my room empty; so I've brought you a brand-new boarder. Miss Pearl Ripley, Mrs. Murphy!"

Then his old habit reasserted itself, and with a twinkle in his eyes, he struck an attitude before his hostess.

"Keep an eye on her for me, Pearl!" he cried. "She's the wildest widdy you ever heard of! Every man in the house is under the feet of her. What's that you're after saying, Widow Machree?"

"Tut, tut, tut," protested Mrs. Murphy, ignoring his nonsense in the desperate resolve to be censorious. "Sure and it's not for the gay boy like you, Mr. Joyce, to be presenting young girls at this hour of the night! Not the length of her bag should she be after trusting you! What call have you with her at all?"

On the altar of good taste,—Pearl being an alien,—Joyce sacrificed his lingual temptation; but the spirit of badinage survived.

"Now, Mrs. Murphy," he said, "don't take away the character of an Irish mother's son;—and as good a Catholic as you are,—every bit of me!"

"It's the heathen you are entirely, then," refuted Mrs. Murphy,—"sleeping over the holy Mass-time every blessed Sunday you stopped with me. Sure it went against my conscience to give you your dinner! Which you were never known to miss that same!"

"But you forget my delicate health, Mrs. Murphy;—which covers a multitude of sins!"

The excited Mrs. Murphy briskly fanned herself with her rosary.

"Delicate, is it? And the appetite of him—"

"Delicate," explained Joyce, "in a peculiar, periodical, and characteristically masculine way! From Monday to Saturday, inclusively, I am as strong as a horse; but on Sunday morning, regularly, the Sleeping Sickness prostrates me! In Africa, it is fatal: but America has discovered a compound remedy;—the rest-cure, to be taken in bed till noon,—well mixed with the Sunday newspapers!"

Pearl laughed merrily, contentedly rocking herself in an old-fashioned chair, and taking an inventory of the room and its appointments. The invisible green rep furniture was plentifully cushioned; the faint green of the tinted walls was well covered by family portraits and devotional engravings: a piano,—the central feature,—spoke volumes for Mrs. Murphy's musical intelligence, since it was neither laden with a job-lot of tone-muffling ornaments, nor fitted with painful tightness into an

angle of the wall! Flanking the hearth, as well as in the deep bay-window, were great pots of trailing and climbing ivy, and of brilliant geraniums, the scent of whose leaves was sweetly pungent on the air. A black-walnut bookcase at the lower end of the room presented an assortment of prayer-books, mission-souvenirs, and devotional pamphlets, interspersed by bulky volumes of Irish history and song, the family Bible, and a dozen big illustrated works such as the dark ages of America foisted upon a too open-handed race, as "Catholic publications." The lower shelves groaned beneath a collection of paper-covered literature which would have swelled the Index, being the overflow from the rooms of divers masculine boarders subject to dissipated states of minds. On the marble mantel ticked a self-respecting clock which, since it not only went, but likewise kept standard time, Joyce had nicknamed "The Murphy Miracle!" Lastly, the floor was not rugged, but completely carpeted in a monotone of darkest green, running to golden arabesques for a border. Ear-rasping floors and feet-tripping rugs were not Mrs. Murphy's idea of a cozy home-parlor.

"Please let me stay, dear Mrs. Murphy," coaxed Pearl, with her heart in her eyes. "I'll be ever so good, truly; though of course you must let me have a latch-key, as the theatre's out late nights!"

"The theatre, is it? And what call have *you* at the theatre, saving once in a way? Sure it's never a play-actress you're after being,—a slip of a girl like you!"

"Not a real actress, yet;—just in the 'pictures' and chorus, till after my first season. I'm one of the 'Comedy Girls!'"

"It's better you'd be at some good man's cooking, then! A 'Comedy Girl,'—God bless us!'"

Joyce detached the checks from Pearl's bag.

"Good-night, Mamma Murphy," he said. "By this time to-morrow I'll find you and Pearl turtle-doves. By the way, did I mention that she is my friend from back East? Of course I knew any friend of mine would be sure of your welcome! I'll send up your trunks first thing in the morning, Pearl. Or is one of them for the theatre?"

"Nop! I don't even know which theatre we're to play at. We've got a week off, for dress-rehearsals; and I gave your address to the manager for my notice, so he'd know I had a pull with the press!"

"Oh, did you, now?" gasped Joyce, staring at her with startled eyes.

"Yes! Good of me, was n't it? Say, I 'll just go with you as far as the gate, while Mrs. Murphy makes up my room!"

"Hear the impudence of her,—and never passing the question if I 'd a room in the house," smiled Mrs. Murphy, hospitality radiating from her, as she rose.

But looking from the stairs, over her shoulder, through the open door, at the young couple sauntering down the path, her face became serious, and her kind eyes troubled. Her mother-heart feared for both.

"It 's 'friends' they 're after thinking themselves, poor young creatures!" she soliloquized. "But sure it 's the friendship called love that I see in the eyes of them, and their innocence never knowing it! He 's the grand boy, entirely,—not for her, nor the likes of her,—a 'Comedy Girl,' God save her! Sure it 's the comedies like her that make the tragedies of the world! It 's with Father Tracy himself I 'll be consulting, before ever she 's up in the morning!"

Yet the moon and the stars looking down through the pure, calm night—the winds listening at the gate,—saw and heard nothing evil! The glow of life, the bliss of youth, the human heart-beats that sway the world, and glad young voices planning innocent pleasures,—what possible harm in these? Both swung on the gate, with interlaced arms folded on it. Smiling eyes and lips and soft young cheeks were near; yet they parted unsentimentally, undemonstratively, with lightest words and gayest laughter. If Tragedy lurked near, it was with hidden face. It was Comedy's carnival hour.

The gate clicked, the front door banged with a force that made the scandalized Mrs. Murphy drop the pillow she was shaking; swift feet ran up the stairs; and into the room danced Pearl, clapping her hands as she whirled about on the Oriental matting.

"Oh, what a pretty room!" she exclaimed, taking in its spacious squareness with one observant glance. "I adore straw matting; it 's so cool to the feet;—brass beds are just nobby,—and cretonne is as fresh as peach-blossoms! It just *looks* as though my beauty-boy had lived here before me! Is n't he the *peach*iest thing, Mrs. Murphy?"

She tossed off her hat, flung her coat after it, thumped her

bag upon the toilette-table, and slipping her arm about Mrs. Murphy's ample waist, twirled her away from the bed she was making, towards each article of furniture, as she designated it.

"Just to think," she laughed, "that my beauty-boy pattered along this matting,—stared out of these windows through these very lace curtains,—rocked in this comfy chair with his heels up on that one,—looked at these pretty pictures of—O dear!—little Samuel and all his relations, are n't they?—dreamed on this snuggly pillow, with his cheek just here, where this kissy little dent is,—and admired himself in this flattering mirror! See the little bit of a crack that he stared it into, Mrs. Murphy! Even a glass can't stand masculine vanity!"

So the room which had been Joyce's, but which now was Pearl's, resounded, in spite of Mrs. Murphy's secret protests and misgivings, with happy laughter; while the room which Pearl had invaded, now re-entered by Joyce alone, seemed oppressively empty and silent. He stood looking about it, disconsolately—a solitary figure—after turning on the lights.

"Why, how lonely it looks without Pearl," he murmured.

Lonely?

The spoken word, striking on his ear, wakened slumbering memory. Suddenly his thoughts reverted to all that the surprise and fever of the evening had tempted him to forget,—to the social loneliness indeed before him, when the Raymond house should be closed, and his friends departed: when Mam'selle and Stephen no longer stimulated his soul and manliness, and Mrs. Raymond and Gladys ceased to divide his thoughts and heart.

A surge of anticipative regret momentarily overwhelmed him:—then, across the "glittering horseshoe's" foreground, the face of Pearl Ripley outlined itself, in a tempting mental picture.

All the youth in Joyce,—all its impulse of revolt against solitude and heartache, all its passion for pleasure, all its heedless rashness, its recklessness of consequences, instinctively responded to the laughing, luring vision. He recalled the moment when his arm had encircled her, and contrasted with its sweet human nearness his present isolation. That she did not appeal to him like his friends of finer type was an argument in Pearl's favor, rather than against her. With her he found relaxation, refreshing freedom, and vent for impulse,—the com-

plement of man's social side, whose demand is more vital than the gentleman's!

A glorious girl with whom to tread the plane of rational human association, undevitalized by artificial social conventions,—this was the light in which Joyce saw the Pearl of his future;—and who shall cast a stone at his ingenuous vision?

But ah, for youth's ideals when they meet reality! Ah, for the human pride that doubts not its own strength! Ah, for the man and woman who trust to self and each other,—not to God! As the child and the fire, as the moth and the flame,—are such souls in the toils of the tempter.

Joyce Josselyn, indeed, would miss the Raymond household;—but Pearl Ripley's "beauty-boy" would not be lonely! For the life of the greenroom laughs at solitude; and lower bohemia, till the evanescent bubble of its pleasure is pricked, is a merry and witching country. The glamour of its footlights dazzles young eyes; and in young hearts, its music blends love-songs with dance-tunes.

The gloom and the silence that lie just beyond them,—forgive youth, that it foresees not these!

END OF PART II.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN MODERN POETRY.

BY FRANK WATERS.

THERE is a certain class of persons who will tell you that the age of poetry is past. This, they say, is a practical age—scientific, commercial, industrial, co-operative; an age which deals with the hard facts of things, and which has no time for empty imaginings or subtle refinements of sentiment. Now, that such persons are wrong all around it does not need a Solomon, neither "a Daniel come to judgment," to decide: simply, they understand neither themselves nor others, nor the great God-scheme of things wherein they form so many parts to the mighty whole stretching beyond all parts or partition. On the one hand, they do not apprehend, and therefore grossly misuse, the term "practical," which has a meaning immeasurably wider than that assigned it by them; while as to the nature of essential *fact* they stand conspicuously blind, mistaking means for ends, and passing shows for solid fixed entities. On the other hand, so far are they from being correct in their statement of the presently-existent situation, that we need but a moment's glance at recent and current fields of literature to show us conclusively that while, it must be admitted, there stands out for the moment no one great and commanding figure upon the horizon of poetry, yet surely never before was there an age which witnessed so large an output in this direction, or could lay claim to a body of minor poets in number so abounding and, in lyric verse, so felicitous of execution.

No, the age of poetry is not past; and it is entirely safe to say that it never will pass, "even to the consummation of the world." For the *raison d'être* of poetry lies in the very essence of things—in the nature of God and man alike; and, to eliminate it, you must destroy a universe; you must wreck things down from their foundation upward; you must strike at the living heart of things, erase the true, the beautiful, and the good, and reduce all to one brute-level of universal degradation.

For, what *is* poetry? In its more restricted sense, it is the grandest, and the most widely-reaching in its influence, of all the arts—as it were the foundation, at once, and the keystone, to them all: *par excellence*, the Art Divine. We may call music the poetry of sound; sculpture, the poetry of moulded form; painting, the poetry of color in harmonious grouping of tint and of design; and architecture, the poetry of building. But poetry itself is, in the wider meaning and manifestation, a power which works through them all, yet remains itself, and is in itself capable of moving men with something of the combined effect of all these. It can sway with the grand harmonies of music, being itself the living harmony of thought and emotion, whether merely felt within or linked to the appropriate external expression. It can call up before the mind's eye forms more living and breathing than those that spring to being on the painter's magic canvas, or take symmetry and feature beneath the moulding hand of the sculptor. And what architect can group and mass, in long years, such heavenward piles as the poet may build up with adjusted words within the little compass of an hour?

A poet of to-day calls this great power

> " . . . the essence of the Beautiful,
> The high interpreter 'twixt man and Love,"

and well exclaims:

> "O God, it is a glorious gift,
> That of the master-poet's art,
> Whereon Thy Spirit doth uplift
> The human mind and heart,
> And, setting them in essence free
> From jurisdiction of the clay,
> Dost thrill with kiss of Deity
> The nature Love would sway."

And herein he sums up for us the very real and practical *utility* of poetry; for it is, in all noble manifestations of it, most genuinely the very voice of God to man—the native tongue of Him who is Himself the Master-Poet of the universe: *the* "Maker" whose mighty work is—Himself and His creation. For God is no mere scientist, nor is his work a mere soulless

mechanism; it is a living organic whole, wherein he expresses himself with divine glory and clearness for those who care to see, and in the framing and scheme of which he allots a high utilitarian value to Truth, and Beauty, and Good far beyond that of the so-called "practical," when this is taken as meaning simply the physical, material, and work-day things of life. It being an integral part of his nature to thus express himself to himself and others, is a guarantee to us that the age of poetry can never pass while man is man and God is God. In short, the "facts" of life are not solely the things which we can grasp and handle, nor are its "utilitarian" pursuits confined to mere money-getting, scientific cultivation of knowledge, or other such things. Away beyond these in even practical value to the world are the diligent conservation and cultivation of noble thought and sentiment issuing to noble action—things which are of the very soul and substance of poetry, their natural and true expression and efficient sustenance.

Through the preacher and the religious writer God appeals to man by what we may call the didactic method. Through the artist—but most eminently through the poet—He, the Supreme Artist, the Arch-Poet, approaches his fallen creature by the great and moving power of the artistic. The preacher speaks direct of the moral or spiritual topic in hand. The poet, if he be a master in his art, does not: his first care must be to shape a perfect work of art—of adjusted symmetry and beauty; but this (if he be God-minded) he will inform with a soul of spiritual meaning self-expounding. And here is where one of the great uses of poetry comes in; for while there are countless numbers whom neither preacher nor religious writer can in any way approach—because they will not be approached by these—yet the same persons may be facilely alive to impression through their artistic side. True, again, the poet is by no means always God-minded, for man stands not alone; he is a living centre open to the direct influence of Godhead on the one side and of the adversary on the other. And as there is a beauty clearly divine, and what the French well term a beauty of the devil: which is to say, a beauty good in essence but evil in act and effect, so there is no less a poetry which speaks aright and silver-tongued of things celestial, and a poetry inspired direct from the very pit of hell.

This being so, we may congratulate ourselves that, in look-

ing over the field of modern English poetry, we find its leading exponents—and there have been great ones among us—so eminently spiritual and noble in aim and utterance; so inwardly imbued with the spirit of Christian teaching; true prophets and seers of God in their own way, and filled at times with the living breath of his quickening spirit. It is particularly to this notable phase of their work that I would herein direct attention; but before going further I must premise that when I speak of English poetry I mean poetry written in the English tongue; and I use the word modern in a strictly limited sense, as applying to the just bypast generation of poets, who have left a vacancy in this field the more striking because of the impressive figures who lived and wrought there, most of them, even well within our own day.

In ruder ages poetry was the language of sentiment and emotion; it dealt little with thought, in the severer acceptation of that term, being imaginative or passionate, but in nowise philosophical or purely intellectual. As time passed, and men grew in culture, the natural tendency was to introduce a soul of deeper meaning, as when we find Spenser trying to inculcate moral and spiritual truths under guise of his great allegory. But, on the whole, poetry remained as a language set apart to the things of the heart, and not meant for appeal in any direct way to the head, or thinking faculty. Yet the tendency to enlarge the sphere of the godlike art in this direction continued, until it attained to an unhappy culmination in the so-called classic era—the age of Pope and Dryden—when the head thrust the heart aside from poetry, and practically killed the latter, reducing it from poetry to verse—verse penetrating, acute, philosophical, if you will, but unemotional, cold, rigid, and artificial: the very antithesis of poetry in its higher meaning and truer manifestation. Then came the reaction from dead verse to living poetry once more; begun by Cowper, and carried to its splendid consummation in the days of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats. Yet while these restored a lost art, they carried with them a good deal of the moralizing and philosophical strain of the classicists, though in very different manner. But it was reserved to their successors, the men of yesterday, Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning—and with them one most notable woman, the glorious poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Shakspere's daughter"—to handle poetry as a fit-

ting vehicle for the most abstruse speculation, for expression of the subtlest and deepest metaphysical and theological truths, for appeal to head and heart together, of head to heart, moreover, and of heart to head; and doing all this as perfect artists, who blend thought and emotion to a perfect artistic unison, so that their poetry is truly the very highest and most artistic, as it is also the subtlest, profoundest, and most suggestive, expression of both intellect and emotion working at and to their loftiest and grandest development.

It would be an interesting and a nobly profitable study to examine into the religious and intellectual philosophy of these great and notable poets; for they were largely God-inspired, and sang with trained skill the things of God. But the object of this article is not so much to attempt any analysis of this kind as to point out the practical good we should derive from the work of these, God's messengers to men, clothing his words in noble guise, and worthy, sure, of at least a modest place in the great temple of the utilitarian as raising men's souls to higher levels, refining their hearts, and enlarging their lives—things surely of some practical value.

It is in furtherance of this special object that I have selected for illustration that one among our modern singers whose work appeals to the largest audience, and whose words have become household words of cheering and sustaining power to countless thousands, alike of the most cultured and the simplest readers, wherever the English language is spoken: him who stands easily first of American poets and men of letters—the great and good Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Not philosophically so profound and searching as his compeers, he is to the full as true and exquisite a poet; and it is largely due to his very simplicity of aim and lucid clearness of expression that he makes so strong and wide an appeal to the hearts of men, and through their hearts to that moral intellect which takes cognizance of right and wrong. In this respect he is a striking type of his class, being a true preacher and teacher, yet a most artistic one, whose message, received at first for its consummate beauty of diction, sinks at unaware into the soul, and therein germinates to growth of Godward thought and emotion.

Perhaps the one most notable characteristic of Longfellow's work, on its spiritual side, is the eminently Christian nature of

it. And this shows the more remarkable and admirable when we remember that the man was not himself formally a Christian; to him, or at least to the creed in which he was brought up, "the white Christ" stands not forth as the Son of the living God, but merely as the grandest and most perfect figure amid the sons of men. Yet you would never surmise this from Longfellow's poems; and as a matter of fact I do believe that while, through force of early training and long association, the poet's intellect continued to give a kind of formal, perfunctory adherence to his Unitarian creed, the heart did more and more contradict this, making him a Christian of pure instinct—thoroughly at one with the spirit of Christianity, though not formally of its body. Take, for instance, his poem, "Blind Bartimeus"; it is Christian to the core. Or again, in "The Golden Legend" turn to Elsie's prayer before the crucifix, or to the exquisite little story of the Bridegroom and the King's Daughter: it is no Unitarian who is thinking and feeling there, and expressing himself right delicately and nobly.

In truth, Longfellow was not only an instinctive Christian: he was in the widest way genuinely Catholic in sympathy with all that is true and good, and altogether free from anything like sectarian narrowness. And you will accordingly find him display a remarkable familiarity with the teachings and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, whose spiritual doctrines and splendid ceremonial had an evident and strong attraction for him, as has happened with so many of his fellows in the tuneful brotherhood. "The Golden Legend" illustrates this in many beautiful passages; and while some too thin-skinned Roman Catholic critics have censured him because his pictures of monastic life in that poem are not all of its better side, I think he is the rather to be admired forasmuch as that, while not blind to the many abuses which from time to time grew into historic facts, he sees with as clear vision the true and noble side to a phase of life wherewith outsiders are as a rule so less than little in sympathy.

In "Evangeline" you will find further exemplification of this same familiarity with things Roman Catholic. How well he touches-in the figure of the good pastor of Grand-Pré, and the affectionate reverence with which he is greeted by his flock:

"Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them: and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome."

Indeed, as far as the religious tone of it goes, the poem might have been written by a Roman Catholic. And you will find elsewhere the same intimate familiarity breaking out in detached phrases or figures; as when he says, in "King Olaf's Christmas"—

"Then over the waste of snows.
The noonday sun uprose,
Through driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed."

The figure is a remarkable one, and shows an inwardly Catholic bent of mind in him who could use it.

Want of space will not permit me to make a study, such as I could wish, of this great poet's work in his art. At most, this article is meant to be merely suggestive—to turn the attention of others to a field of study which will richly repay the cultivation. Those who may desire to look further into this great subject of the religious element in recent English poetry will find food for investigation in Stopford Brooke's late publication, *Religion in Literature*, and in Bishop Carpenter's book, *The Religious Spirit in the Poets*. But the best way is, to read the poets themselves, and lay their living words to heart. Nor of these is there one more fruitful of practical good to the reader than is he whose work I have picked and chosen for special citation because of that very fact. He is a true Christian teacher; and the whole bent of his life and writings is so well summed up in that most characteristic poem of his, the noble "Psalm of Life," that I cannot, perhaps, close my remarks in any more fitting way than by quoting from the same. For surely even Longfellow himself never wrote to better pur-

pose, or more felicitously packed a whole philosophy of noble and Christian living into the modest compass of a few masterly lines, than when he said:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

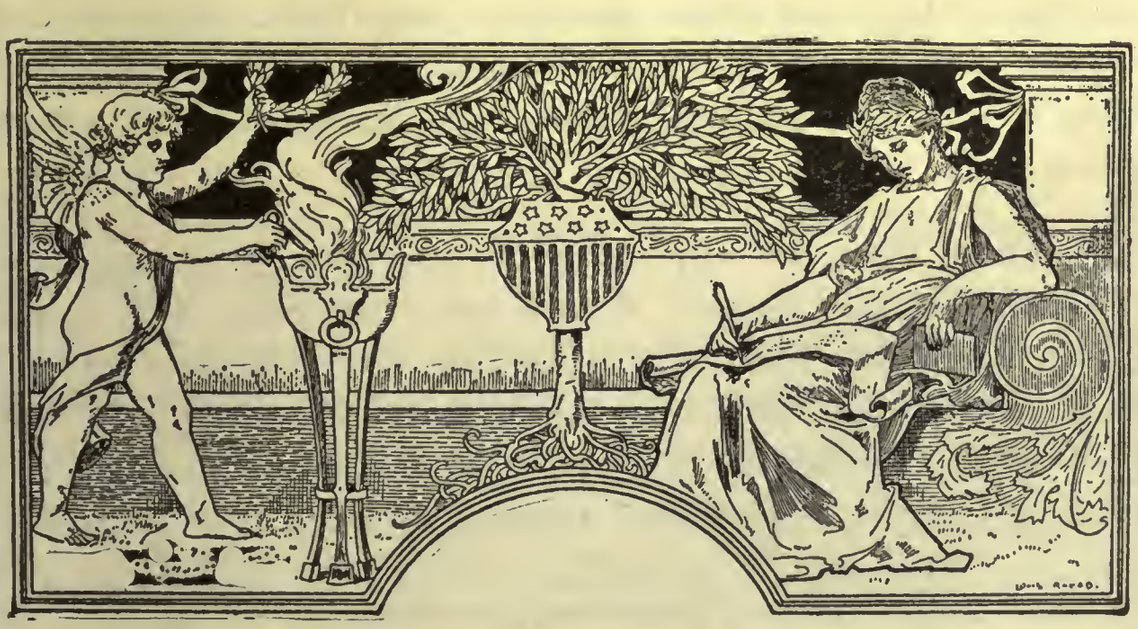
"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

. . . . . .

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

So be it!



Views and Reviews.

1. **Deshon**: *Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year, and the Principal Festivals;* 2. **Gannett**: *Friars and Filipinos;* 3. **Hetzenauer**: *Wesen und Principien der Bibelkritik auf Katholischer Grundlage;* 4. **Blanc**: *Répertoire Bibliographique des Auteurs et des Ouvrages Contemporains de Langue Française ou Latine;* 5. **Weinstock**: *Jesus the Jew, and Other Addresses;* 6. **Sabatier**: *Sancti Francisci Legendæ Veteris Fragmenta Quædam;* 7. **Hedges**: *Statistics concerning Education in the Philippine Islands;* 8. **Shaw**: *The Coast of Freedom;* 9. **Kershaw**: *A Catholic History of Our Country;* 10. **Dale**: *The Sacristan's Manual;* 11. **Stokes**: *Ten Common Trees;* 12. **Jordans**: *The Danger of Youth and a tried Antidote;* 13. **Jackson**: *From Hearth to Cloister;* 14. **Lowrie**: *Monuments of the Early Church;* 15. **Fitzpatrick**: *Our Lady and the Eucharist;* 16. **McLaws**: *Jezebel: A Romance in the Days when Ahab was King of Israel;* 17. **Stephen**: *George Eliot;* 18. —— *Sally Cavanagh; or, The Untenanted Graves.*

1.—What makes Father Deshon's sermons* especially attractive is their direct and practical bearing on the life of souls. Father Deshon is an old missionary, and has had a life-long experience both in preaching and directing souls, and these sermons are the best flowering of his life's work. There is, moreover, about them a quaint mystical flavor that comes from an intimate acquaintance with the old writers of ascetical theology.

Most priests find a sermon that stimulates their own thoughts the only one of value. To have this stimulating quality a sermon must have an original character, and there must be about it a certain attractive flavor of simplicity and directness. Father Deshon's sermons possess these qualities in a most eminent degree.

2.—There does not appear to be any very good reason why Dr. Rizal's Tagalog novel† should not have been left to slumber in its original idiom. It is neither a well-written novel nor does it possess the merit of even fairly representing the condition of affairs among the Tagalogs. Like novels of its kind, it purposely exaggerates certain degenerate traits of character, or

* *Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year, and the Principal Festivals.* For the use of Parish Priests and for Private Reading. By Very Rev. George Deshon, of the Paulist Fathers. Cloth, 500 pages, $1.00. New York: Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street.

† *Friars and Filipinos.* An abridged translation of Dr. José Rizal's Tagalog novel, *Noli Me Tangere.* By Frank Ernest Gannett. New York: Lewis Scribner & Co. 1902.

twists out of all semblance to reality certain customs of the people. It is written by a man who had personally suffered at the hands of constituted authority, and whose motives of revenge and antagonism are plainly evident. The original novel was so obscene in parts that the translator showed his good judgment in cutting these parts out. Novel-readers in English would not stomach the coarse immorality of Rizal's original chapters. Rizal is, moreover, a defamer of his own race and country when he pretends that he gives a picture of the Filipino people. It has been constantly asserted that the Filipinos are sensitive, refined, lovers of music and of gentle home living. The most refined people under Rizal's pen are vulgar and coarse in their brutality. Doña Consolacion is the wife of the *Alferez* of the town. Her husband says to her, "Oh, shut your mouth, or I'll kick you till you do"; "You want me to smash you," he said, clinching his fists; "'Open that door or I'll break your skull'; he howled, pounded, and kicked the panels"; and he proceeds to give his readers, with an abundance of such delectable phrases, an account of a little family brawl in high life which would not be witnessed in the lowest slums of any American city. And this is the best he has to say of his own people.

There is a great deal of nonsense in talking about Rizal as the Washington of his people. Rizal may have been an educated man, but his coarse vulgarity is constantly coming to the surface. When he is stripped of the little glamour of romance that surrounds his name, and one sees the real man, there is not much else found in him but a man of obscene speech, of low life, a contemner of things sacred. At least this is the impression his novel makes on the reader. We liked the hero Rizal, but his novel shows that his feet are of clay, and his heart, well, of just mud.

3.—Père Hetzenauer, who is known to Scripture students as the editor of a critical edition of the Greek New Testament, compresses into a small volume * the principles that at once guide and threaten the Catholic investigator into Biblical problems. Naturally the author's arsenal is found in the Tridentine and Vatican decrees, and in Leo XIII.'s *Providentissimus Deus*. From these sources he lays down, with a great deal of precision

* *Wesen und Principien der Bibelkritik auf Katholischer Grundlage.* Von P. Michael Hetzenauer, O.C. Innsprück: Wagner'sche Universitäts-Buchhandlung. 1900.

and a not notably modest finality, the measure of freedom permitted to Catholics who give themselves to the explaining of Biblical problems, whether in higher or in lower criticism. It is with this latter—that is to say, with textual criticism—that his book is especially concerned. Père Hetzenauer is a rigid conservative, and those who delight in the spectacle of advanced Catholic scholars bleeding from the bludgeon of condemnation will find in his pages many a reason for the hope that is in them. Others, who wish the field of open questions to be not narrowed but rather untrespassed by a zealous orthodoxy, will find him sorrowful reading indeed. The last section of the volume is occupied with a discussion of the Joannine text of the Three Witnesses. Père Hetzenauer there leaves the question almost untouched upon critical grounds, but is very diffuse in proving that the memorable decree of the Inquisition in this matter is absolutely final and irrevocable, and literally binding.

The book is written in a very clear and easy German style —what there is of it not composed of Latin quotations from the *Canones et Decreta*—and would be a fit reference-book for the Scripture course of almost any Catholic seminary. In conclusion we cannot help observing that an author who gives a Scriptural bibliography which consists of exactly fifty-seven books comes very near to achieving distinction for prodigious ridiculousness. Nor is the diversion produced by the situation at all composed by the naïve remark that these were all the works in that department to be found in the library of the author's monastery at Innsprück.

4.—A book of convenient size * giving the authors and the works of the contemporary literature in French and Latin would be a reference work which we might say no advanced student could dispense with. But a condition absolutely necessary to the utility of such a bibliography is that it be complete. Nothing is more irritating than to consult a work of an encyclopædic nature and find that it omits the very reference one is seeking, though the compiler and publishers of the work have given assurances that it exhausts the matter whereof one desires information. This deficiency is a very grave one, and we regret to find it in this work of the Abbé Blanc. His design was so good, and the help he proposed to confer on stu-

* *Répertoire Bibliographique des Auteurs et des Ouvrages Contemporains de Langue Française ou Latine.* Par l'Abbé Élie Blanc. Paris: Librairie Vic et Amat.

dents so exceptionally valuable, that it is nothing else than a misfortune that he should have fallen short. Think of consulting the name of Louis Duchesne, and discovering among his writings no mention of the *Liber Pontificalis!* Think of looking in vain under the Abbé Loisy's name for any notice of his histories of the canon! These are incredible oversights. We urge the Abbé Blanc to revise his work at once. If it were but perfect in the field it aims to cover, it would be, as we have said, a desk-companion to every one whose studies take him into modern French or Latin literature.

5—Under the title of *Jesus the Jew** Mr. Harris Weinstock, of California, has published a series of addresses delivered by him before the Stanford University. The general purpose of these addresses is to explain the attitude of the Jew in relation to the great religious questions with which he is associated in the religious history of the world. David Starr Jordan, who writes the preface, while he says Mr. Weinstock is "a most worthy representative of the Jewish people in America," places him in the category of a "Jewish liberal." This is very evident from the tone of the addresses, many of which are a plea for a suppression of differences of a dogmatic sort and a recognition of what is good in both Christianity and Judaism.

The theme of the first address is that it was Paul that broadened out Christianity and made it a world-wide religion for the Gentiles as well as the Jews. If Christ had his way, he would have preached only to the lost sheep of the fold of Israel.

This thesis can scarcely be maintained in the face of the commission to the Apostles "to preach the Gospel to every creature." The fact that the Son of God became Man to redeem all mankind is written broad across the evangelistic writings. He preached to the Jews and tried hard to call back the nation to the recognition of his Messiahship, but he was rejected. The official and authoritative statement of the high-priest, speaking for the nation, in the judgment hall of Pilate, when he said "We have no king but Cæsar," was the final rejection of the Messias, and since then, as a nation, they have had no king nor any priesthood, and within a month after that

* *Jesus the Jew, and Other Addresses.* By Harris Weinstock. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

rejection Jesus bade his followers to go out into the whole world and preach the Gospel to all mankind. His immediate followers were all Jews, and so Peter himself, and not Paul alone, went to Rome, the very seat of the Gentile power, and there preached Jesus and him crucified. "Had there been no Paul there would have been no Christianity," is just about as fictitious a statement as the one that closely follows it: "Had there been no Pilgrim Fathers there would have been no civil or religious liberty." Who persecuted so much for conscience' sake as the good old Pilgrim Fathers?

As to the Messias, Mr. Weinstock says "the educated and enlightened among the Jews who lived in the time of Jesus" looked not for a personal Messias but for "a Messianic age, for an ideal condition of society, a condition of universal progress and peace." This impersonal Messianic thing hardly fits in with the words of the prophets, who tell of the Messias' birth from a Virgin, the circumstances of his life and death. The author hopes that the twentieth century will be the Messias of the Jews, but the ordinary Jew is a too hard-headed, practical sort of an individual to believe that "the ideal condition of society, with universal progress and peace," will ever come. The entire book is interesting, thoughtful, and surely the product of a man of kindly heart and generous impulses.

6.—We trust that the "Franciscan question" is not without students in the United States. As for Europe, what with magazines devoted to Franciscan research, the publication of critical editions of the *Legenda Vetus*, the *Speculum Perfectionis*, and the *Vita Prima* of Thomas of Celano, and on top of these a ceaseless outpouring of books on the life and times of the Seraph of Assisi, the literature of the great founder promises to be as monumental as that upon his great countryman Dante. What is most astonishing is that this movement is the merest infant in years, despite its prodigious proportions. For after all is said, the *neo-Franciscana* begin with Paul Sabatier's "Life," published only three or four, or perhaps half a dozen years ago. And since then the "question" has become the laborious study of Da Capresi, Minocchi, Carmichael, Pulignani, Mandonnet, Ramorino, Barbi, Goetz, Da Civezza, Dominichelli, and who can say how many others? The result has been that we now have a more full and accurate knowledge of St. Francis'

life than any others have hitherto possessed, since the death of the saint's own companions. From the point of view of historical criticism the great "question" is to find the value as biographical sources of the *Legenda* and of the *Speculum Perfectionis*. M. Sabatier has already published a critical study of the latter, and in the *opusculum* we are now reviewing he contributes a study of the former.* The "Legenda," as Franciscan students need not be informed, has been attributed from the beginning to three Companions of St. Francis, Brothers Leo, Rufinus, and Angelo. Père Van Ortroy denies this authorship out and out. He maintains that the "Legenda" is a pure fabrication of the Friars Minor, and dates from the end of the thirteenth century. Thus far no critical work has appeared in support of P. Van Ortroy, though many expressions of high praise and hearty welcome have been accorded it. Paul Sabatier, however, has published an examination of this opinion in the *Revue Historique*, which has dealt it some severe and perhaps fatal blows. Minocchi holds that the "Legenda" is not the work of the three Companions; but that nevertheless it is an historical source of the highest reliability. He says it is the work of one man and not a fragmentary compilation, and that its date must be assigned very close to St. Francis' time—in fact, as close as the "Vita Prima" of Thomas of Celano itself. Finally, M. Sabatier defends the position that the work is genuine but mutilated, and incorporated with many fragments which it is the office of criticism to search out. These fragments will be discovered, he declares, by an exhaustive comparative study of the "Legenda" and the *Speculum Perfectionis*. For those whose scent is keen for historical mysteries, the great debate is of fascinating interest. Nowhere can one see the methods of modern scholarship working to greater advantage than in this apparently trifling matter. But to criticism nothing is trifling. And apart from criticism, these investigations into the least details of a great saint's life disclose much that is consoling in the temper of men's minds to-day. We feel like recommending to students of history this Franciscan literature as a very special object of study. To those who have engaged or will engage in such a study, the lately published pamphlet of M. Sabatier, which has been the occasion of this notice, will be indispensable.

* *Sancti Francisci Legendæ Veteris Fragmenta Quædam.* Editit et notis illustravit Paul Sabatier. Paris: Librairie Fischbacker.

7.—Father Hedges' little pamphlet* of statistics concerning education in the Philippine Islands is very timely and welcome, and to those who have been led into believing the Filipinos to be hopelessly enveloped in mediæval ignorance it will be very surprising as well. It is compiled from the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education 1899–1900 and has been done with care and accuracy. It shows that education —higher, secondary, and elementary, in spite of its defects— was very well provided, and that the natives were not so much in need of the superior light of American intelligence as many would have us believe. Comparatively few Americans, perhaps, are aware that there is a university there, provided in 1887 with a library of 12,000 volumes, and in which the views of such men as Kant, Comte, Taine, Wundt, Huxley, and Spencer are examined as well as those of Aristotle, Plato, and St. Thomas. Even more creditable is the showing made for secondary education, and elementary education has received its own share of attention. In the latter a very important part is assigned to that subject which seems to be of so little moment in the schools of our own country—morals. We wish that those who have depended for their information on press reports, private letters, and interviews would peruse Father Hedges' pamphlet, and it will be well for the cause of truth if it receive a wide circulation.

8.—The *Coast of Freedom* † is a novel which contains much of fine writing, beautiful descriptions, and thrilling climaxes. The author is Adèle M. Shaw, but in her preface she states that the book is equally the labor of her brother, Albert J. Shaw. There is sufficient merit in it for both to be satisfied with equal shares. Perhaps the best word of praise we can say in this short notice is that the *Coast of Freedom* is a thoughtful and serious work, carrying with it a lesson of history and at the same time engaging even to the end the reader's attention by its atmosphere of love, romance, and tragedy. The plot is complex but not involved; the dramatic situations are quite numerous but somewhat weakened by diffuseness. Captain Phips is pictured with historical accuracy. Roger Verring, the

* *Statistics concerning Education in the Philippine Islands.* Compiled from the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education 1899–1900. By Rev. S. Hedges. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Coast of Freedom.* By Adèle Marie Shaw. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

hero, is devoted and true, winning the reader's admiration by his fight against the "narrowness of his people." The "Maid," portrayed without the wild exaggerations of the now popular heroine, is a strong, gracious, and delightful woman. Both are well chosen by the author as types of the early Americans who withstood even to death that ungodlike tyranny and religious bigotry of the early Puritans.

9—The character of this work* may be known from the fact that in a small volume of one hundred and twelve pages is compressed the history of England from the time of Julius Cæsar to the reign of Edward VI. A general work of that kind, stating the principal facts, would have its value for elementary schools. But we cannot commend the present one either for its accuracy or its judgment. No references are ever given. Minor details are inserted, important events omitted, and conclusions made that do not recommend the author as a great historian. The writing of condensed history, the summing up of an age in three hundred words, demands something akin to genius; but the present endeavor gives no evidence of it.

10.—Father Dale's manual† is well known to priests and others upon whom rests the care of the sanctuary. The fifth edition, enlarged and containing the latest decrees of the Congregation of Rites, has just been published. The manual is of particular value because, although small, it is based upon the most approved ceremonialists. Its advice to sacristans is very practical.

11—*Ten Common Trees*‡ is a little book which will be of service in stimulating the interest of children in the world of plant life. Anecdotes are mingled with the descriptions of a few of our common trees to awaken interest in a subject which is generally found very dry by children. Mainly intended for a supplementary school reader, it will also open the way to the study of botany.

12.—Intemperance and impurity are the besetting sins of the race. To-day these vices rob thousands of their bodily vigor

* *A Catholic History of Our Country.* Part I. By Mother Isabelle Kershaw. Retford: Apostoline Convent. 1901.

† *The Sacristan's Manual.* By Rev. J. D. Hilarius Dale. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Ten Common Trees.* By Susan Stokes. New York: American Book Company.

and spiritual life, often before the seal of manhood has been fully stamped upon the brow. Is there no hope for the helpless victims, no way to regain the strength and buoyancy of virtuous youth? Father Jordans* finds succor for the afflicted at the shrine of Mary, the Help of Sinners, the Star of the Sea. He tells us of an efficacious prayer, taught by the Italian Father Nicholas Zucchi, S.J. (1586–1670), offering, without reserve, to our Queen and Mother our whole person, consecrating to her the organs of sense and the heart, and begging her to accept and defend us as her own property and possession. The book is filled with instances of the happy results of this devotion.

13.—In *From Hearth to Cloister*† the author has admirably reproduced, from the work of an early biographer, the entertaining narrative of Sir John and Lady Warner's conversion to the Catholic faith, and their entrance into religious life.

Though short and simply told, the story is extremely interesting both for the light it throws on the divergence of belief which existed in the Anglican Church as far back as the reign of Charles II., and for its portrayal of the tenacity with which the English people clung to Catholic practices and traditions. The book will, we think, prove pleasant reading to the general reader, and particularly to those interested in English church history.

14.—To those who are engaged in the study of history and theology, and to all who delight in entertaining and instructive reading, Mr. Walter Lowrie's volume‡ will be welcome. It is designed to give a general view of the monuments of the early church, comprising all branches of Christian art and archæology. Sections are devoted to the Catacombs, Christian architecture, pictorial art, the minor arts (Eucharistic vessels, lamps, censers, etc.), and a chapter on Civil and Ecclesiastical Dress is added.

Although the author is not a Catholic, he writes with sympathy and refers often to the works of Catholics—De Rossi, Wilpert, and others. His book is the best manual we have on

* *The Danger of Youth and a tried Antidote.* By Rev. Joseph Jordans, S.J. (*From the German*). St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *From Hearth to Cloister:* A narrative of Sir John and Lady Warner's so-much-wondered-at resolution to leave the Anglican Church and to enter the religious life. By Frances Jackson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Monuments of the Early Church.* By Walter Lowrie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the subject. Ecclesiastical students especially will find it of immense value. The volume is supplied with an extensive bibliography and an index.

15.—The publication of selections from Father Faber's writings is a good work, both because of the thought contained in the selections themselves and because they will be an incentive to forming a further and wider acquaintance with the works of that popular author. The selections in the present booklet* are concerned with Our Lady and the Eucharist, and are well made.

16.—The lover of the novel built upon the Biblical history of the Jewish people will find Miss McLaws' latest contribution to the literary world† not without interest. The plot is laid in the time of Elias the Prophet when Amri and Ahab were kings of Israel. The facts are taken from the Third Book of Kings and placed in a setting which bears witness to the fertility of the writer's imagination. The central figure of the tale is Jezebel, Ahab's queen, who, persisting in her determination to worship Baal and to rule the destinies of the Israelites, comes into conflict with Elias the Prophet. Ruth, the daughter of Naboth, whom Jezebel fears as a possible rival to her throne, lends the romantic interest to the book, which, moreover, is replete with persecutions, intrigues, bloodshed, thunder of arms, and dramatic climaxes. The tale bears testimony of the dramatic tendencies of the authoress, who at times writes rather involved sentences and is also inclined to be too realistic in her descriptions.

17.—A notable contribution to John Morley's "English Men of Letters" is this sketch of George Eliot by Leslie Stephen.‡ Mr. Stephen's work is both critical and biographical. For the latter part he had but poor materials to work upon, and in fact George Eliot's life was, for the general public, rather uninteresting because it was uneventful. Mr. Stephen, however, gives us all its important points, and finds some noteworthy passages in her otherwise dull private letters.

* *Our Lady and the Eucharist.* Selections from Father Faber. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *Jezebel: A Romance in the Days when Ahab was King of Israel.* By Lafayette McLaws. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

‡ *George Eliot.* By Leslie Stephen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

As a literary critic Mr. Stephen is capable and impartial. In the analysis of George Eliot's characters and their presentation he does not hide, however, his personal tastes and predilections. We must always remember the old Latin proverb about the tastes of men. It applies to literature as well as to other matters. Mr. Stephen cannot be said to be an enthusiastic admirer of George Eliot, yet he gives her no small measure of praise. He writes that she possessed "a singularly wide and reflective intellect, a union of keen sensibility with a thoroughly tolerant spirit, a desire to appreciate all the good hidden under the commonplace and the narrow, a lively sympathy with all the nobler aspirations, a vivid insight into the perplexities and delusions which beset even the strongest minds, a brilliant power of wit, at once playful and pleasant, and if we must add, a rather melancholy view of life in general, a melancholy which is not nursed for purposes of display but forced upon a fine understanding by the view of a state of things which we must admit does not altogether lend itself to a cheerful optimism." The last statement, let us say, is somewhat beyond the office of a literary critic.

About George Eliot's religion, Mr. Stephen says that she never denied God, but throughout her life practically ignored him. Mr. Stephen's estimate will be read with interest and with profit, and no doubt will give rise to further discussion as to George Eliot's place in literature.

18.—*Sally Cavanagh** is an interesting tale whose scene, as the subtitle tells, is laid in Tipperary. It is a simple story of poverty, sin, suffering, love, and loyalty, with here and there a dash of humor; and though written by one who had every reason to hate the government which so unjustly ruled his country, the book is not at all incendiary in tone, but breathes a spirit of forbearance. The style of language, and the fidelity with which the scenes are depicted and the characters portrayed, are quite worthy of the distinguished author. Nor could these pages have come from one unfamiliar with the Irish character. A not uninteresting personage is introduced to us as "Matt Hazlett, a staunch Protestant who used to quote Scripture against Father O'Gorman, and send him presents of vegetables." The reader's sense of humor will be satisfied by the glimpses

* *Sally Cavanagh; or, The Untenanted Graves.* A Tale of Tipperary. New York: Benziger Brothers.

given of Shawn Gow's domicile; while his credulity will be tested by the account of a fox-hunt which has its laughable side too. The book is filled with dialogues which, of course, will be recognized as "true to nature."

DE COSTA'S "FROM CANTERBURY TO ROME."*

There is no kind of writing that is so attractive as that which gives the inner life history of an earnest soul. The reason of this fact probably is, that inasmuch as our own intimate selves are our deepest concern, we are intensely interested when we find our own experiences duplicated in the lives of others. Dr. B. F. De Costa has given us something of an autobiography in his *From Canterbury to Rome*, and yet it has none of the pretensions of an autobiography. It is the story of religious yearnings simply told. It is the account of a life-long search for religious peace and rest plainly given. Herein lies its charm. The doctor has waited till he has had two full years of the Catholic Church, and has known her thoroughly from the inside, and he speaks of this experience as "most satisfactory and happy."

Dr. De Costa was born, of a Huguenot father, in Boston. His mother was a baptized Catholic, though when the doctor entered the Episcopal Church as a young man his mother followed him. He says "he owed everything to his mother," and among these things probably was his life-long leaning towards the Catholic Church. In early life he developed a fondness for the great fundamental truths of Christianity, and this was intensified by an inner protest against the sceptical spirit of Unitarianism that prevailed in Boston during his young manhood. He says: "As a preacher I was not more Orthodox than when almost an uninformed lad. And now as a Catholic I am no more zealous for sound doctrine than when a preacher, though well persuaded that there is a better understanding to-day of what constitutes the form of sound words." It is very evident to any one who is at all acquainted with the variations of dogma in the Episcopal Church that a man

* *From Canterbury to Rome.* With notes of travel in Europe and the East, showing the gradual formation of Catholic belief and steps taken in passing out of the Protestant communion into the Catholic Church. By B. F. De Costa. Pp. 499. New York: Christian Press Publishing Company.

P. Bricout laments that after having given promise of a conciliatory policy M. Loubet should have entrusted an important post to M. Combes, so little conciliatory and so determined to be extreme that he employs illegal and arbitrary means in his action against the religious schools. Far worse legislation is going to be enacted if popular opposition does not prevent it. Hence the need of united action.

Apropos of *Quo Vadis*, H. Hemmer remarks that Professor Pascal, of Milan, has undertaken to relieve Nero of the charge of burning Rome and to fasten it upon the Christians; an anonymous reply refutes Pascal and criticises Renan and the "critical school" generally.

M. demurs to P. Gayraud's criticism of P. Durand's opinion concerning the inerrancy of Scripture.

(1 Sept.): P. Bricout writes upon the measures taken by the French government against the Catholic schools, and counsels immediate and stubborn resistance by means of a popular agitation which will be at the same time determined, loyal, and constitutional.

Commenting upon the abuse of devotional practices by Catholics, P. Despreux praises the spirit of Fr. Tyrrell's *External Religion* (now translated into French) and mentions a valuable little brochure (*Abus dans la dévotion*; Paris: Lethiellieux) containing many valuable documents and much precious information about current abuses.

Études (5 Aug.): P. Brucker comments as follows upon M. Houtin's recent history of Scripture-study among French Catholics during the nineteenth century. M. Houtin gives no evidence of having worked personally and at length over the various Scriptural problems, nor of having read as much as he should have read. His book is neither complete enough, nor faithful enough, and too frequently it resembles a caricature.

P. André Bremond says that while in England Shakspere is regarded as a classic, French opinion is all the other way. Yet it may be that in some respects the French are unjust to the great Will; and "if we were less exclusively Latin, more familiar with the Greek wisdom which is liberty, while ours imposed by the hard discipline of Rome is constraint, then perchance this

old Saxon would appear to us less Saxon, but more truly and profoundly human."

(20 Aug.): P. Brucker declares that upon reconsideration he has come to the conclusion that Scriptural exegesis gives no ground for rejecting the claims of the Turin Winding Sheet to be considered genuine. P. Hamy advances reasons for believing Joliet and Marquette to have been the first discoverers of the Mississippi.

L'Univers (2 July): The Roman Correspondent in this and the two subsequent issues reports an interview with Bishop O'Gorman concerning the flourishing condition of Catholicism in America, and the nature and success of "the non-Catholic Missions." In treating of the prosperous condition of the American Church he speaks of its most satisfactory relations with the government of the United States, the mutual sympathy of the Catholic clergy and the whole American people, and the prominent part played by great Catholic prelates in the social and political movements of the country. He also quotes at length from the very remarkable letter on the same subject addressed by His Holiness Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons last April. This is followed by a concise and accurate account of "the non-Catholic Missions."

Revue de Lille (July): M. Delpierre gives the reasons for M. Coppée's conversion to the Catholic Church.

Studi Religiosi (July–August): An article of momentous importance, signed simply X., discusses the "historical veracity of the Hexateuch." The author's position may be thus stated: It is a fact that the Bible is true. Veracity is inseparable from inspiration, as the *Providentissimus Deus* declares. But a critical study of the Hexateuch makes it clear that these books are not throughout strictly and scientifically historical, as we now understand historical truth. It seems indisputable that about some great characters, like Abraham or Ismael, and Josue, a mass of historical matter is formed which properly is the record of a whole tribe and not of these individuals. Therefore the sacred history, while true, is not so in our rigid modern, critical meaning of the word. Now, just when the inspired writers themselves abso-

lutely vouch for a fact, or when they merely present it in all those circumstances which take away from its rigid accuracy, this is the business of criticism to determine. Theology and faith are respected by the general admission. The Bible is true. How it is true, in what sense, and under what conditions—this is the office of the critic to determine.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 July): M. le Mis de Nadaillac draws principally on the investigations, which are progressing quietly, in the study of prehistoric man in America to show that beside the three generally known and accepted ages of stone, of bronze and of iron, there was, between the age of stone and that of bronze, an intervening age of copper.

That before the time of Columbus, on the arrival of Irish missionaries, there were to be found among the natives of Yucatan and neighboring Central American countries crucifixes and other signs and emblems of Christian belief, is a fact which is brought out more clearly by the investigations of M. E. Beauvois.

The Holy Shroud of Turin again comes up for discussion in an article which takes the position of the French savants who performed and fathered the investigations, namely, that all of the scientific data points to its authenticity. Dr. Paul Vignon is in hopes of obtaining the authorization, at the hands of the King of Italy, of an official commission to renew the study.

La Revue Générale (Aug.): V. Muller contributes a favorable review of the fourth French edition of Bishop Spalding's *Opportunity*. The article is comprised of commentaries on the leading thoughts contained in the essay Opportunity. The approbation of Cardinal Perraud and Abbé Planus for Bishop Spalding's work is cited, and the following is quoted from the Bishop of Autun: "I particularly appreciate the two essays, 'The Vital Mission of the University' and 'The Higher Education of the Priest.'"

Civiltà Cattolica (5 July): Speaking of the coercive power of the church, says that it is *de fide;* but that theologians differ as to whether or not that power includes the right to inflict capital punishment; the writer advises that those who expose religion should abstain from treating

inopportune questions. Discussing Tolstoi's religion says it is a spurious Christianity which excludes God; yet nevertheless some comfort is to be taken from the fact that men like Tolstoi, Harnack, and Raffaele Mariano cling to the name of Christ.

(16 Aug.): Discussing strikes, points out that sometimes they may be undertaken for altogether insufficient reasons, and remarks how closely the Socialists have been identified themselves with certain strikers.

(6 Sept.): Notes how the little catechism of Bellarmine, used in Rome for three hundred years, has been restored to use again, experiment having shown that no other catechism is better suited for the instruction of the young and unlettered.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Aug.): O. Rudolph gives an account of Prof. Ehrhard's book "Catholicism and the Twentieth Century." The book traces the history of the church's growth into mediæval Catholicism, and advocates the getting rid of the remaining characteristics peculiar to mediævalism, and the alliance of Catholicism with modern culture. So many criticisms of Prof. Ehrhard have appeared that he has made answer in a new book, *Liberal Catholicism.* O. Rudolph declares Prof. Ehrhard's spirit to be tranquil, noble, conciliatory, unprejudiced, and historical.

Razón y Fe (Aug.): In this and the subsequent number P. Murillo replies to the charge that since the birth of Protestantism the Latin nations have gone steadily downwards, the Germans and Anglo-Saxons steadily upwards in the scale of civilization. He pays particular attention to the history of Spain.

(Sept.): P. Caseilas writes on the late Spanish-American war, dating his contribution New York, July 2, 1902. He expresses surprise that the Spanish press has maintained silence about the important diplomatic messages made public in America in June, 1901, and which "reveal the perfidy of President McKinley." A *résumé* follows taken from the St. Louis *Review*, the Philadelphia *Record*, and the New York *Evening Post.*

Comment on Current Topics.

The New Apostolic Mission House.

The opening of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington is an event of unusual importance in the ecclesiastical world. Its definite purpose is the training of diocesan priests to be missionaries to non-Catholics. The inauguration of this institution is the first flowering of the movement, now ten years old, which has had for its aim the preaching of Catholic truth to those who are outside the fold. It is not yet time to write history, or even to be reminiscent—inasmuch as this great movement is but at its inception. Twenty-five years from now, when a new generation of priests who have been trained under the influence of its ideas shall have come as laborers into the vineyard of the Lord, will be time enough to note the changes that have been wrought in the practical policies of church work.

The great theological facts, that the Catholic Church is the ark of salvation for all mankind, that the commission that was given by the Divine Master to the Apostles and their successors was to preach the Gospel to every creature, are becoming practical verities. The time was when the statement that "we have enough to do to look out after our own" fell thoughtlessly from the lips of some of the leaders, and the work of the church was intentionally confined to those who were baptized into her fold. But now a broader policy prevails. The church is no longer confining her treasures to the children of the household, but she is opening wide her doors and bidding all that pass by the way to put on the wedding garment and to sit down at the great banquet of doctrine and devotion that is spread in the Master's house.

There is no manner of doubt concerning the great mission the church has placed before her in these United States. Protestantism is manifesting many signs of a rapid decadence. Evangelicalism is on the wane. It is absolutely necessary that there be in the hearts of the people some strong spirit of religion if the institutions of the country are going to persist, and if America herself is going to do the great work that is allotted to her among the nations of the world. The Catholic

Church, with her forceful life, her splendid organization, her wide-reaching influence, and her growing power, is well fitted to do the work of keeping alive the spirit of religion among all classes of the people.

But apart from patriotic and national reasons, the mere fact of saving souls compels the church to address herself to the eager crowds who are hungering for the Bread of life. The work, therefore, of preaching to non-Catholics is well started. It is organized on a broad, practical basis. It is placed at the door of the great body of workers in the Church—the diocesan clergy. If the bishop's priests as a body do not square themselves to this great work, it will never succeed. They are both the rank and the file of the church's army; the religious orders are the flying columns that may be utilized for special work. To make, therefore, the preaching of the Gospel to the American people a church work, it must be undertaken by the diocesan clergy. Herein lies the *raison d'être* of the Apostolic Mission House that is just opening its doors at the Catholic University. It is to train the diocesan clergy to be missionaries to non-Catholics.

Father Elliott has been selected to take charge for the opening year in order to start the work aright. He hopes by that time that the permanent rector, a representative of the diocesan clergy, will be found to take up the burden. Many of the Archbishops have personally urged the appointment of Father Elliott inasmuch as he has been the father of the missions to non-Catholics, and he has had, moreover, many years of choice experience in this particular field of labor.

There is no doubt concerning the future. The work has the fullest approbation of the Hierarchy. It has the approval of Rome. It has the commendation of the great Catholic body, for no sooner was the project launched than many donations were made to support it. It has, finally, the blessing of unusual success in its early efforts to secure results.

The Incident of Appletons' Cyclopædia.

The crusade that Father Wynne started and carried on with so much vigor against the false statements of our standard books of reference, and particularly against Appletons' *Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas*, in his recent article on "Poisoning the Wells," has done a great deal to arouse Catholics to a

sense of the many injustices that they suffer at the hands of scholarly men who simply perpetuate opinions that they have formed without looking into their truthfulness. There is abundant evidence of the way in which the Catholic people have resented these injustices, and particularly have they been awakened in this present instance to the glaring faults of Appletons' Cyclopædia.

But in the very heat of the contest we have received word that the fight is off. Now, to be frank, we think that Father Wynne has capitulated too quickly. He publishes a letter from the head of the Appleton house which is in many ways unsatisfactory. We have great admiration for Father Wynne's earnestness, but it was a disappointment to find that, while bearing a standard as the leader of a very useful crusade, he has struck his flag so quickly.

In the letter of William W. Appleton reference is made only to "Catholic articles." What Father Wynne complained of, and justly, were the non-Catholic articles. In his statements in "Poisoning the Wells" his contention is against an article on the "Reformation" by George P. Fisher, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale; various articles on historical subjects by Rev. S. M. Jackson, the editor-in-charge of the General Church History; the article on Humanism by A. R. Marsh, on the Middle Ages by John W. Burgess, on Monachism by Rev. A. C. McGiffert. Not one of these can strictly be called "Catholic articles." We venture to say that it never entered the mind of the editors of the Cyclopædia to submit such articles to Archbishop Keane.

There is a very graceless and ungenerous effort made in the last paragraph of the aforesaid letter to shift the blame on to the shoulders of Archbishop Keane. We are quite sure that the Archbishop will not deign to answer the attack. But we have taken the pains to inquire into the relations of Archbishop Keane to the Cyclopædia, and we are able to state authoritatively that they are just these: At times various batches of proofs were sent to the Archbishop on professedly Catholic subjects, like Indulgences, and these were revised and returned. The choice of articles sent to him was made by the editors, and it was within their competency to send or not send. Archbishop Keane is responsible for the articles that he has revised, and none other.

The contention is, we repeat, against the anti-Catholic bias of the historical articles and of the other articles only remotely

touching on Catholic things. It was on these Father Wynne based his strenuous crusade, and concerning these the Appletons profess no regrets and have made no promise of amendment.

The Strike in the Anthracite Coal Mines.

The situation that has been made by the miners' strike calls for a leader who will represent the public. It is now thoroughly understood in every great industrial difficulty that there are three parties—the employers, the employees, and the public. The last of these three is the least guilty of any injustice, and it is invariably the one who suffers the most. Because it is a huge impersonal thing, without any very well defined rights, there is no one to speak for it. It is only when it is thoroughly aroused that it speaks for itself at the ballot-box. When it does it voices its sentiments in no uncertain way.

But while awaiting the day of the ballot-box there should be some tribunal that would speak for the public.

The operators continue in a most complacent way to say there is nothing to arbitrate. The miners are with grim determination holding out. While they are enduring no end of privations, they are trying to keep the rasher spirits in check, so that no stigma of lawlessness may be cast on them. In the meantime the great American public looks on and is powerless to do anything. The schools in many places must be closed, for there is no coal ahead. The wheels of a considerable portion of the machinery must be stopped because of the exaggerated prices that must be paid for coal. The shopkeepers all through the coal region must go out of business because there is no money to spend.

The long-suffering public is victimized, and there is no one to speak and no apparent way out of the difficulty.

A. P. DOYLE.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ONLY fifty years ago the first public tax-supported library in the United States was founded at Boston; and less than a dozen years ago was opened the first children's room in a public library. Such is the statement made by Hiller C. Wellmann in the September *Atlantic Monthly*. According to the same writer systematic co-operation between the public library and the schools was begun in 1879 at Worcester, Mass.

It is not advisable to turn young people loose with unrestricted access to books many of which are entirely unsuited to childhood; and to select a library with a view to giving children absolutely equal privileges with adults would result in rendering it valueless to the latter. Indeed, due consideration for older readers should prevent the thronging of the delivery desk with the hordes of youngsters who sometimes compose from a third to a half of the library clientage.

The far-reaching influence of books upon child-nature is hardly realized, in spite of all that has been written on the subject. Recently a boy of eleven appeared dull and uninterested in anything, and in school he was called stupid. One day, through his teacher, the boy got hold of Thompson-Seton's fascinating *Wild Animals I Have Known*. He read the book eagerly, and came to the library for others. So marked a change took place in the boy that his teachers expressed surprise at his sudden access of interest in lessons, and his mother came to the library for the express purpose of telling us of the great *awakening* which had come to her boy through books.

Great as is their power in broadening and stimulating the young intellect, books have a still stronger influence on the moral nature. For to the child there are three sources of infallibility—parent, teacher, and printed book; and the standards of right and wrong pervading the books read go far toward forming youthful ideals. Examples of moral courage strengthen the pliable nature; even the time-worn rescue of the cat from the band of tormenting boys doubtless helps to create an abhorrence of cruelty, and the prodigious deeds of valor performed by many a youthful hero may stouten the heart of the admiring reader. So, too, a boy may be quick to cry fie if in real life a playmate be guilty of meanness, but if in a book—as sometimes happens—trickiness and deceit are exhibited as excusable or smart, his ideal of honor is exposed to serious injury.

While opinions may differ as to censorship on the part of a library in dealing with adults, there can hardly be disagreement as to the importance of the utmost care in the choice of books purveyed to children. Too often the books owned by the average child, even in good circumstances, are acquired at Christmas, the gift of an undiscriminating uncle or aunt whose eye has been caught by the illustrations at a bargain counter! The books frequently present neither good literature nor good morals. No such laxity can be charged to the conscientious children's librarian. She regards her work with due—the carping bibliographer says with undue—seriousness. For her the professional library schools have established a special course of training fitting her to work with children. Before admitting a book to the collection she examines it with scrupulous care, aiming to purchase for recreative reading only those which are entertaining, wholesome in tone, and decently well written. As to the interest of a book, she is not content with her own judgment solely, but often consults the opinions of the children themselves. So important is this matter of selection considered, that librarians are at work compiling a co-operative list of children's books which shall have the benefit of the criticism and experience of

many experts. Having gathered a suitable collection of books, the intelligent librarian studies her children individually, stimulates their interest, and by tactful suggestion and various devices strives to cultivate in them healthy tastes and the habit of systematic reading.

It must not be supposed, however, that the somewhat elaborate provision for the needs of children commonly made by the larger libraries has in the least made unnecessary the use of the library by the schools. Rather has it intensified their community of interest. The importance of leading the children to the library itself is emphasized lest, if accustomed to receiving library books at the schools only, they cease their reading, as most of them drop all study by the end of the grammar-school course. But the librarian can employ no truant officer: he can reach directly only the children who enter his doors. He needs the active aid of the teachers to reach all the children of the community, most of whom, once tasting books, make permanent readers. He needs also the aid of the wise teacher, who has perhaps the greatest opportunity to stimulate interest in the best books.

For a distinctly different purpose the library most depends on the cooperation of the schools; that is, for the prosecution of what, for lack of a better term, is called reference work with children. Much of the library activity described above is devoted to the single end of offering good books to children for the purpose of cultivating in them the so-called reading habit,—an offensive term suggestive of the opium habit or the alcohol habit,—let us rather say, of acquainting them with the pleasures of reading and fostering a refined taste. By reference work, on the other hand, is meant the effort to teach the use of books as sources of information. Thus, while in the former case we are concerned largely with the literature of power, in the latter we are dealing with the literature of knowledge; and in this direction lies a wide and rich field to be developed.

Unfortunately, not only to children, but to a large part of the adult community, the library often represents merely a storehouse of entertaining books, as is evinced by the fact that commonly some three-fourths of the volumes borrowed are works of fiction. It is astonishing to discover what a trackless wilderness the library shelves beyond those containing fiction appear to some of the most frequent borrowers.

One of the earliest experiments in giving systematic instruction to school children at the library was made in 1896 at Cardiff, Wales. There the pupils of all the elementary schools—that is, children from ten to fourteen years of age—were taken once a year to the library, in parties numbering about forty, to receive an illustrated lesson from the librarian upon some definite subject. The topic chosen the first year was The History of a Book, and the proceedings cannot be better described than by extracts from an account read before the Library Association of the United Kingdom by the librarian, Mr. John Ballinger:

We didn't tell the children we were going to give them a lesson on the history of a book, or that we were going to give them a lesson at all. We started by saying that we were going to show them different kinds of books, and then beginning with a clay tablet, of which we had one genuine specimen (Babylonian) and one cast (Assyrian) made from an original in the British Museum, we proceeded to show how the book and the art of writing and reading had gradually developed. We explained to them the papyrus books of ancient Egypt, using as illustrations the beautiful reproductions of papyri published by the trustees of the British Museum. We explained to them also that there had been different kinds of letters used to denote sounds, showing them the difference between cuneiform writing and the picture writing of Egypt. We also dealt with books written upon vellum, using by way of illustration various MSS. and deeds belonging to the library. Passing from the written to the printed book, we explained a few elementary facts about the early history of printing and about early printing in England, using as illustrations four or five books printed before the year 1500.

Some time ago Everett T. Tomlinson published in the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on Reading for Boys and Girls. He stated that the receptive, rather than the perceptive, faculties are stronger in the youthful mind. Memory, unlike all other good things, seems to be at its best soon after it is born, although for some reason, which no one but the theologian is able to explain, the evil is retained somewhat more easily than the good. Fancy is at work preparing the way for the imagination, the emotional life is stronger than the will, and the moral faculties are vivid, though undisciplined and misleading. The youthful mind is not analytic, is receptive rather than perceptive, and seeks the reasonable more than the process of reasoning.

In the attempts, conscious and unconscious, which have been made to meet these demands, much yet remains to be done, for literature for the young may be said to be still in its preliminary stages Its beginning dates back scarcely more than two generations. Before it is considered in detail, it may be well to note one change which has already become apparent, and that is the disappearance of the distinction between books for boys and those for girls. A few years ago this difference was marked, and books for girls were almost as numerous as those for boys. To-day the latter far outnumber the former, and there is every prospect that the distinction will almost, if not completely, disappear. And the explanation is not difficult to find.

To-day, while few boys can be found who will read books written especially for girls, the converse is markedly true, and the sisters read their brothers' books almost with the avidity of the boys themselves. And the cause is plain. The days when girls remained indoors and worked samplers and guarded their complexions have ceased to be. Over the golf links and on the tennis courts the boys and girls contend together. At every college game girls are present, and follow the contestants with an interest and understanding as keen as that of their brothers. In schools and colleges for girls, crews and basket-ball teams are common to-day. All this has had a marked effect upon the character of the books they read, as well as upon the lives they live, and as a natural consequence the literature which appeals to the one class is not without interest to the other.

As an illustration of this fact, one of our most prominent librarians recently issued a list of the sixty-eight favorite books of a young maiden of twelve. In this list of sixty-eight titles, twenty-seven were of books written especially for boys, only eight were of books for girls, and all of the others were of works equally well adapted to either class. It is altogether probable that this girl instead of being an exception is fairly representative.

A recent conference with several prominent librarians concerning the books most in demand by boys and girls reveals the fact that two classes appeal most strongly to them. Foremost in demand is the historical story, and this seems to combine most of the elements required by the American boy. Its basis is truth, and yet it appeals to his love of action, it stimulates his imagination; in it his own unexpressed longings and desires find utterance, and it instructs without the appearance of talking down. It provides legitimate excitement, recounts adventures, and clothes the dry bones with flesh and blood. And the book appeals almost as strongly to his sister as it does to him. Even the street boys are reading these books, and one librarian informed me that he had discovered that George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte were the most popular of the heroes of the bootblacks and newsboys in his own city.

While children may gain much by reading for themselves, much depends also upon what may be read to them. Frequently, it is by this latter method that the best introduction to the higher literature is given. When to the beauty and uplifting power of the book is added the charm of the familiar voice, then boys and girls will listen to that which they might not read for themselves. For sometimes the pathways of literature require a guide to point the way as much as do the slopes of the mountain side we may be ascending.

M. C. M.

Most Rev. John Murphy Farley, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

"To us having been entrusted the care and solicitude of all the churches in Christendom by the Divine Authority committed to Saint Peter by Christ, being the successor of Saint Peter of the Roman See, we do hereby relieve you, our venerable brother, John M. Farley, of the Titular See of Zeugma and command you to preside and rule over the Metropolitan See of New York, left vacant by the death of Michael Augustine Corrigan, the late Archbishop."—*Pope Leo P. P. XIII.*

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. NOVEMBER, 1902. NO. 452.

VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE settlement of the strike of the United Mine Workers against the Anthracite Coal Operators is a notable vindication of the rights of the people. During the last six months the country has witnessed two great powers, the coal combine with wealth and influence and the mine-worker with patience and stolid determination, set over against each other in hostile array; and while these two powers have contended for their rights, the people at large have suffered for a want of the real necessities of life. It is well known to any one who is in touch with the currents of present-day thought that there has been a good deal of thinking done over the strike situation, and some of it has been of a very pronounced radical character. Many people, instead of contenting themselves with a little pruning, which would remedy the evil, would fell the tree to the ground.

In the midst of such social disturbances as occur but too commonly nowadays, we are accustomed to hear violent indictments of the existing order. Socialism—whatever that name may be taken to mean—at least gives evidence of its proximity and of its interest in events; constantly it is speaking and writing and preaching to us. And what makes its message all the more significant is our own growing familiarity with and undisguised approval of various forms and institutions that have been advocated by Socialists, and that in the past were closely identified with the schools professing that name. In addition

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

to this we must recognize that the people are ever advancing in strength, intelligence, and ambition; that the popular standard of comfort is steadily rising; and that after having in many quarters completely or partially assumed the functions of government, the multitude is now turning with lively interest to the solution of the problem how the earth and its fulness may most successfully be used to the best advantages of its original and rightful owners, the human race.

Revolutions—even gradual revolutions—are not apt to be altogether calm and moderate either in word or action. Unquestionably the people, through its leaders, is frequently unreasonable and is sometimes guilty of violence and injustice. Patience, wisdom, breadth of view are demanded, however, for the lasting success of any policy. Study and assimilation of sound philosophical principles remain conditions of healthy thinking and sane action; and assuredly these must not be wanting in the movement that aims at a reconstruction of society. No one with faith in human nature can doubt this. Equally true is it that there are in Catholic teaching the doctrines taught by God, guarded by the church, and reasoned out into logical system by Catholic thinkers: in these will be found the means needed to guide society to salvation.

It is because of the writer's unshaken faith in the convincing appeal of Catholic principles to honest minds that the following considerations are advanced. They are addressed to those concerned with the various grave problems, of ethical and social importance, uppermost just now in minds that watch the daily current of events. The problems are a very menace to the safety of our institutions, and they strain the heart-strings of those whose faith in our country's mission is as their nostrils' breath. Their importance impels all who are friends of liberty on to an attempt at finding the truth that will save us and set us free.

THE LEGALITY OF LABOR UNIONS.

In the first place, the chief contention in the strike was the right of the miners to unite into labor organizations not merely for self-protection against existing injustices, but for the attainment in the future of healthful living conditions that have been denied them. The operators denied the miners the right to organize. In their interview with President Roosevelt they spoke

of the "illegality"* of the miners' organizations. They refused to arbitrate with any representative of the Unions. They would not see Mr. Mitchell nor any one who came in his name. The only terms that they would agree to at all were the individual settlement of grievances before the superintendent of each colliery, or before the judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

As to the legality of Trades-Unionism there can be no manner of doubt. It is admitted on all sides; it is denied only by those whose purpose seems to be to reduce honest labor to galling slavery. Leo XIII., in his historical encyclical *On the Condition of Labor*, not only teaches the right of labor to organize, but he urges organization after the manner of the mediæval guilds as a means of self-protection. It is only by combining that the miner in Pennsylvania has secured even the shadow of a decent livelihood. Any one at all familiar with the conditions in the mine regions knows what hardships labor there has been subjected to. The greed of capital has nowhere been so evident as in the anthracite coal mines. When it was found that the American coal miner would no longer submit to galling conditions, the operator invited to the coal regions hordes of European peasants whom centuries of wrong had debased to the lowest stages of mental and physical squalor, and he tried to lower the scale of wages and break the power of the Unions by pitting these human slaves against honest labor. Labor Commissioner Wright says† of this move on the part of the coal companies:

"It was little short of an outrage that the operators had attached to their pay-roll, on the piece basis, almost twice as many men as they needed, from among the swarms of European immigrants. This redundance in the labor market was doubtless intended to avert labor troubles; but instead of that, by reducing the annual income far below what it might normally be, and by its invitation to idleness, had nursed the grievances. The low average of income from this system had also brought in a class of labor far inferior racially to that which had once operated the mines; this has exhibited its native crudeness in the brutality and violence of the recent weeks."

*The right of workingmen to form unions for the protection of their interests has been established by legislation in England since 1871. It had been admitted in principle ever since the Reform Act of 1832.

†*Report to the President on the Anthracite Coal Strike.* Bulletin of the Department of Labor, No. 43, November, 1902.

It did not take long for this species of degraded labor in the atmosphere of American ideas to stand upright and assert its rights. By means of protective legislation the workingmen were secured some measure of decent conditions. Still there is much to be desired.

The time is not far distant, it is hoped, that employers will find it to their advantage to cultivate Trades-Unionism. Undoubtedly there have been many abuses connected with labor organizations, such as the leadership of rash men, interference with the liberty to work, and petty regulations impinging on the rights of ownership. In time, however, and under intelligent management these abuses will be eliminated.

In the meantime the employer may find it to his advantage to establish a community of interest with a trades union. He will get better work and more responsible service. Labor, in the majority of cases, knows where its interest lies, and if the employer will make it the interest of the employee to serve him well he will find that he will get that kind of service. In the coal strike contention it was undoubtedly the influence of the labor organization that preserved the peace of the coal regions. We have witnessed the spectacle of 150,000 men, many of whom are of the rougher sort, thrown idle on a community for six months, and during all this time there was not as much law-breaking as one would find in any of our large cities—reports of certain papers to the contrary notwithstanding. Moreover there was every incentive to lawlessness: the presence of armed deputies, and the irritating parading of the soldiery, and the daily defamation of the good citizenship of the striking miners by the capitalistic press. It was only the splendid organization under good leadership that secured this state of affairs. All this is one of the best arguments for the labor organization. The militia could not have secured it, nor could the Federal troops, nor could any other power but the labor union.

AN EXAGGERATED IDEA OF OWNERSHIP.

The coal operators have continually asserted their ownership of the mines and their liberty to work them as they please. They will have no "foreign interference." They will not brook dictation from a man who comes from "a rival industry." They will work the mines if "they have the protection of the

soldiery." "The Federal troops must be called out." It is their right to employ labor as and how they please.

If the strike has taught any particular lesson it has taught that there is no such thing as absolute ownership in such sense that a man can do as he pleases with his property irrespective of the rights of others. An exaggerated idea of ownership on the part of many has done more to breed Socialism than any other one thing. We shall probably hear no more of the claims of "the Christian men to whom God in His Infinite Wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."

In the exact sense of the word any ownership must of a necessity be limited in its nature. If a man is owner of a stick of dynamite, he cannot explode it in a public thoroughfare where the lives of others are endangered. If he owns a house, he cannot set it on fire to the detriment of his neighbors. If he owns a coal mine, he cannot grind the faces of his workingmen. He must make such provision as is necessary for their physical safety. "There is a dictate of nature," says Leo XIII., "more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man: that remuneration for labor must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." And again he writes: "If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workingman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." The laborer is not a piece of machinery to be purchased at the least possible cost, and thrown aside as worthless when it is of no further use. Nor is he a mere animal needing provision for bodily wants only. He is a man with God-given faculties, of high and noble dignity, having the most sacred relations and owing the most solemn duties to his Maker, and having spiritual and mental aspirations that require to be satisfied just as much as the wants of the body. It is not justice to enslave and degrade the laborer that the stockholder may have an added luxury.

THE PRINCIPLE OF ARBITRATION.

Then, again, as the legitimate outcome of the coal strike, there has been affirmed the principle of arbitration. To have this principle affirmed by the Chief Magistrate of the nation in a practical way, by constituting an impartial court to which both parties to the contention have agreed to submit their diffi-

culties, is a tremendous gain. It is worth all the suffering that the strike has entailed. It has set up a precedent for all future strikes. It has exalted the principle of arbitration as the demand of the people at large, and this is very little short, if indeed it be at all short, of the *vox Dei.* Coming in the way it has, by appointment of the representative of the nation, the court of arbitration is clothed with supreme powers to define the limitation of private ownership. It can say to the operator, You must pay a higher wage; or to the miner, You must work a longer day. Its decisions are final and supreme, as the voice of the nation.

Belief in the doctrine of creation implies that man is made in view of some certain end, and that his nature is proportioned to the end to be attained. That line of action which by the very essence of things best conduces to the attainment of man's end becomes obligatory as an imperative dictate of the natural law—or rather, as the natural law itself. The human reason, with more or less clearness, perceives the end ordained by God and the line of conduct that will lead to it; and the human will, necessarily and instinctively struggling for the satisfaction attainable only in the possession of its end, finds itself under moral constraint to follow that line of conduct.

It follows, then, that man has divine sanction to exercise those activities which make for the perfect development of his nature in accord with the creative plan. Such sanction constitutes what is called a human right—a claim based upon nature and approved by God.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX.

Clearly there is bound up with this first simple idea of moral power a second notion, namely, a relation to other men. Man's right to attain his end by the due exercise of his human activities corresponds to a duty of non-interference on the part of others. When, then, society arises—not from voluntary choice but in virtue of instinct and natural demand—each individual, perceiving that the nature and destiny of other men are identical with his own, understands that the same law dominates his activity and theirs. All other men like himself possess an inalienable right to unimpeded self-development, to the pursuit of perfection. In the abstract, then, the rights of all men are equal. But once we begin to deal with concrete members of

humanity, we discover the existence of an inevitable difference in their human powers and of a resultant inequality in their conditions. We discover also that unimpeded activity is a practical impossibility, since each individual's attempt to appropriate the means of perfection limits similar attempts on the part of other individuals.

Inequality of conditions is therefore a necessity, being an unavoidable consequence of primary constitutional peculiarities bestowed upon individuals by nature herself. But how far may this inequality extend? Has it no bound? Will moral claim be measured by physical power, right by might? And can it be that some one individual may be born into this world of concrete realities possessed of nothing but certain abstract rights incapable of actuation because the owner is so late upon the field? And may individuals in the concrete be crowded wholly outside of the conditions necessary to life and liberty and happiness? This can hardly be. What, then, is to prevent it? What shall determine the limit to be placed to the activity of the first-comers, or the stranger? Evidently the limit must be set by a good outranking the good of unimpeded individual activity; and that higher good is the common welfare. The claims of mankind are previous to the claim of the individual man—the welfare, the progress, the perfectibility of the community warn back the avaricious member who would glut himself at humanity's expense.

It is the office of the authority which obtains in a given society to provide that this limit be observed. It is the part of prudent, informed, enlightened, and religious common-sense to define when and where individual aggrandizement runs foul of the public good; when the pressing of individual claims becomes an unjustifiable interference with the perfection of the community.

The real crux of the question comes into view when we begin to ask about the power to define what is and what is not in accord with the general interest of the community. But who can have a better claim validly to formulate such definition than the community itself—that is to say, the power which represents the community, the ordinary supreme authority that voices law and order to the individual members of the social body? The precise limitations of private right are, therefore, to be determined by the verdict of the people's common-sense, deliberate, prudent, enlightened, just, harmonious with

the principles of the natural law and the dictates of human experience. Thus arrived at, the verdict of the people, issuing through the authorized channels, should be decisive and final.

In this sense we shall await with lively interest and with profound respect for the findings of this Authorized Court. Its decisions should have a certain sacredness about them, and should be accepted by the American citizen as though clothed with all the majesty of the law; for they are the voice of the American people demanding that two contestants shall go to work and provide coal—an absolute necessity of life.

And here let a final word be written concerning the norm in accord with which social authority is bound to decide and act. "Particular" justice, or the justice which concerns the rights of individuals, is divided by St. Thomas and the School, following Aristotle, into two species, according as it regulates the mutual rights and duties of individuals, or the satisfaction of individual claims upon society. The first concerns the relation of the parts to one another; the second the relation of the parts to the whole. Society by its authority must preside over both sorts of relations and must see that the rule of justice is observed. But we are to observe that while the rule of justice calls for the observance of strict equality in transactions between man and man, it calls only for a proportion in the satisfying of individual claims upon society. For distributive justice, as it is called, presides over the distribution of what is due to different men as members of the body social, and it makes an individual's share larger or smaller according as he is of greater or lesser importance to the whole. It belongs to distributive justice, therefore, to see that the masses, that predominantly valuable element of society, shall receive a consideration proportionate to their importance; and that the whole machinery of legislation be wisely set in motion to provide them with abundant chance to live humanly, and to advance toward that perfection of being which is their divinely appointed end.

It becomes an inviting matter for speculation now, to determine what enlightened common-sense may have to say as to the expediency or inexpediency of various existing conditions. Wanton luxury, for instance, must stand at once condemned; for nothing can justify a distinction that brings rational satisfaction to no one. The excuse that useless expenditure is good because it circulates money has been exploded long ago. That

excuse proves that luxury is not the worst possible form of evil, but is far from proving it a positive good. In the long run and in the widest sense the unethical can never be economic; and Bastiat has cleverly exposed the fallacious defence of luxury by his story of Jacques Bonhomme and his scapegrace son. Here then is the indication of a point to which the attention, and if need be, the power of the community might well be directed. So, too, we venture to suggest the possibility of startling common-sense verdicts as to the housing of the poor, public education, practical ostracism of some of the best material in the whole race from social, intellectual, and moral cultivation. To some extent this verdict has already been pronounced, and its echo is discernible in the new tone that dominates modern legislation. What the people want they are learning to demand; and what they demand they get, whether it be public parks, or heated cars, or low rates for freight and travel. That which is most encouraging in the whole situation, perhaps, is the fact that it is the sacred voice of the people which has insisted upon our most recent improvements, and that it is the strong arm of the law which has undertaken to enforce the people's dictates. After all, it is the people who are nearest God; it is upon the perfectibility of the people that the consummation of the divine plan depends; and it needs but the universal appreciation of their supreme worth to bring about the establishment of all that law can do to open man's path to progress. Slowly that appreciation is making its way, but surely; and at the same time the people, the great living, thinking, loving creature, the wonderful and favorite masterpiece of God, is becoming acquainted with its own mighty power, the power which the Creator bestowed upon it for the achievement of perfection. So we look over man's progress in the past with satisfaction and thankfulness, we look forward into the future with hearts full of hope. Human progress, the perfectibility of the race, man's inalienable right to all that God gave the human race—these are facts settled and assured. One cannot but regard them with a glad content; one cannot but feel amid the clash of oppression and menace, in the stress of the social tumult, an inviolable trust that the same great Providence who created man is working out, as it were, silently and unseen, that grand world-plan in which man is the central figure and humanity's ascent the chiefest interest.

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. GILBERT SIMMONS, C.S.P.

THERE is going on at the present time in England a conflict on the Education Question which cannot fail to be of interest in this country, and this because the ultimate end sought by one of the two parties is the adoption by England of the American system of secular education.

As at present constituted the schools of Catholics and of the Established Church, and in fact of any denomination which is willing to build a school-house and to open a school, are helped, subject to government inspection and approval, by the taxes, and this help amounts to nearly four-fifths in most cases of the whole expense of teaching. The remaining fifth has to be made up by voluntary contributions in all voluntary schools; the Board schools have the power of levying rates on the locality for this deficiency. The attractive feature of the new Bill is that it relieves the supporters of religious voluntary schools and enables them too to levy rates. It, however, entails upon them the giving the use of the school-houses free of rent and the maintenance of them in ordinary repairs.

In this battle Catholics and Churchmen are ranged together as allies, and they have for opponents the members of the Dissenting Churches as well as the opponents of all religion; although these latter do not come to the front. The spirit in which the battle is being carried on by the Dissenters is well indicated by the utterances of Dr. Clifford, a Baptist minister in London who has taken a very prominent part in the conflict. In his opinion the fatal feature of the Bill is that it leaves each school under a board of managers the majority of which is to consist of members of the denomination to which the school belongs. This provision is to secure the religious character of school teaching; and is, in fact, the only security for such continuance. But Dr. Clifford finds that it puts into jeopardy their dearest and most cherished rights as English citizens. To quote his own words: "The chief jewel in the heritage bequeathed to us by the toil and suffering of our ancestors—that of self-government—is about

to be stolen from us. The state is in danger—yes, that is the fact. . . . If the state does not forbid this Bill to pass into law, it will doom this generation and the next to bitterness and to strife [and this because the opponents of the Bill openly profess their determination not to obey the law and to render it unworkable], to impoverished education and increased injustice to the teaching profession, to commercial decay and to political retrogression." Nothing less, he asserts, is being assaulted than the primary right of the British people to govern themselves. He makes an elaborate comparison between the provisions of the Bill and of the present government and the conduct of Charles I. and Laud. He concludes that it therefore is a duty to fight, and that the battle is for life. Pym and Hampden are invoked; Thermopylæ is referred to; the hierarchy of priests is defied; he feels the same constraint as did St. Paul: "We can do no other." The primary elementary rights of citizens must be defended against the arbitrary encroachments of an archaic clericalism that knows not the hour or the day or the real spirit of the times.

Such is the spirit of the opposition to the Bill manifested in prose; a brother minister, however, has felt the divine afflatus and has burst forth into song, and this for popular use. We quote two or three stanzas:

"While our sons were over the sea,
While the soldier fought,
Priest and traitor sought to bring
The People's schools to naught.

Now the angel Peace returns,
Guard thy flock at home,
Let thy priestly spoilers hear
Thy trampling millions come.

Rally then from sea to sea,
England, in thy might:
Win for men—more Liberty,
Win for the child—more Light."

The desire of the opposition is to excite popular prejudice by appeals based on what look like wilful misrepresentations. The point on which Dr. Clifford dilates and which calls forth

his most impassioned appeal is simply this: By the proposals of the Bill each school will be under three controlling bodies; the first is its own managing body made up of local managers. Hitherto these have been non-elective, appointed by those who built the school. The bill adds to the number a proportion of one-third to two-thirds, and thereby increases instead of diminishing popular control. The one-third is appointed by the educational authority of the district, which is to be the Education Committee of the Town or County Council; the two-thirds are to be appointed as before. Dr. Clifford wants the majority to be appointed by the Education Committee. But the Bill gives complete and absolute control of all *secular* teaching to the Education Committee. This Education Committee is appointed by an elected body and is subject to the Board of Education in London, itself subject to Parliament. So complete is the control of these two sets of authorities over the school managers that all that is left to them is the care of buildings and the appointment (but not the dismissal) of the teachers. The power to appoint the teacher is necessary if the religious character of the school is to be maintained. This Dr. Clifford sees, and wants to strip those who have built the school of this power. This barefaced robbery is worthy of the descendants of the Cromwell whom they affect to venerate, and of those who have for the past generation been taking the money of Catholics and Churchmen to teach that remnant of Christianity which they have left. This is the main point of contention: the Dissenters, too niggardly and faithless to build schools to teach their various persuasions and opinions, want to seize upon the management of the schools of those who have made sacrifices to build and keep up their own schools.

By the provisions of the new Bill School Boards will be abolished. This is not in itself a real grievance to the opponents of religious education, but a sentimental one; for School Boards represented the principle of popular control and of the manufacture of a religion by that control. By the new Bill the powers of the School Boards will be transferred to the Education Committee, to be appointed by the Town or County Council of the district. This committee will not immediately depend upon the popular vote, and some of its members may be chosen by the committee from those who are not themselves members of the respective councils; but ultimately the

popular vote is the source of their power, for it is by it that the councils are elected. It is, however, a grievance to the opponents that there is no longer an election *ad hoc*, as hitherto. It is no real grievance, however, for a small portion only of the electorate has ever voted.

Under the provisions of the law as it stands, wherever there was in the opinion of education authorities an ample supply of school accommodation, no new school to receive government aid could be erected, so that where there was a Board School, a voluntary school could not come in and educate the children of a denomination, according to its tenets. The new Bill abolishes this monopoly, and provided parents erect a suitable school building, empowers the government to grant the usual aid to its support. This provision will, of course, work both ways, for it will enable schools to be built by Protestants in districts where the educational wants of the district were supplied by a Catholic school; there were not, however, many of these districts.

Other provisions are more or less technical and not of general or controversial interest. There is one, however, of uncontroversial but general interest. The new Bill unifies the authority over all schools, both primary and secondary. It thus enables the son of a farm laborer to begin in his village school and rise, by means of intermediate schools, to the university itself; and so restores to the poor the privileges they enjoyed in Catholic times, but which have been wrested from them by the power and greed of those post-Reformation descendants—unworthy sons of the original benefactors.

It is not the rights of the minority that this bill seeks to secure. It is the Dissenters who form the minority, although a shameless one. In the Voluntary Schools 3,043,006 children are enrolled, while in the Board Schools there are but 2,662,669. By the aid of the Rates (which is now to be given to the Voluntary Schools), and partly at the cost of Catholics and Churchmen, the Board Schools have expended on each child £2 5*s.* 2*d.*, or nearly eleven dollars, while the Voluntary Schools have only been able to expend £1 15*s.* 2*d.*, or about eight dollars and a half. Catholics and Churchmen are only contending for just treatment, not for privilege. Dissenters are contending for privilege, and, strange to say, for state payment of the religion which they themselves have made.

THE SYMBOLISMS OF GOD.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

"That they may have life, and have it more abundantly."

THE symbolisms of God are *facts*. If we may dare to image Him with human metaphors: He writes His poems for us in living hearts and with human lives. Prophecies, Psalms,—nay, from Genesis to the Machabees,—are not only uttered truths but *enacted* for us in a chain of real existences, actual people and occurrences. He expresses His philosophy to us, not in terms of speculation, but in terms of life and human history. His psychology is no inquest over extinct energies,—but the living soul, exemplifying in act and deed the abstract principles of its message.

March back through the centuries to the times, seemingly all too short, used by Him to foreshadow and foretell the coming of His Christ. Types, figures, promises, take the shapes of living men: patriarchs, prophets, judges, kings. Events, nay episodes, in that one central life-to-be, take up in forecast whole histories and vicissitudes of an actual people.

Such is the intensity of the realism, of the realities of God; even in the small view, the bare suggestion of lineament, which mortal eyes can adoringly and wonderingly—and only in adoration's wonderment—perceive and take in; in order that we ourselves may be, in the strong words of the Apostle, merely "*some beginning of His creature.*"

Oh! poor conceits of men, which we strive, after much labor, with great effort and amid many meaningless groanings, to bring forth simply to an utterance—mere words, mere wind—*præterea nihil;* travails of a mind to result in mere lisping labials; hazy tattle of faint memories of a dream:—Unrealities all!

Does God live? Behold, not only Sinai thunders, but a whole people and its history are a living holocaust and oracle of the fact.

Does God hear us and bear us relation? Behold the Incar-

nation flashes forth and imprints its ineffaceable record on human time and the life of humanity thenceforward;—to spell those glorious words: "And He dwelt amongst us."

Does God love us? Behold Calvary and the Cross. No, it were not enough. A life, even a divine life, is not enough to answer. For all time and all people, all inquiries and all needs, all sorrows and all joys, all doubts and all pæans of recognition and of praise—for all hearts and all lives; to the last possible intensity of reality and actuality cognizable of men;—nay more, unto the satisfaction of God's own thirst to express, to manifest, to actualize, to communicate Himself up to the very brim of our own receptivity!—Behold! the Blessed Sacrament—the Holy Eucharist—Holy Communion; the living God with us, of us and for us; each individually; a divine Host for each soul; a special Incarnation, re-enacted, repeated, renewed for every single individual; all who will; now; and to the end of time and the consummation of the world.

Oh! blessed Reality! Oh! Supreme Intensity! Living and life-giving symbolism of the Infinite—utmost humanwise expression of the WORD of the Almighty.

"That they may have life, and have it more abundantly."

FAITH.

BY EDWARD DOYLE.

FAITH, a child with angel sight,
Leads the Soul through Nature's night.
Winds are moths about her light.

What the taper that she bears?
Reason that, raised Heavenward, flares.
Whence the flame? Ask stars whence theirs.

Could the Hand that lights the Sun,
Stars and planets, every one,
Pass the soul and leave it dun?

In this light all mysteries
Show their faces, terror flees,
And the restless heart finds ease.

Look! Death comes! How yellow, first!
Then, what darkness! What a burst
Of Creation's powers, reversed!

As the deafening storm draws near,
Faith bids Life, aloud and clear:
"Lie face down and have no fear!"

In the dark, awhirl with sand,
Lone and smiling, see her stand
With the taper in her hand!

Hark! Can that be Gabriel's blast,
Whirling like leaves, the mountains vast?
Yea, but Faith pales not aghast.

No, for the truths, expected long,
Come, and, with voices sweet and strong,
Raise Creation's gasp to Song!

THE ROYAL PALACE.

Innisfil Library
Ontario

BANGKOK: THE VENICE OF THE FAR EAST

BY FRANCIS MURY,

(Former Marine Commissioner.)

ALL Europeans who have journeyed in the Far East are unanimous in pronouncing Bangkok the most unique and picturesque of all cities visited.

In this place, which has been aptly named "The Venice of the Far East," almost all of the streets are traversed by canals and "arroyos," and three-quarters of the population dwell in house-boats on the Menam, which forms the chief thoroughfare of the capital. The markets that are held every morning on this river present to the stranger an appearance very much like that of gardens suddenly springing up from the water. Both buyers and sellers are in boats, and traffic is carried on with as great facility as in the best arranged shops. Indeed, the scene of this river-market is so animated that steamboats approaching the city are forced to diminish their speed in order to avoid cutting in two some "sampan" or canoe. Crowds of children of all ages, splashing in the water quite heedless of alligators, greet the incoming

steamer with frantic shouts, while the native women appear at their doors, eager to see any stranger who may arrive. Slowly the features of the great city define themselves: the Church of the Assumption, Oriental Hotel, French consulate, Custom-House, Post-Office, English consulate, Calvary Church, and, finally, an old fort built by the engineers of Louis XIV. in the days when Bangkok belonged to France by authentic treaty. Next, the walls of the royal city come in view, enclosing numberless pagodas, high pyramids with decorations of porcelain and enamels, and the palace of the king glittering with gold. The many-colored tiles that cover these graceful and fancifully shaped structures give a marvellous effect in the sunshine, and the fairy-like palace, surrounded by temples above which innumerable towers and minarets pierce the air like golden arrows, produces an extraordinary effect. The clustered roofs give the impression of a verdant prairie or a field of rice ripening in the sun, and the whole scene is one of the most exquisite harmony, unmarred by a single discordant note of form or color.

Twenty years ago the only route leading into the city was by the river Menam. Roads were an unknown luxury in Bangkok as well as throughout the whole kingdom, and all travelling was done by water. When the king or any of the grand dignitaries of the realm left their boats they were carried in palanquins. To-day broad avenues lead from the suburbs into the royal city, which is entered through monumental gates surmounted by pyramids, the white silhouettes of which stand dazzlingly out against the blue of the sky. The palace, which is built in form of a rectangle, covers a large site. It faces the Barracks Square, where the royal festivals which the king provides for his subjects are held each year, and where the Phra-Men, or monumental crematory, is built on the occasion of the death of a king.

Two tall doors of teakwood give entrance to a vast court, in the centre of which is placed a tall flagstaff flying the colors of Siam. A few untidy militiamen, seated on tabourets or stretched on the ground, chat with each other as they smoke innumerable cigarettes and glance indifferently at the natives who enter the place. The appearance of a European visitor, however, rouses these sentinels from their torpor, and they all fall upon the stranger's permit, with one accord, to see if it

bears the signature of "De-va-vong"—that is to say, the minister of foreign affairs.

Upon this outer court of the palace—which is always crowded—open various public offices, the stalls of the sacred white elephants, and the huge royal pagoda, Vat Prakeo. The

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF SIAM.

Siamese bureaucrats, like their European colleagues, consider it very bad form to reach their offices on time. There is always a preliminary saunter along the Menam, with a breakfast of shark's fin or alligator steak at some ambulant Chinese cook-shop before beginning the day's work.

The business of the day seems to consist, for the most part, in chewing betel and drinking tea from microscopic cups, although a few rare workers may be seen tearing their hair over documents in English or French, the words of which are scarcely understood by them.

The court is thronged with pious natives who have come to prostrate themselves before the sacred white elephants and offer to these animals the sugar-canes that have often been brought from a long distance. Yellow clad talapoins, with shaven heads and eye-brows, move impassively through the court, on their way to the palace to beg their daily portion of fish and rice, which they place in the traditional kettle always carried about with them. These priests are privileged characters, being usually

sons of princes or mandarins of high rank, and they receive their daily bread from the hands of the King himself, or from those of his sons who, following the Siamese custom, spend a year or two of their adolescence in residence in the royal pagoda.

These talapoins enter unchallenged the inner, granite-paved court, in which the royal palace proper—that is to say, the part of the palace actually occupied by the King—is situated. But the entrance of strangers is instantly barred by two Siamese officers, who require a second exhibition of the pass from the minister of foreign affairs and who examine this pass with an air of suspicion. These officers, who are called *maha-leks*, are the body-guards of the King. They are all men of noble birth, and are the recipients of so many royal favors that they are regarded with much disfavor by the other troops of his Majesty Chulalongkorn's army. These body-guards are easily recognizable by their magnificent uniforms and the black helmets which are rakishly poised over their beardless faces.

Our swords seemed to cause the Siamese officers much disquietude, and we were invited to surrender them before entering the palace; but, following the example of an English officer who had preceded us, we refused emphatically to do so.

The palace, which was, unfortunately, planned by a European, is not a pure example of Siamese architecture. This style, however, has been used exclusively in the roof, which is a masterpiece of the national architecture. Two flights of steps lead from the palace entrance to a large antechamber into which open several salons and the magnificent throne-room, where formal receptions are held.

Upon the walls of this room are hung priceless yellow silk parasols embroidered in gold, and ancient armor studded with precious stones. The ceiling is of glass, that no one may walk above his Majesty's head, and from this glass ceiling is hung a huge crystal chandelier that figured prominently at the Exposition of 1878. In the four corners are trees of gold and silver, a tribute from the people of Laos. At the end of the room, on a slightly elevated platform, stands a golden chair surmounted by the royal nine-story parasol. The King sits upon this throne wearing a sextuple crown, clad in a robe of rich brocade embroidered in jewels. Upon his feet are golden sandals sparkling with priceless diamonds. Massive golden vases containing

red cabbage, areca and betel leaves, are placed on a table near the throne, and two cuspidors, also of gold, stand conveniently near.

Formerly, it was required of visitors to approach the throne on hands and knees, and it was forbidden, on pain of death, to look upon the face of the King. An ambassador of Louis XIV. was the first to refuse to submit to such humiliation, and now foreigners and native mandarins are permitted to stand in the royal presence, but only representatives of other nations are allowed to retain their swords in the throne-room. When the reception is ended all visitors leave the room walking backward.

Adjoining the throne-room are the private apartments of the King and the First Queen. No European has ever been admitted to these rooms, and the descriptions of the Siamese, like those of other Orientals, require a liberal discount. But it would seem that these apartments contain a motley collection of furniture, and the costliest products of native art find themselves on terms of intimacy with music boxes and fancy clocks imported from Germany. The upholstery and hangings of these rooms are of yellow silk, the sacred color reserved for the use of the King and the talapoins alone.

Separate buildings are occupied by the Second Queen, the Third Queen, and the King's concubines and children. An attempt has been made to transform the beautiful gardens of the palace into a miniature universe containing objects from every quarter of the globe, and offering so many diversions as to make the wives and daughters of the King forget that they are, in reality, prisoners. A bazaar, presided over by women slaves, has also been provided, that the women of the seraglio may purchase anything desired without leaving the palace.

His Majesty Chulalongkorn possesses at least five or six hundred wives. The Siamese consider it a great honor to have a daughter admitted to the King's harem, and openly boast of the distinction thus conferred upon them. The fate of the unfortunate women who are thus honored is far from enviable, however. They are forbidden to see their parents and only the King has the right to speak to them. If, by any chance, a woman of the seraglio succeeds in bringing about some romantic adventure, she is sewed alive into a leather bag and thrown into the river the very day she is found out. If her

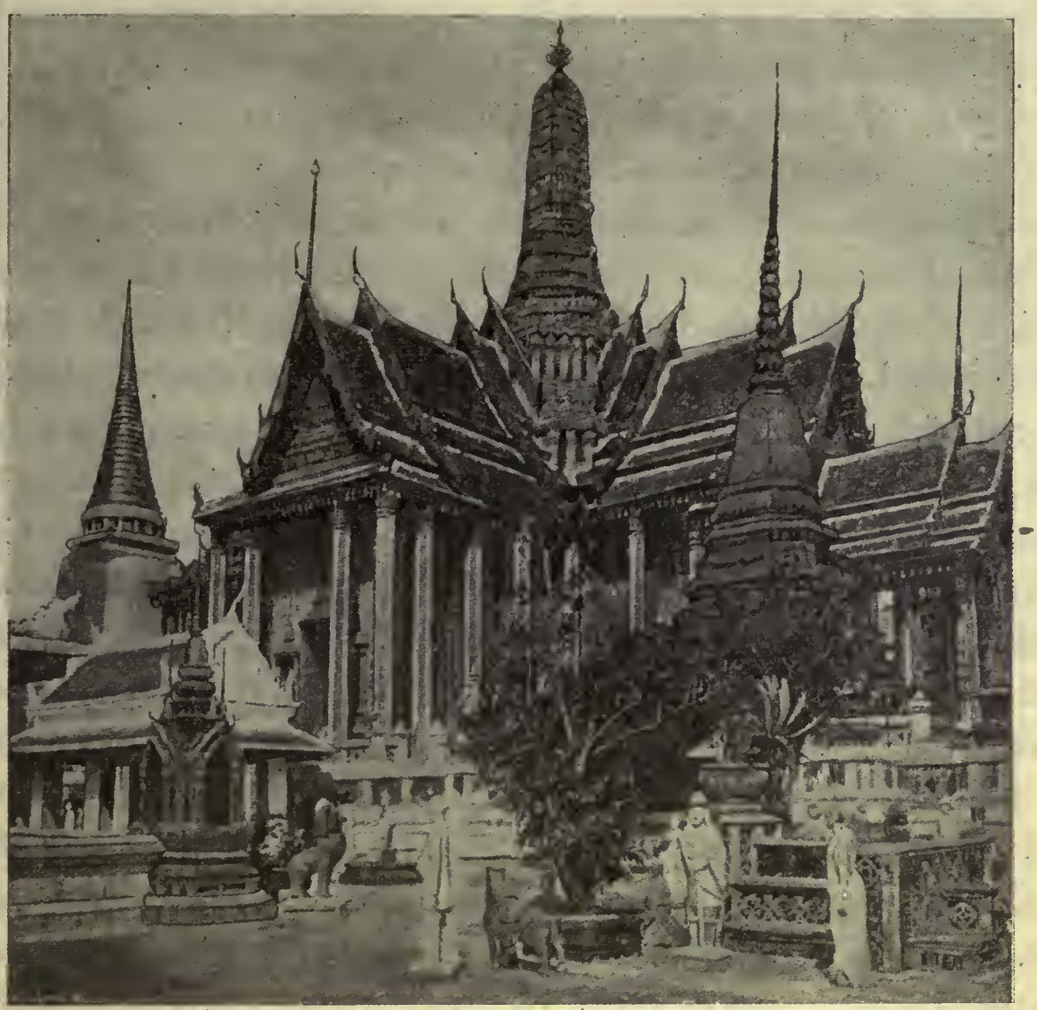
accomplice is of noble family, he is beaten to death with a sandalwood rod; a mandarin of low degree, or a man of the people, is instantly impaled.

The chief diversion of Chulalongkorn's wives is to present their offerings to Buddha in the beautiful pagoda of the palace, Vat Maha Tat, where the golden urns containing the ashes of departed kings are preserved. This building, although rather small, is one of the finest examples of Siamese architecture. It is in form of a Greek cross, with a quintuple roof surmounted by a spire of indescribable delicacy. A foundation of white marble supports the gold-lacquered walls, the porch is upheld by wonderful enamelled pillars, and vermilioned scrolls wreath the pediment that flashes with gold and enamel. The doors, which are marvellously carved, have two panels, lacquered and encrusted with mother-of-pearl. Within the pagoda are magnificent paintings representing the Brahman heaven and other sacred scenes. The steps to the altar are almost hidden by candles, cakes of wax, statuettes, Chinese vases, little elephants made of ivory, and gold and silver paper. A Buddha, wonderfully carved from rock-crystal, occupies the place of honor, his neck encircled with a collar of rubies and a crown of diamonds on his head.

FRESCO OF VAT MAHA TAT.

On leaving this temple one is confronted by two gigantic granite statues, measuring at least twenty-six feet in height, which guard the entrance to the huge pagoda Vat Prakeo. These sentinels have the most repulsive faces, well calculated to inspire horror and drive away the profane.

It is impossible to imagine anything more magnificently beautiful than the buildings that compose the Vat Prakeo: verandas, roofs, stairways, pylons, pyramids, all covered with gold and enamel. The temples are surrounded by superb terraces adorned with kiosks, balustrades, vases of rare flowers, elephants and buffaloes hewn from granite, marble statuary, and



ROYAL PAGODA OF VAT PRAKEO.

fantastic bronze lions. In the resplendent Asiatic sunshine the eyes are completely dazzled by a display of color and magnificence which exceeds the limits of imagination and the maddest dreams.

A great rectangular gallery which surrounds the pagoda contains a series of frescoes representing the principal events in the religious and secular history of the people of Siam. The whole story of Buddha's life has been depicted upon these walls by artists who have given a most realistic character to the various scenes. The king under whose supervision the work was executed was so well pleased with the result that he had the artists immediately buried alive beneath the entrance to the pagoda, in order that their souls might go directly to Buddha and describe to him the magnificence of this temple built in his honor.

In the centre of this group of temples is the principal building, which is called the "Bot." This is surmounted by a triple roof made of tiles, so highly varnished as to be positively painful to the sight. A monumental door of precious wood, with mother-of-pearl encrustation even more delicate than that on

the doors of the Vat Maha Tat, gives access to the Bot, in the dim recesses of which an immense altar is scarcely visible until the keepers of the pagoda open the blinds and flood with sunlight this treasury of incalculable riches.

Antique porcelains, vases of cloisonné, delicately woven wreaths of artificial flowers, golden candlesticks, censers of carved silver and exquisitely modelled statuettes are found on the altar, mingled with cheap European trinkets. Above all this confusion of offerings towers the placid face of the famous statue of Buddha, carved upon an emerald which was taken from the people of Laos by the liberator of Siam, the Chinese Phaya-Tak. It is whispered by the sceptical that this so-called emerald is simply jasper, but the height of the altar is so great that it is impossible to verify the nature of the stone.

Trees of gold and silver spread out their priceless leaves to form a unique background for the statues of Buddha, which are placed at either side of the altar. These statues are six feet in height, and the heads are adorned with the seven-fold hieratic crown, while the hands, which are turned, palms outward, toward the faithful, have their fingers literally covered with diamond rings.

Everywhere in the temple one notices silver cuspidors, a very necessary precaution in this country where men, women, and even queens chew betel constantly. This habit is so strongly fixed upon the Siamese that a young native princess, who was educated in England and had returned to Siam as the wife of one of the King's ministers, was obliged, in spite of her repugnance, to adopt this national custom, since the First Queen refused to receive a "pale mouthed" subject with teeth "as white as a dog's."

A stay of four or five hours is too short to see more than the beginning of the treasures of this enchanted palace.

The visitor's sensation of utter amazement is emphasized by an unexpected sound that greets his ears on leaving the palace. In the square an excellent native band, under the direction of a European leader, is playing the familiar music of "Faust." The cymbals, tomtoms, and horns of old Siam have been vanquished by Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns, and it is a great surprise to find that the music of these composers is rendered more artistically in the band-stand at Bangkok than in many of our provincial theatres.

There is an interesting audience grouped in front of the palace. Native women, wearing a sort of tunic over which is draped a gorgeous scarf, elbow their compatriots and cast curious glances at the Europeans who are listening religiously to the music. And Siamese officers, tightly encased in white jackets elaborately trimmed with gold lace, and wearing white stockings drawn smoothly up over their calves, strut up and down, visibly proud when they detect a glance of admiration. When the crowd grows weary of standing it disposes itself lazily on the lawn about the palace where the King's horses are usually pastured; but at the first notes of the Siamese national hymn, which was composed by Lulli at the request of one of the kings, all the natives rise to their feet, while the members of the band turn their faces toward the palace. Thus the concert is brought to a close in the midst of profound silence on the part of the audience.

Near the palace is a long, narrow alley bordered by two rows of shops, the low roofs of which almost meet overhead. This alley, which is called the Talat, or market-place, was formerly the only street in Bangkok. It is too narrow to admit of the passage of even a hand-cart, and the slippery pavement is covered with a viscous, black mud that has a most deplorable effect upon the white garments so universally worn. But, in spite of its filth, this quarter is well worth a visit from the traveller who wishes to see the native unspoiled by foreign contact. Here, at a distance of only a few hundred feet from the homes of Europeans, one finds one's self in the very heart of the Orient, surrounded by its theatres and opium-dens, and listening to the cries of coolies, the beating of tomtoms, and the sound of petards. Famished curs bark furiously and show a decided preference for European legs; merchants hawk their wares; lepers pass by unnoticed; interminable processions block the way.

In this narrow street Hindoo or Parsee merchants sell arms, mirrors encrusted with mother-of-pearl, and porcelain vases that they call antique. Malay merchants display valuable China plates, gold and silver trinkets, brass vases and bracelets of great value; and the proprietors of restaurant carts set up their cooking-stoves in the midst of the thoroughfare. Adjoining an open-air theatre is a gambling house, and show-cases replete with Buddhas in all forms and sizes are everywhere, while

Chinese hair-dressers ply their trade in the street, artfully arranging their compatriots' queues.

Near Talat is the pagoda of Vat Xetuphon, famous for the gigantic statue of Buddha which it contains. This statue is one hundred and fifty feet in length and represents the god in a recumbent position, with his whole history carved upon the soles of his feet. Some too credulous travellers have asserted that the statue is of pure gold, but only a very slight examination is necessary to prove that it is made of brick with only a very thin covering of gold. One of the most beautiful of all the sacred edifices is the Vat Bovoranivet. It is to this pagoda that all male children of the King are sent, when they are about twelve years of age, to be vested in the yellow robe of the talapoins and to study the "pali," or sacred language of the Buddhists. This entrance to the pagoda is always attended with great pomp, and foreigners who were in Bangkok in 1891 will never forget the elaborate festivities that marked the admission of the Crown Prince to the Vat Bovoranivet. It is customary, in Siam, for all male children to spend a year or two in a pagoda under the instruction of the talapoins, but the children of the common people are practically employed as servants in the pagodas, where they learn few lessons save those of idleness and immorality.

A Famous Palm.

The palace of the "Vang-Na," or Second King, is also situated in the royal city, and was, twenty years ago, one of the most interesting sights at Bangkok. At the present time it is in ruins. Sun and rain beat in through the broken roof upon tall golden chariots that once figured in all public ceremonies beside the chariot of the First King; and sumptuous boats, of great size, hewn from a single tree trunk, are mouldering away among rusty mortars and unused cannon. A small

portion of the palace has been restored and converted into a museum by a French physician, and this alone remains to tell the tale of former glory.

The last Second King of Siam, whose office was practically that of regent of the realm, revolted against the actual King of Siam, and took refuge at Singapore when he saw that defeat was certain. His followers were reduced to slavery, or condemned to cut grass for the sacred elephants for the remainder of their lives, and a few of the leaders were put to death with the most cruel tortures.

A few years later Chulalongkorn met his former colleague at the residence of the governor of Singapore and insisted upon the fugitive's return. The old differences were long ago forgotten, his Majesty said, and the Second King's palace was waiting to welcome its master. But the Second King, good Siamese that he was, had his own suspicions about such fine protestations of forgiveness and friendship, and declined the invitation. His suspicions were verified four or five years afterward when, in accordance with his dying request, his body was carried back to Siam to be there cremated, for the King refused to allow any funeral honors to be paid to the rebel and threw the bones into the Menam after first exposing them to the vultures.

Besides the pagodas of the royal city there are innumerable other temples which the King must visit every year. Some of these pagodas are poor in possessions and quite lacking in interest, but the oldest and most original of them, Vat Cheng, is well worth a visit. The building is the highest in the city, and is especially imposing with its *phra chedi*—the gold of which is scarcely tarnished by time—its bold spires that seem almost to pierce the sky, and the multicolored windows of its pylons glittering in the sun.

The pagoda was built more than a century ago by Phya-Tak as a memorial of his victory over the Burmese, and it occupies a vast site in the centre of which towers a quadrangular pyramid two hundred feet in height.

Beneath this pyramid, which dominates the whole city, are buried precious relics of Buddha. Each one of its four faces is furnished with a stairway, by means of which it is possible to climb two-thirds of the distance to the top, and three circular galleries, placed at equal distances, offer a resting place where

PAGODA OF VAT CHENG.

the weary climber may pause to take breath and admire the magnificent view which is spread out before his eyes.

From the ground to the first gallery one sees nothing but grinning genii and hideous granite gods. Mosaics of porcelain —quite remarkable considering the fact that they are made entirely of broken cups—adorn the second and third galleries, which are reached by almost perpendicular steps. Above the third gallery there is an enormous white elephant with three heads, a symbol of the triple incarnation of Buddha.

From this point there is a marvellous view. The city with its pagodas and fairy palaces stretches out as far as eye can reach, while at one's feet flows the Menam, into which the numberless arroyos that play the part of sewers are seen to empty. The noises from the arsenal before which the royal fleet is anchored greet the ear, and, if the day is clear, one may just distinguish in the distance the beautiful pagoda and the strong fortifications of Paknam, which guard the mouth of the river.

The descent of the Vat Cheng is not only difficult but dangerous, and it is wise to go down backwards, clinging to any projecting stone or shrub that offers. The pagoda is very

much neglected and begins to show signs of the ruin which threatens it in the near future. This ruin will be an irreparable loss to the city, for the Vat Cheng is the only remaining example of the architecture of the ancient Kahmers, and its huge proportions and interesting features of construction inspire profound respect for the civilization and scientific knowledge attained by a race that has now almost entirely disappeared. Modern Siamese artists, despairing of rivalling their predecessors, content themselves with beautiful rather than grand achievements.

The great city of Bangkok is full of the most violent contrasts. Marvellous temples almost at the doors of which are miserable huts built of dried mud and palm-leaves; unspeakably beautiful objects mingled with the most vulgar European bric-a-brac; a majestic river in which muddy canals deposit rubbish of every kind. This very incoherence makes the city a faithful image of Oriental civilization, in which the king absorbs all the riches of the land, consenting to share them only with the god of whom he is, in the eyes of his subjects, the living incarnation.

NOTE —According to the last computation the number of Roman Catholic churches in Siam is 68. Five of these are in the city of Bangkok and the others are spread throughout the interior. Generally speaking, there is a school attached to each station or church, and the total number of schools is 73. These schools contain 4,777 pupils. The principal educational institutions under the Roman Catholic Mission are Assumption College (420 pupils), the Convent School (130 pupils), and the College of the Sacred Heart (62 pupils). The whole number of Roman Catholics in Siam is about 32,000. And these are under the direction of 2 Bishops, say 38 Fathers, 6 Sisters, and several Brothers of St. Gabriel.

The number of Protestant Christian churches in Siam is 29. Five of these are in the city of Bangkok and the others are spread throughout the country. These churches comprise an actual strength of 2,945 active members.—*Hon. Hamilton King, United States Minister to Siam.*

CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF DANTE.

BY A. C. STORER.

" Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song ! "

—*Longfellow on the " Divina Commedia."* *

THE student who would hope to even partially fathom the character of Dante Alighieri must study not merely the general conditions of the time wherein he lived, but the specific conditions which tended to form his intense and many-sided nature. These latter conditions, though but broadly outlined for posterity by the poet himself and by contemporaneous testimony, are yet so clearly defined as to show with convincing certainty the relations between his strangely contrasted dual life—outwardly marked by sorrow and strife, hopes baffled, ideals unrealized—inwardly " so crowned and mitred o'er himself " † by the searching discipline that his influence for ever endures, showing unto other men how they too may attain with him

" That perfect pardon which is perfect peace." ‡

Born at Florence in May, 1265, of a noble family adhering to the Guelph party, Dante, when but a boy of nine, first beheld the child, Beatrice Portinari,

" . . . that youngest of God's angels," §

whose coming into his life colored all its after course.

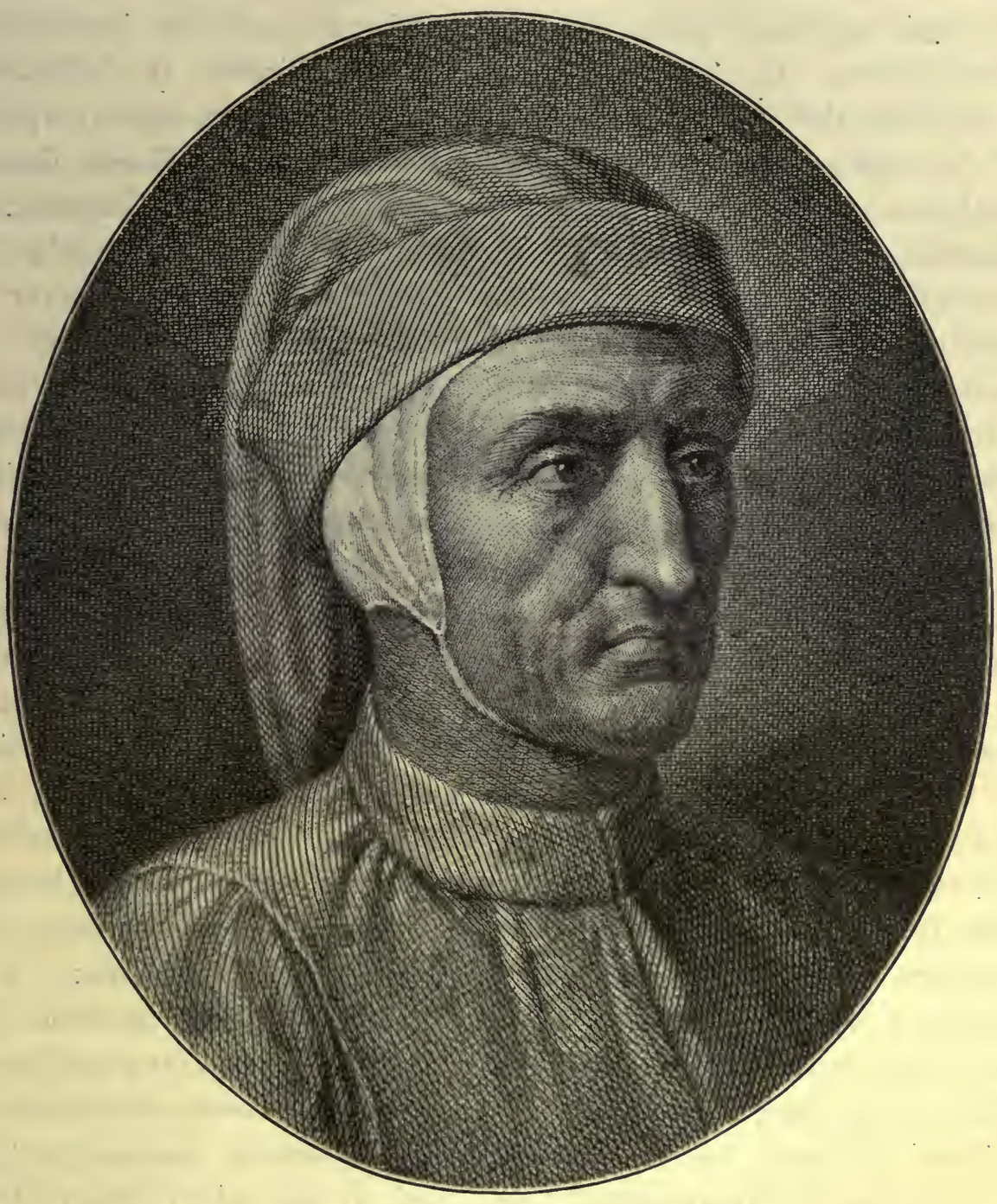
" Already in my sight was she
Who from the hearing of aught else had shut me ! " ‖

* The translations of the *Commedia* used are by Longfellow.

† *Purgatorio*, xxvii. 142. ‡ Longfellow, *loc. cit.* § *Vita Nuova.*

‖ . . . negli occhi m'era
Quella ch'ad altro 'ntender m'avea chiuso."
—*Purgatorio*, xxxii. 92.

Cf. Paradiso, xxi. 1–3.



DANTE ALIGHIERI.

The elder Alighieri's death in the following year tended, as could no other event, to deepen the thoughtful lad's nature and develop at an early age those fundamental qualities of self-control and self-reliance so strikingly evident throughout his varied life. Under the wise guidance of his mother, Donna Bella, he received the most liberal primary education obtainable in those days, and in due course of time passed on to the great universities of Padua, Bologna, and Paris, there to master several languages and acquire a range of learning justly styled by his biographers encyclopædic.

While Dante's great mental gifts were developed and disciplined by study, undoubtedly the scholarly atmosphere surrounding him at Florence, whither he returned after his univer-

sity training, had quite as much influence on his intellectual development. In Florence, then as now *Firenze la bellissima*, he became the friend and companion of the very master spirits of the age,—men of such varied attainments as Guido Cavalcanti, the philosopher; Brunetto Latini, the poet; Casella, the musician; and Giotto and Cimabue. There also was laid the foundation of that intimate knowledge of human character so strikingly evident throughout all his writings, for within her walls life's extremest contrasts met,—all that is noblest, all that is lowest,—no changing phase of the great city's life, the great city's *Commedia*, escaping the eagle eye and sensitive brain destined to fix their lineaments for all time in "the mystic unfathomable song."

As a "novice in arms" Dante fought at Campaldino,* and later assisted at the siege of Caprona.† Soon after his return to Florence from these military engagements Beatrice Portinari, who had become the wife of Simone dei Bardi, died, the passing of "that most gentle one"—*questa gentilissima*‡—plunging the poet into the most profound grief. His subsequent marriage with Gemma dei Donati, though blessed with a large family, does not appear to have brought him happiness. With his marriage Dante's political career began. Boccaccio says: "The care of a family drew him to that of the Republic, in which he was so soon enveloped by the vain honors which are conjoined with public office that, without perceiving whence he came or whither he went, he abandoned himself almost entirely to the occupations of government." In 1300, at the age of thirty-five, "in the midway of the journey of his life,"—*nel mezzo del cammin di nostra (sua) vita*,§—he was elected one of the six priori, or chief magistrates of Florence, an election from which, as he himself declares, "my ills and my troubles all had occasion and beginning,—an election of which, though I was not worthy in respect of wisdom, yet I was not unworthy in fidelity and age."‖ Political factions ran high and fiercely at the time, and the contest between the Neri under Corso Donati and the Bianchi under Vieri Cerchi finally reached such a climax of fury that His Holiness Pope Boniface VIII., finding his best efforts as peacemaker were unavailing and that strong measures were now

* Aretino quotes a letter of Dante in which he says: "I felt much fear, but in the end the greatest pleasure from the various changes of the fight."

† *Inferno*, xxi. 95. ‡ *Vita Nuova*, xxix. § *Inferno*, i. 1.

‖ From a letter cited by the historian, Leonardo Bruni.

necessary, called upon Charles of Valois to restore order in Florence.

The Holy Father's intention being learned in Florence, Dante was at once sent to Rome by the Bianchi to protest against the threatened French interference. Although unable to dissuade Pope Boniface from his purpose, this first visit to the Eternal City, in the year of Jubilee 1300, was not without mighty consequences. On Dante's return to Florence, bearing the Holy Father's unfavorable decision, the Bianchi were thrown into a state of absolute dismay, and, as pre-eminently their ablest representative, he was again sent, with two companions, on a suppliant mission to Rome. From this second embassy he was never to return to Florence. Immediately after the delegates' departure, Corso Donati forced his way into the city, threw open its gates to Valois, and the Neri seized the reins of government. One of their first acts was to accuse the absent Bianchi of pecuniary dishonesty while in office, and to sentence them to the payment of a heavy fine and perpetual exclusion from all offices of state. Dante scorned even to deny the baseless charge, and a second sentence was pronounced condemning the accused to be burned alive if taken within the boundaries of the Florentine republic. During the nineteen years of mortal life remaining to him, those sad yet fruitful years which gave the *Commedia* to posterity, Dante wandered from one petty Ghibelline court to another in Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna, learning by bitter experience how piteous a thing it is to

> ". . . abandon everything beloved
> Most tenderly: this the arrow is
> Which first the bow of banishment shoots forth.
> . . . how savoreth of salt
> The bread of others, and how hard a road
> The going up and down another's stairs." *

His own words best describe the wandering, homeless life to which he was henceforth condemned. "After it had pleased the citizens of that most fair and favored daughter of Rome,

* "Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
Più caramente: e questo è quello strale,
Che l'arco dell' esilio pria saetta.
Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere, e 'l salia per l'altrui scale." —*Paradiso*, xvii. 55–60.

Florence, to cast me forth from her sweet bosom, where I was brought up to the prime of life, and where, with all peace to her, I long with all my heart to rest my weary soul and finish the time allotted to me, I have passed through almost all the regions to which this language extends, a wanderer, almost a beggar, displaying against my will the stroke of fortune, which is ofttimes wont unjustly to be imputed to the person stricken. Truly I have been a ship without sail or helm, carried about to divers harbors, gulfs, and shores, by that parching wind which sad poverty breathes." * Yet longing as he did with all the ardor of his impassioned soul to return to Florence, that

". . . fair sheep-fold where a lamb I slumbered," †

yearning for the dear ties of home and friends and kindred, never once did this immovable Dante, this *enduring one*,‡ swerve from his high purpose to forego all flesh and blood count dear rather than be false to his soul's ideals. In 1316 he was offered a safe return to Florence on condition of paying a fine and publicly acknowledging his criminality. His spirited reply to this proposition, conveyed to the Florentine authorities through a religious, evidently a kinsman, is, as Mr. Lowell says, "still hot, after these five centuries, with indignant scorn." § "Is this, then, the glorious fashion of Dante Alighieri's recall to his country after suffering exile for well-nigh three lustres? (over fifteen years). Is this the due recompense of his innocence manifest to all? This the fruit of his abundant sweat and toil endured in study? . . . This, Father, is not the way to return to my country; but if by you or by another there can be found another way that shall not derogate from Dante's fame and honor, readily will I thereto betake myself. But if by no honorable way can entrance be found into Florence there will I never enter. What? Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and the stars? Can I not under every climate of heaven meditate the all sweet truths, except I first make myself a man of no glory, but rather of ignominy in the face of the people and city of Florence? Nor shall I want for bread." ‖ Thus nobly and immovably resolved, Dante lived on in exile till in September, 1321, being attacked by a grave

* *Convito*, i. 3. † "Del bello ovile, ovio dormii aquello," *Paradiso*, xxv. 5.

‡ A literal translation of the name Durante, of which Dante is a contraction.

§ J. R. Lowell, *Among my Books*, second series, p. 15.

‖ *Epis. Amico Florentino.* Letter cited by Maria Francesca Rossetti: *The Shadow of Dante.*

malady, he passed onward in such gentle, humble wise as he had himself said should be the manner of all great souls' departure hence. "Natural death is, as it were, a haven and rest to us after long navigation. And the noble soul is like a good mariner; for he, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails and enters it softly with feeble steerage." * Boccaccio relates that "after he had humbly and devoutly received all the last holy sacraments according to the rites of the church, and had made his peace with God, he gave back his weary soul to his Creator," to the unfailing, infinite Love Divine whereof he had sung so faithfully and to such high purpose,—"the Love which moves the sun and all the stars"—*l'Amor che muove il Sole e l'altre stelle.*†

To attempt to analyze, however imperfectly, a human character is always a difficult task, and becomes all the more so when the nature under consideration is so many sided as that of

> "Dante stern
> And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
> For wine and milk poured out in turn." ‡

Still, the personality of the great poet is as indelibly reflected in the *Commedia* as are the events of his outward life, and turning to its pages we may hope to learn something at least of that nature's depth and earnestness.

No one can enter into even the most superficial study of the *Commedia* without becoming immediately convinced that its author was an idealist in all things; in his ideal love for Beatrice, in his utopian dream of the Holy Roman Empire,—above all, in ever living as he did in a silent ideal world of his own even while engaged in the avocations of practical life. In so brief a paper it is impossible to even touch upon Dante's political ideals; but his ideal love for Beatrice must be considered at length in order to understand how completely that exalted passion took possession of his life. From their very first meeting as children in her father's home, Beatrice is to him of a nature more than human, "the glorious lady of his mind" as of his heart—*la gloriosa donna della miamente* §—through whom he raises himself "above the common herd," ‖ and who, ever teaching him to love virtue,¶ leads him in the fullest sense

* *Convito*, iv. 28, quoting Cicero.
† *Paradiso*, xxxiii. 145.
‡ E. B. Browning, *A Vision of Poets*.
§ *Vita Nuova*, i.
‖ *Inferno*, ii. 105.
¶ *Purgatorio*, xxx. 123.

from "slavery unto freedom," * unto that freedom which is "the glorious liberty of the children of God."† Yet there are degrees in the spiritual development of this sublimated devotion. During her life the thought of "this most gentle one"—*questa gentilissima* ‡—is ever with him, shielding from evil, from temptation; but it is only after the death of Beatrice that the vision of her as "the true praise of God"—*loda di Dio vera* §—comes to be life of his life, becomes the inspiration not merely to holiness but the inspiration of holiness itself, so completely does Dante's love for Beatrice become spiritualized, so wholly is she to him "the brightness of eternal light, the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of his goodness." ‖ "As St. Francis worshipped God in nature and called upon the sun, moon, and stars to give him honor, so Dante saw in Beatrice a creature of the Divine goodness and beauty, and gave glory to God in her." ¶ How impossible for one thus mastered by an ideal love to find his soul's strength and inspiration in an uncongenial marriage! Poor Gemma Donati! We can well believe that in her practical eyes all that made life luminous for Dante was folly indeed; the ideal world where Beatrice held sway, the world of the schools and philosophers for ever luring this mystic dreamer from the performance of his parental duties and from the administration of his property.** .

When Beatrice died, Dante in the first passion of his grief vowed "to say of her that which never yet was said of any (woman)." †† Yet years passed and he seemed unmindful of his vow. He was attracted by the allurements of life; he married, held high offices; he fought, argued, contended—outwardly his life was all of the world worldly. What crucial event was it which brought back the old high hopes and high resolves, which suddenly arrested his progress "half way upon the road

* *Paradiso*, xxxi. 85. † Romans viii. 21. ‡ *Vita Nuova*, xxix. § *Inferno*, ii. 103.

‖ Book of Wisdom, vii. 26, as quoted by Dante, *Convito*, iii. 15.

¶ F. Hettinger, *Dante's Divina Commedia: Its Scope and Value*, p. 16.

** The only woman's view of Dante's home-life known to the compiler may be quoted in this connection. Josefa von Hoffinger closes her loving and sympathetic tribute *To Dante's Wife* with words many a student of the great idealist will fervently re-echo:

> "Yes, thou brave woman, mother of his sons,
> 'Twas thine to know the weight of daily care;
> 'Twas thine to understand those piteous tones,
> Thine much to suffer, all in silence bear;
> How great thy grief, thy woes how manifold,
> God only knows—of them no song hath told."

†† *Vita Nuova*, xliii. —*Plumptre's translation:*

of life," * and showed him to have lost the right path, to be drifting alike from Beatrice and from the Good Supreme she symbolized to him? Six centuries have passed since the period of time we are considering, but we who have so recently lived through a century's culmination, a year of Jubilee, do not wonder that this turning point in Dante's career is found to correspond with the date of his first embassy to Rome, in the year of Jubilee 1300. Ever loving the Church of Christ so intensely as did this fiery and passionate soul, it was natural perhaps that now and later he should cry out in unmeasured terms against the evils disgracing the lives of certain ones among her clergy. Still, we find in studying the *Commedia*, as in studying all the writings of Dante, "when true to his higher instincts, the distinction between the Church, the holy and the pure, the Bride of the Eternal Bridegroom, and the accidents of unworthy lives, hard, unfeeling lives—worse still, luxurious lives—comes out in verse and prose as clearly as it could be expressed by any Father of the church, or seen by the loyal heart of any child of the church then or now or ever." † Therefore it was that, as a faithful Catholic, Dante, while responding to the Jubilee's summons to repentance and renewal of life, was stirred to the very depths of his soul by the moving sights about him; the great multitudes, one in the Faith with him as they are one with us to-day, pouring into the Eternal City from every country in Christendom, stirred by the eloquent associations of Rome's holy places,—her glorious churches, the tombs of the Apostles and the martyrs, the hallowed passages of her subterranean city where the early Christians lived their crucified, prayerful lives and fell asleep so joyfully in our Lord. All the blessed influences of the Jubilee time—outward and those of the spirit—worked mightily upon the sensitive soul of Dante and bore fruit not alone in his life, but in that great poem, truly "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," ‡ which, if written primarily to make the name of Beatrice immortal, nobly fulfils a far loftier purpose, that of showing unto all generations the "way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual

* *Inferno*, i. 1.

† Rev. G. McDermot, C.S.P., "Dante's Theory of Papal Politics," *Catholic World Magazine*, June, 1897.

‡ Milton's definition of enduring literature in the *Areopagitica*.

dwelling-place and fortress of our nature," * Dante himself bears evidence to his peculiarly sensitive nature, which, in an unusual degree, was given to assimilating surrounding influences.

"What became I, who by my nature am
Exceeding mutable in every guise." †

Living as he did in the age of the Friars, when all men regarded nature with the eyes of Faith, he proves himself on countless occasions not merely a lover of nature for its own sake, but a Franciscan nature-lover, or rather a Catholic nature-lover, who with enlightened spiritual discernment looks beneath her manifold outward loveliness and beholds so many witnesses to the "Goodness Divine that doth imprint the world," ‡—our Father Almighty, from whom cometh "every best gift, and every perfect gift"—"*Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriæ tuæ.*"

"The glory of Him who moveth everything
Doth penetrate the universe, and shine
In one part more and in another less." §

Again, Dante's wide classical knowledge bears the impress of the time wherein he lived. From the very first ages, but especially during the thirteenth century, the church encouraged the study of the classics,—"to show the truths which even heathen philosophy could discover, and what great deeds heathen heroes in the natural order could perform," ‖ as she regarded antiquity "in its degree like the old dispensation, both by likeness and contrast, 'a schoolmaster' leading to Christ, and as such it appears in the *Commedia.*" ¶

So, too, Dante's exalted conception of womankind, as shown by his reverence for those "three blessed ladies," ** Beatrice, St. Lucy, and our Blessed Mother, may be mentioned as another trait in his character, due, no doubt, in great measure, to the formative tendencies of his particular age.

The influence of Catholic teaching upon the poet is also seen in the special bent characterizing his love for the fine arts.

* J. R. Lowell, essay on Dante, *Among my Books*, second series, p. 124.

† "Io, che pur di mia natura
Trasmutabile son per tutte guise." —*Paradiso*, v. 98.

‡ "La divina bontà, che 'l mondo imprenta," *Ibid.*, vii. 109.

§ "La gloria di colui, che tutto muove,
Per l'universo penetra, e risplende
In una parte, più, e meno altrove." —*Ibid.*, i. 1.

‖ Hettinger, *loc. cit.* ¶ *Ibid.* ** *Inferno*, ii. 124.

One of the most charming passages in the *Vita Nuova* describes his painting, on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death, an angel "from her image as stamped upon my memory"; * the marvellous use of color introduced in the description of the triple stairs,—symbols of contrition, confession, and satisfaction,—leading to the first terrace of Purgatory,† and still more strikingly employed in celebrating the triumph of the church; ‡ the figures of Humility sculptured along the wall of the First Circle of Purgatory,—beginning with our sweetest, holiest example, the Virgin Mary wrapt in reverent adoration before the Angel's greeting, "Hail, full of grace!" § the images of rebellious Pride on the pavement which the proud of heart, bowed beneath heavy burdens, are forced to gaze upon; ‖ these and countless other instances reveal an artist's power.

No strain of music is heard in the *Inferno*, but throughout the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* passages abound showing Dante's sensitive appreciation for the highest forms of music. He never wearies in dwelling in imagination on the Hosannas of the Angels. In the *Purgatorio's* exquisite paraphrase of the *Pater Noster* the angels sing Hosannas while they do God's will:

> "Even as thine own Angels of their will
> Make sacrifice to Thee, Hosannas singing,
> So may all men make sacrifice of theirs." ¶

The frequent allusions to the hymns and psalms and offices of Mother Church show how dear they were to Dante's Catholic mind. One of the souls in the Ante Purgatory sings the *Salve Regina* and then joins in the Compline hymn:

> "*Te lucis ante* so devoutly issued
> Forth from its mouth, and with such dulcet notes
> It made me issue forth from my own mind.
> And then the others sweetly and devoutly
> Accompanied it through all the hymn entire
> Having their eyes on the supernal wheels." **

* *Vita Nuova*, xxxv. † *Purgatorio*, ix. 94. ‡ *Ibid.*, xxix. § *Ibid.*, x. ‖ *Ibid.*, xii. 64.

¶ "Come del suo voler gli Angeli tuoi
Fan sacrificio a te, cantando Osanna,
Così facciano gli uomini de' suoi." —*Purgatorio*, xi. 10.

** *Te lucis ante* sì divotamente
Le uscì di bocca, e con sì dolci note,
Che fece me a me uscir di mente:
E l'altre poi dolcemente e divote
Seguitar lei per tutto l'inno intero,
Avendo gli occhi alla superne ruote." —*Ibid.*, viii. 13.

Each beatitude of the Sermon on the Mount as a separate anthem greets the pilgrim in his passage from one circle to another of the Mount of Purification, and anthems and supplications meet him at every point—the *Agnus Dei*, * the *Gloria in Excelsis*, † the *Labia mea, Domine*, ‡ the *Venite, benedicti Patris mei.* § In the passage of Lethe he hears the *Asperges me*, ‖ a "delicious melody" heralds the Triumph of the Church, ¶ and, most beautiful tribute to music's ennobling power, it is the compassionate song of the angels chanting, *In Te, Domine speravi*, that at last moves his soul to perfect repentance as he stands sunk in shame before Beatrice. ** Through the ascent of Paradise the divine music grows more and more glorious till finally, in the Heaven of the Fixed Stars, the harmonies culminate in the music of that lyre

"Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful."††

In considering Dante's marvellous range of knowledge, one of his most thoughtful critics writes as follows:

"Our admiration is indefinitely increased when we remember the difficulties under which this surprising amount of learning was amassed. When we reflect that it was in the days before the invention of printing, when books existed only in manuscript, and were consequently very rare and precious and difficult of access, . . . when . . . we add to . . . this the consideration of the circumstances of Dante's own life,—a turbulent, wandering, unsettled life, one of which we may truly say 'without were fightings, within were fears'; one intensely preoccupied with fierce political struggles and anxieties, when 'politics' (if we may use so misleading a term) were a question of life and death to those who engaged in them, and defeat meant, as in Dante's own case, exile, confiscation, ruin, . . . Dante is a striking example of what Mr. A. J. Butler has well termed 'the incredible diligence of the Middle Ages.'" ‡‡

That Dante, so thorough a universalist in knowledge, was possessed of an unusually retentive and exact memory is evident. Apparently the details of what he saw and heard were stored away unconsciously, to be drawn upon at will.

* *Purgatorio*, xvi. 19. † *Ibid.*, xx. 136. ‡ *Ibid.*, xxiii. 11. § *Ibid.*, xxvii. 58.
‖ *Ibid.*, xxxi. 97. ¶ *Ibid.*, xxix. 22. ** *Ibid.*, xxx. 92.
†† "Onde si coronava il bel zaffiro," *Paradiso*, xxiii. 101.
‡‡ Edward Moore, D.D., *Studies in Dante*, first series, p. 2.

"O memory, that didst write down what I saw,
Here thy nobility shall be manifest." *

"When I this invitation heard, deserving
Of so much gratitude, it never fades
Out of the book that chronicles the past." †

Only the divine sights and sounds of Paradise his memory cannot retain:

"But Beatrice so beautiful and smiling
Appeared to me, that with the other sights
That followed not my memory, I must leave her." ‡

Thus, whatever Dante found in mankind and in life he appropriated to himself, thereby proving, as Mgr. Hettinger says, his genius to consist "not so much in creating what was new, as in gathering up and recasting the dominant ideas of his time, and in giving them unity and form. . . . He is the impersonation of his age, a living mirror of all that filled the minds and stirred the hearts and wills of the nations." § Carlyle expresses the same conviction: "Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages. The Thought they lived by stands here (in the *Divina Commedia*) in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all the good men who had gone before him." ‖

Throughout the *Commedia*, and indeed in all his writings, Dante reveals himself continually as fairly overflowing with sympathy and tenderness for his fellow-men. His love for Guido Cavalcanti, his "first friend," is repeatedly dwelt upon.¶ In the *Purgatorio* he responds eagerly to the shade of "mine own Casella" coming to greet him with outstretched arms,** and in the presence of human suffering he is moved to tears.†† This side of Dante's nature is further revealed by his frequent

* "O mente, che scrivesti ciò, ch' io vidi,
Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate." —*Inferno*, ii. 8.

† "Quando io udi' questa profferta, degna
Di tanto grado, che mai non si stringue
Del libro, che 'l preterito rassegna." —*Paradiso*, xxiii. 52.
Note the similarity to the opening words of the *Vita Nuova*.

‡ "Ma Beatrice sì bella e ridente
Mi si mostrò, che tra l' altre vedute
Si vuol lasciar, che non seguir la mente."
—*Ibid.*, xiv. 79.

§ Hettinger, *loc. cit.* ‖ Thomas Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero Worship:* The Hero as Poet.
¶ *Vita Nuova*, iii.; *Ibid.*, xxiii.; *Inferno*, x. 58. ** *Purgatorio*, ii. 88.
†† *Inferno*, xx. 20. *Cf. ibid.*, xiii. 82; xxix. 1; *Purgatorio*, xiii. 52.

allusions to children and the tender bond between mother and child. In his conception of the new-born soul he sings:

"Forth from the hand of Him who fondles it
Before it is, like to a little girl
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport,
Issues the simple soul, that nothing knows,
Save that, proceeding from a joyous maker,
Gladly it turns to that which gives it pleasure"; *

and in the presence of Beatrice,

"Even as children silent in their shame
Stand listening with their eyes upon the ground,
And conscious of their fault, and penitent;
So was I standing." †

This gentleness of soul is still further emphasized by many references to the unnatural birthplace which had cast him forth an exile upon earth. Even while crying out upon the injustice done him by fair Florence, his words still breathe tenderness for *Fiorenza mia*, still the "sweet sound of his native land" is dear to him. ‡

Because Dante's love was all powerful, so, too, his scorn, severity, and even vindictiveness, when aroused, reached transcendent heights. He bears unutterable contempt and aversion for those who do not act a manly part, but are content to live as mere negations and cowards, "hateful to God and to the enemies of God"—*a Dio spiacenti, ed a'nemici sui* §—"we will not speak of them, but look and pass"—*non ragionar di lor, ma guarda, e passa.* ‖

That the great poet oftentimes yielded to extreme bitter-

* "Esce di mano a lui, che la vagheggia,
Prima che sia, a guisa di fanciulla,
Che piangendo, e ridendo pargoleggia,
L'anima semplicetta, che sa nulla,
Salvo, che mossa da lieto fattore,
Volentier torna a ciò che la trastulla."
—*Purgatorio*, xvi. 85–95.

† "Quale i fanciulli, vergognando, muti
Con gli occhi a terra stannosi ascoltando,
E sè riconoscendo, e ripentuti;
Tal mi stav' io." —*Ibid.*, xxxi. 64.

Cf. Inferno, xxiii. 37; *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 107; *Ibid.*, xxx. 47, 79; *Paradiso*, i. 102; *Ibid.* xv. 121; *Ibid.*, xvi. 60; *Ibid.*, xxii. 2; *Ibid.*, xxiii. 121; *Ibid.*, xxx. 83, 140.

‡ *Purgatorio*, vi. 127. § *Inferno*, iii. 65. ‖ *Ibid.*, iii. 51.

ness in his political trials is but too apparent, and that he was held captive by pride, that "mighty lion of overmastering strength," * he himself confesses.† Still, these human frailties, serious though they are, serve but to bring out by sharper contrast the high lights in the character of this "scarred veteran of a life-long war."

When all is said, Dante Alighieri "bequeathed unto the future peoples" the memory of one who, though outwardly he was as "a ship without a sail and without a rudder,"‡ yet rose ever steadily heavenward upon the deep waters of adversity, and so came at last unto the desired haven,—the knowledge of God's will as

> ". . . our peace; this is the sea
> To which is moving onward whatsoever
> It doth create, and all that nature makes." §

Our most discriminating Dante critic, James Russell Lowell, says: "At the round table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous seat, . . . and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it, we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers,

> "'All honor to the loftiest of poets.'" ‖

* *Inferno*, i. 45. † *Purgatorio*, xiii. 133. ‡ *Convito*, i. 3.

§ "In la sua volontade è nostra pace:
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove
Ciò, ch'ella cria, o che natura face."
—*Paradiso*, iii. 85.

Cf. Paradiso, i. 114; *Ibid.*, xxx. 102; and St. Augustine's *Confessiones*, "Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te."

‖ *Among My Books*, second series, p. 124.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GHOST.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

I.

". . . Dare I say
No spirit ever broke the band
That stays him from his native land
Where first he walked when claspt in clay?"
—*Tennyson.*

"AND do you mean to tell me that this house is really haunted?"

"So they say. We are not the original possessors, you know. They were Catholics and could boast of a priestly apparition—a cowled monk, so I have heard—but I have never been fortunate enough to interview him. Not spiritual enough myself, I suppose!"

And as he spoke Claude Loftus glanced at the girl beside him with a gleam of amusement in his blue eyes.

She looked at him gravely. "Yes, I guess that is the reason."

It was the first time Maisie Moore had ever found herself in the *rôle* of guest in an English country house; the first time, indeed, that she had crossed the Atlantic, and her present existence was, as she expressed it, "just like a story book." Everything was so old in one sense and so new in another, and Buckley Manor, where she was staying with the parents of a school friend, was so emphatically a house "with a past" that it was a never-ceasing joy to her.

It was five o'clock, and the whole party were assembled in what was known as the oak parlor for afternoon tea. Colonel and Mrs. Loftus, Claude, the only son, Rose and Cecily, the two daughters, Mrs. Beauclerc, the writer of a recent successful play, and Maisie Moore, the American girl.

"Really a ghost," she was now murmuring ecstatically; "how lovely!"

"But you do not believe in them?"

It was Mrs. Beauclerc who put the question, her dark, earnest eyes fixed on the girl's flower-like face. Maisie was quite a new type to her, and she found her an interesting study.

"Of course I believe in them. We are so near the spirit world, just a thin veil dividing us, and sometimes there is a rent in the veil and we see those that are beyond." As the girl spoke her eyes brightened and a pink flush rose to her ethereal, almost transparent face.

"If any one sees the monk in this house it will be you," remarked Claude with conviction. "The rest of us are far too material."

"That is a very sweeping assertion, Mr. Loftus," retorted Mrs. Beauclerc with a laugh.

"I will tell you what, Maisie," put in Cecily eagerly; "you shall take a photo of the haunted room to-morrow as a souvenir of your visit, and, who knows, perhaps he may appear to you."

"Very well," said Maisie. "That will be just lovely."

"But, Miss Moore," interrupted Mrs. Beauclerc, "tell me—what possible object could a monk have in 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon' in Buckley Manor? It was never a monastery. What is your theory? I can see you have one."

Maisie raised her limpid eyes to the elder woman's face. She admired her with all an intelligent and cultured girl's enthusiasm for talent and brilliancy, but there were moments when she suspected the existence of a flaw in the crystal.

"I guess he wants prayers," she said simply.

The author of *A Woman's Passion* raised her eyebrows with a little mocking laugh.

"Prayers!" she echoed. "He must be past praying for by now, I should imagine. What a fanciful idea!"

"It is not at all fanciful," replied Maisie calmly. An English girl might have thought twice before embarking on an argument with her present opponent, but the American's assurance, founded in this case on the solidity of her own religious convictions, stood to her in this emergency.

"The monk who haunts this house," she went on in the explanatory manner with which one instructs a child, "is very possibly undergoing his Purgatory in this very spot. The church has never defined exactly where Purgatory is, and sometimes, in order to obtain prayers, he is allowed to make his presence known and visible. He appeared, you see, to the first owners of this house, who were, as you say, Catholics, and very possibly by this time their prayers have gained him his release from

suffering. That I expect is why none of you have ever seen him," she continued, turning to Claude, who was leaning on the back of her chair, a tenderly reverential expression in his usually laughing eyes.

"How nicely you say it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauclerc, with just a touch of insolence in her languid tones. "I suppose they put you up to all that sort of thing in your convent school? It is quite a pretty theory, and it does very well for the dear little nuns—just fits in with the whole environment—but it is a little out of date in the present century, and I imagined you Americans always prided yourselves on leading the van. We pay for our pleasures in this world sooner or later, at pretty high rates to some of us"—with a little shrug of her shoulders—"and when we die, well—there is an end of us altogether; 'the rest is silence.' That is the modern creed."

"Is that so?" inquired Maisie. "Well it seems to me that it is not what one would call a satisfying one, and I prefer the ancient and authenticated version. I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

"Bravo!" murmured Claude in an undertone. His own ideas concerning eternal truths were of the vaguest description, but he was, as he would have described it in his vocabulary, thoroughly "fetched" by his sister's friend, and when a man is in that condition of mind he is unusually open to conviction, and—which was also a factor in the case—there was very little love lost between himself and the successful playwright.

"We must agree to differ, then," said Mrs. Beauclerc, an expression of somewhat contemptuous amusement on her face. "The idea of that chit having an opinion of her own," she was saying to herself mentally. "Actually the dressing bell! How quickly time goes when one is interested!" And with a slightly malicious smile on her lips she rose and left the room.

"Routed, by Jove!" exclaimed Claude, gleefully; "horse, foot, and artillery. It was your text of Scripture that did the business, Miss Moore. It *was* Scripture, was it not? I always mix the Bible up with Shakspere somehow." Then, as if struck by a sudden remembrance: "I thought, by the way, that you Papists never read the Bible? How is it you are so well up in the life everlasting and all the rest of it?"

"You know very little about us," said Maisie sagely; "and until you have learned a little more you had better refrain

from discussing what you do not understand. You don't hear *me* laying down the law about wire fencing, or the best way of bringing up fox hound puppies." And with an irrepressible laugh at the sight of his bewildered countenance she left him to his own reflections.

II.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job.*

When Maisie said her prayers that night she included in them a petition for Mrs. Beauclerc. A woman without faith: it seemed to her convent-bred ideas such an anomaly of nature, and then she found herself wishing that the monk would appear to *her*, if only to prove that the suffering souls in Purgatory were really allowed to revisit the earth, and that there *was* in all reality a world beyond the grave.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and after breakfast Rose and Cecily led the way to the haunted room. Claude had gone out shooting, and Mrs. Beauclerc was hard at work on a new play, which she intended should take the London world by storm in the coming season; so the three girls were left to their own devices.

"There!" exclaimed Cecily, in a tone of triumph, as she opened the door; "now you are inside the ghost's domain; don't you feel creepy?"

For an instant Maisie made no reply. As she had said to Mrs. Beauclerc, the spirit world was very near to her, and now, as she stood gazing round her at the quaint, old-fashioned room, it seemed as though at any moment there might be a rent in the thin dividing veil.

"What has come to you?" asked Rose with a laugh. "You look as if you saw him already. You have just the eyes of a ghost-seer, Maisie!"

Maisie roused herself from her reverie, and her gravity relaxed into a smile. "What sort of eyes do they have? Here, give me my camera. I shall take it from here so as to bring in the bed."

"Oh, but why? It is not very ornamental."

"Never mind; I want it," replied Maisie decisively.

"That was where the altar used to stand in the old days,"

remarked Cecily. "This used to be a chapel when the Lushingtons had it."

"Really?" exclaimed Maisie eagerly. "Oh, then perhaps"—and she stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps what?" asked Rose curiously.

"Oh! nothing. I was only wondering. I shall take it from here." And she adjusted her camera. Just as she had completed her operations the gong sounded for luncheon, and the three girls ran gaily down the broad oak staircase, leaving all the photographic apparatus behind them in the haunted room.

"I shall develop it to-morrow," announced Maisie as they reached the dining-room. "I am *so* longing to see how it has turned out."

She was also longing for a little solitude, and after luncheon she escaped to her own room on the plea of writing letters. It had seemed to her while she was taking the photograph that an unseen presence was there close beside her,—the presence of one suffering. It was an impression which clung to her mind for the next twenty-four hours, and when she said her rosary that night she offered it for the souls of the forgotten dead.

III.

"And some are saved yet so as by fire."

"Rose! Cecily! come here quickly!"

Maisie was standing before her kodak, her cheeks like white roses and her eyes dilated.

"Look!" she said breathlessly, as the girls rushed into the room and she held out for their inspection the freshly developed photograph.

"What—what an *extraordinary* thing!" exclaimed Cecily excitedly.

"Where? where? Let me see," clamored Rose, pushing her sister unceremoniously aside, and then she too broke out into vehement exclamations.

There was the room just as it appeared every day, in a clear, well-developed photograph; but standing facing the bed, with his back to the rest of the apartment, stood the figure of a monk vested as if for saying Mass.

"Maisie, you little wretch," suddenly exclaimed Rose, "you

are trying to take us in! You had that figure on one of your plates before and you have arranged it so that it shall come into the one of the room. I do call that playing it low down!"

Maisie turned to confront her friend, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling.

"You are talking absolute nonsense, Rose," she said. "I have never had a figure like that on any of my plates, and I am ready to swear to it, if you like."

"Oh rubbish!" interposed Cecily with conviction. "If Maisie says so it is all right, but it is extraordinary I must say. What do you think about it yourself, Maisie?"

"I think it is a poor suffering soul who is in want of prayers, and that he has been allowed to take this way of letting me know it, as I am the only person of his religion in the house."

The two girls regarded her with a look of mingled curiosity and admiration. If any one else had made a similar remark they would, in their modern vocabulary, have termed it "utter rot." But Maisie was different.

"Let us show it to the others," exclaimed Rose; and seizing the photograph she ran down-stairs, followed by Cecily and, somewhat reluctantly, by Maisie Moore.

Mrs. Beauclere and Claude were playing billiards, and the former raised her eyebrows superciliously at the girls' noisy entrance.

"Look," said Rose breathlessly; "Maisie has photographed the ghost!"

Claude Loftus threw down his cue and took the photograph in his hand.

"By Jove!" he remarked, "what an extraordinary thing. What do you make of it, Miss Moore?"

"Oh! we know Miss Moore's theory," interposed Mrs. Beauclerc quickly, as the photograph was passed for her inspection. "The monk is 'undergoing his Purgatory' in front of the bed, and has most obligingly stood for his portrait on this occasion."

Maisie flushed crimson, but made no reply; and Claude rushed gallantly to the rescue.

"And why not?" he said coldly, his handsome face darkening with anger. "Why should not Miss Moore's theories, as you call them, be as correct as ours? There are a jolly sight

more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *our* shallow philosophy."

"Really, you are quite eloquent," murmured Mrs. Beauclerc, with a somewhat forced smile. Her failure in attracting Claude Loftus was that which lay at the root of her dislike to him, and consequently to the American girl, whom she knew he admired.

"There are so many curious effects in photography nowadays," she continued, turning to Maisie. "But after our conversation yesterday this shadowy figure—it *is* rather shadowy, by the way—is quite a coincidence, is it not?"

"It appears so to you, probably," returned Maisie calmly. She had quite recovered her usual self-possession. "But, as I said before, I see no reason why it should not be a soul in Purgatory seeking prayers."

And having given evidence of the faith that was in her she took up the photograph and left the room. And Claude followed her.

"I believe it, Miss Moore," he said earnestly. "Never mind that woman. She has not an ounce of faith or religion in her whole composition,—or morality either, judging by her plays," he added in a lower tone.

Maisie glanced up at him with a smile in her eyes, though her lips remained grave. "I am so sorry for her," she said simply. "But you—you do not believe in my poor soul either, *really?* You are only saying so because you think I was hurt by Mrs. Beauclerc's incredulity."

"I swear I do," he said eagerly. "All the more because she scoffed at it. I am not a religious chap myself, but—oh, well, anything *you* believe in is good enough for me!"

"Some day you will have a better motive," said Maisie. But as she said it she smiled at him again.

Six months later Claude Loftus came into his wife's sitting-room with an open letter in his hand.

"Read this, Maisie," he said. "It is a copy of an old document sent me by Lushington's grandson, which he says may throw some light on the photograph business. You see this is evidently an agreement on the part of a Father Cuthbert, O.S.B., to say a certain number of Masses before a given date, and—"

"And he either omitted to say them or died before he could complete the number," exclaimed Maisie excitedly, her eyes dilated in what her sisters-in-law described as the "ghost-seer look. *That* is it, you may depend, Claude, and *we* must have the Masses said, must we not?"

"By all means. I owe him something in any case, as he was indirectly the means of my becoming a Catholic. Your influence completed it, but he began it, at any rate—eh, Maisie?"

She looked at him tenderly, intense gratitude in her expressive face. "Yes, thank God!" she murmured softly. And then the corners of her mouth relaxed in a mischievous smile. "This is what Mrs. Beauclerc would call a 'coincidence,' Claude; but you and I know better. Poor woman! how I pity her."

RESIGNATION.

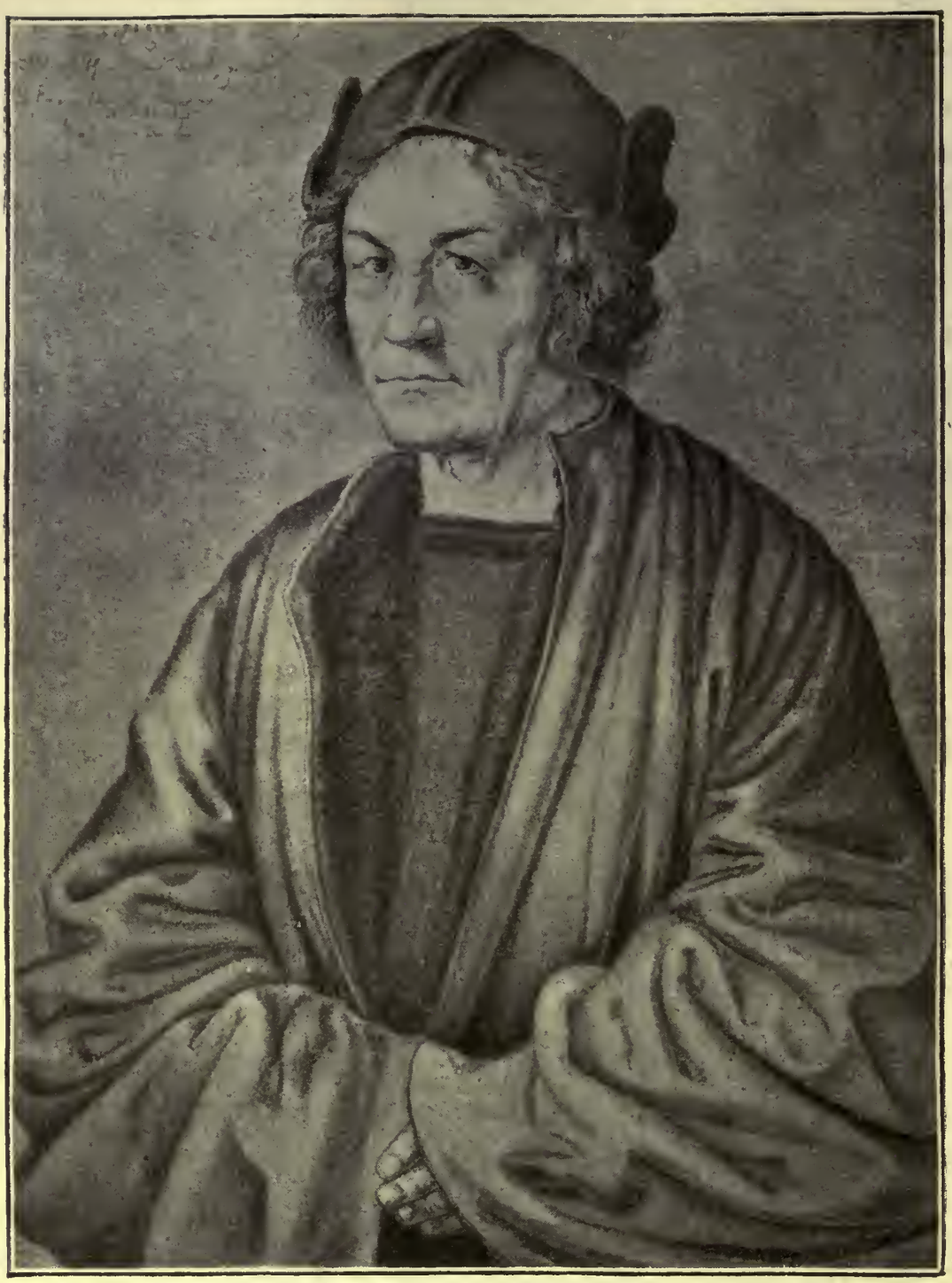
BY GEORGE H. TURNER.

SHE turned to the cross and bowed her head
Like a flower swayed in the morning sun;
The anthem ceased, and the prayer was o'er,
The light in the chancel grew cold and dun.

But the world never knew that a woman's heart
Was breaking then—not by word or look—
That she 'd turned the page where her life stopped short
And calmly and coldly sealed the book.

There 's a flower still where the page was turned,
And the dead rose tells of a day in June
When a woman kneeled at the foot of the cross
And crushed the rose with its rich perfume.

There 's many a page in a woman's life
That is never read in the public mart,
There 's a dead rose crushed between the leaves
Which ought to have bloomed in the life and heart.



"Mein Herr was an embodiment of his Town."

WHEN THE CLOCK STOPPED IN NUREMBERG.

BY MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

THIS daughter and I were school friends. The letter of introduction had been received in advance by mail.

"The American who enters Nuremberg should remove his sandals," he said with urbane salutation. I was somewhat surprised at so unusual a tribute exacted, as it appeared to me, to Hans Sachs, Albert Dürer, and the Mastersingers.

Mein Herr was of more than average height, straight as an arrow to the shoulders, and thin without attenuation. A brilliant spring morning found him in broad-soled low shoes, daintily buckled. His long silk stockings were gathered at the knees with antique clasps secured to corduroy trousers. A corduroy jacket, closely buttoned, disclosed at the collar a buff silk waistcoat, whose enamelled studs were suggestive of tastes reflected in the apartment. The walls, which were of a soft blue green, afforded a natural background for a few water colors, a small Dutch landscape in oils, and Rembrandt's etching "A Man on the Ground," famous as a technical study for artist artificers. A wood-cut by Dürer, a "Saint Jerome," stood on the inlaid table upon which were polished instruments of precision, a small porcelain crucible, gold weighing scales, a mahlstick, a chisel, a burin and an etching needle. Mein Herr was busy for a moment with an apple-faced matron who apparently had charge of his *ménage.*

A red cloth cap, which he placed upon his head preparatory to a prearranged walk with us, formed a peak with sharply declining sides like a tiled Gothic roof. His thick, projecting eyebrows with their downward pointed finals carried out the illusion of Gothic eaves. His abundant stone-gray hair, following the middle parting handed down from before the time when side parting became a man fashion, fell on either side of his face in close natural curl, giving his cheeks the appearance of foliated mullions on Gothic windows. A temperate use of the native wine had inserted a ruddy venous arabesque in his cheeks, which were slightly hollowed by the experiences of three score years and more. A bright neckkerchief bound about his white throat gave the effect of a heliotrope frieze upon a Gothic façade, familiar in the architecture of Nuremberg, which delights in external mural decoration. His eyes, emerald, luminous, and trustworthy, continually emitted gleams of jocund sentiment, like the flower-boxes which enliven every balustrade, cornice, and oriel in Nuremberg.

Mein Herr was an embodiment of his town. He might have stepped out of a sixteenth century picture frame, and not been a surprise among the goldsmiths of Nuremberg in that age. Still more accurately, he might have been a model for Zeit Voss when he was carving ascetic but militant saints out of solid blocks of wood and applying to them an archaic chromatic

finish. May not a forebear of Mein Herr have stood for an apostolic figure when Peter Visscher and Adam Krafft wrought their bronze wonder works for the churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald?

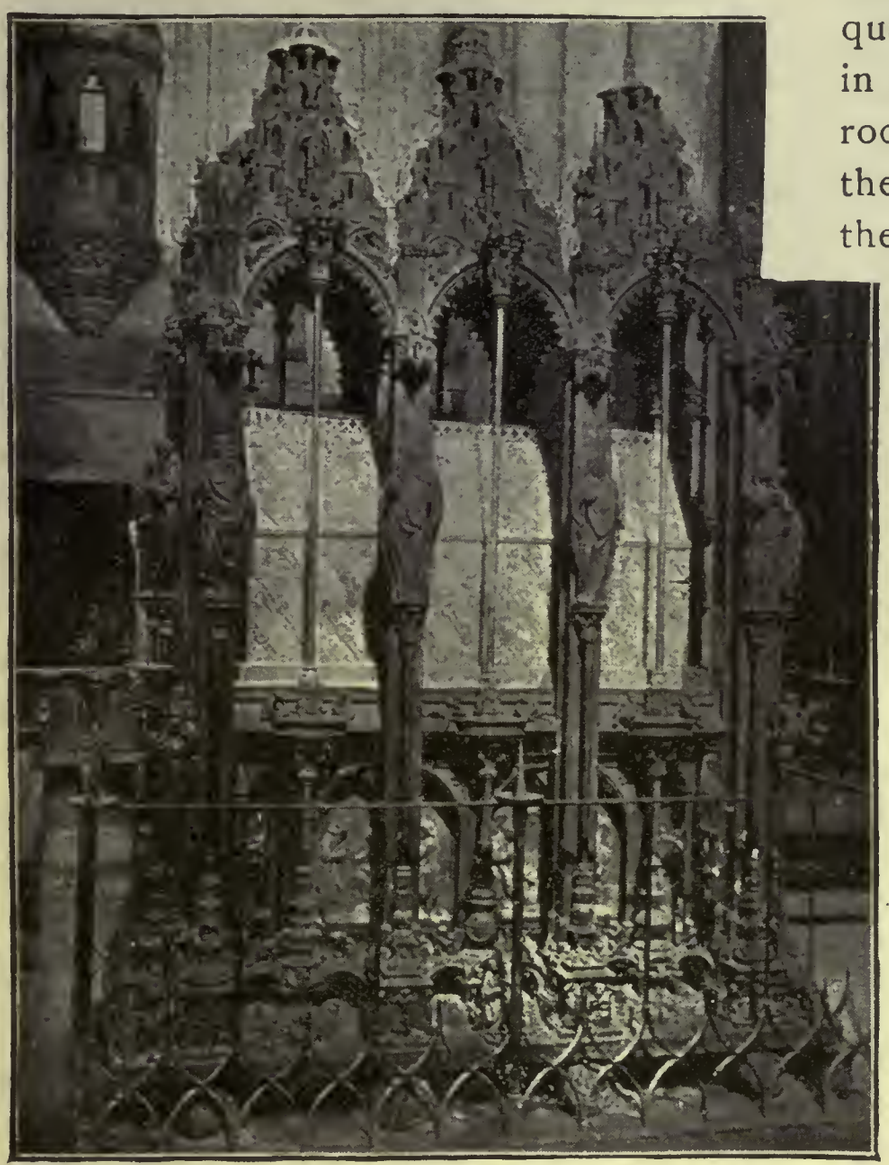
Mein Herr's long nose and palpitating nostrils were Hellenic rather than Roman. But his demeanor possessed that elusive distinction which has ever been peculiar to the Roman; a proclamation to all mankind, "I am a Roman citizen"—*civis Romanus sum.* The recesses of reserve in Mein Herr's eyes were immeasurable. Somewhere in his pedigree there must be a strain of oriental blood; or is it still only Nuremberg? Was not the intimacy between Nuremberg and Italy so tender that the Teutonic stronghold was designated the "Florence of Germany" on account of its social splendor, its world-wide commercial connections, and its aristocracy of arts, crafts, and letters? Was not Nuremberg the half-way house of intercourse between Venice and the Orient?

The perfect bow of Mein Herr's lips was marred at one side by a sword-touch scar, a relic, doubtless, of his university days, for I had caught a glimpse of his bookcase under its mediæval Flemish tapestry which a sudden gust from the chimney-place had thrown back. The vellum bindings and hand-inked back titles confessed they were mostly Elzevirs, with here and there an Aldus, and then an Alopecius, chiefly Latin and Greek classics; and Vitruvius.

It is a phenomenon of natural history that life takes on the forms and hues of its environment. Birds modify their plumage from sombre to gorgeous when transferred from northern forests to southern glades. Mineral clays are reflected from the mountains not only in swift argosies of clouds but in every animal or vegetable that makes a home in the crevices of inorganic nature. Military science, borrowing the hint, has recently recommended that for the gaudy habiliments vanity admires on dress parade the neutral tones of brushwood shall be substituted to make the wearers of uniforms less conspicuous targets for an enemy's sharp-shooters. Here was environment transferred from town to citizen. Mein Herr was a transfiguration of a tall, angular, and embellished building typical of Nuremberg, blending utility with grace, strength with repose, unity of line with variety and harmony of color. Were we to find him also a personification of the Nuremberg ideal?

He was to unfold that ideal to us with a pride, a glory, and a grief of which I had no previous comprehension.

As we arose Mein Herr tarried to place fresh flowers in the Dresden vase before a charming miniature on a cloisonné bracket. From a quaint photograph in my school-friend's room I recognized the face of her mother, lost in childhood.



SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD.

Mein Herr led the way to a little balcony which commanded a wide view. On the one side of the river rose the towers of St. Lawrence. On the other we dimly discerned the hoary mass of St. Sebald.

The apple-faced matron fetched his letters to Mein Herr, who replaced them unopened on the majolica tray.

The vista was composed of a sky of almost Italian blue perforated with domes and minarets, steep roofs, Gothic spires, byzantine pomegranates, ivied crotchets, flying buttresses, obelisks, monumental pillars and statues, and the grim caricature of grotesque gargoyles, jocular sculpture of mediæval monastic recreation. Further off the line was lost in grove silhouettes of yellow ochre and spring green on the summits of the Franconian Mountains. The subdued swish of the Pegnitz was felt in the air rather than heard. What once was the deep moat of castellated fortifications seemed a narrow ribbon of many colors.

The bed gleams now, not with bristling bayonets but with variegated gardens of vegetables, berries, fruits, and flowers. I listened for church bells. The silence was mysterious and clamorous.

Mein Herr continued: "The American should remove his sandals when he enters Nuremberg. But for Nuremberg Columbus could not have discovered America."

This disclosure, blandly made, was accompanied with an impulse to walk. In a moment we stood before the modest house in which Martin Behaim was born; a moment more, and we were in the town hall examining Martin Behaim's globe, constructed in 1492. It is of pasteboard on a wooden frame, twenty-one inches in diameter. An iron axis runs through the centre. Over the pasteboard is a coating of gypsum. On this is stretched the parchment on which the drawings are made. The sea is delineated in ultramarine, the land in green and brown; the mountain-tops are white. The gold and silver lettering is faded but legible. The meridian is iron, the horizon brass. The globe rests upon an iron tripod. It shows the equator, the tropics, the polar circle latitudinally. The first meridian is the only longitudinal sector.

"This is the world as it was known to science towards the close of the fifteenth century," said Mein Herr with retrospective concentration.

"Yes," I timidly concurred, "but Mein Herr will observe that there is no America upon it."

"Necessarily," rejoined Mein Herr, so gently that I was ashamed of having mentioned the matter.

"Observe," he continued, "the short distance which Behaim makes between Fayal and the Antilles, and thence to the islands of the Asiatic coast. Looking at Behaim's globe we must not lose sight of the fact that Columbus went westward not to seek a new continent but a new passage by sea to the old Indies. He could not have set out upon that voyage if Martin Behaim had not provided him with an indispensable instrument." His thoughts had suddenly flown to another century.

"Nuremberg, you remember, was then the capital of the world of scientific instrumentation." Mein Herr spoke with rising feeling. "We made instruments for land and sea, the depths of the earth and the vaults of the firmament. We were without rivals in this specialty. After all, it was a pope—" Again he lapsed into a retrospective excursion.

Nuremberg has carefully preserved the House in which Dürer lived.

"In your dictionaries, dear Americans, you read the name Regiusmontanus, but here in Nuremberg he was Königsberg, and the most distinguished scientist of his age. Under the patronage of Pope Sixtus IV. he was able to devote his entire time to philosophical investigation. As mathematician he was leader of his contemporaries. Here the then comparatively new printing-press was set up for publication of his writings. Here he established a manufactory in which with his own hands he made many curious and important instruments, and here Martin Behaim was his pupil. Martin's family was of patrician origin. He acquired the fullest education within command of genius and wealth. Nuremberg, although so far inland, was potent in the commerce of the world on account of the scien-

tific attainments of so many of its people and the multifarious productions of its looms and forges. It had a monopoly of compass-making. The guild which controlled that industry was one of the most erudite of the middle ages."

"Martin Behaim," Mein Herr resumed, "was intended for commercial life and, in common with such candidates, he mastered all the languages then known, and alternated scientific investigation with navigation and counting-room routine. Although Columbus had read the *Imago Mundi* of Cardinal d'Ailly and the travels of Marco Polo, as well as everything else obtainable concerning the geography of the world and navigation, he dare not attempt an ocean voyage in quest of the passage which cosmographers believed to exist in the far west constituting a speedier route to the Indies. This passage is indicated on Martin Behaim's globe. He dare not, because while the compass gave him the direction in which he should steer and the hour-glass furnished approximates of distance, he remained in ignorance of his latitude. Martin Behaim experimented with the astrolabe of the time of Ptolemy until he produced the instrument by which Columbus was enabled to make his voyage of discovery. Behaim substituted brass for the coarse and perishable wood of the astrolabe, and instead of placing the instrument on a tripod, thus to be subjected to the ship's motion, he attached it to the mast and by a simple device made it maintain a vertical position. Behaim had experimented with nautical and astronomical instruments of this character in the workshop of Königsberg, but until he improved his master's model it was unavailable for maritime adventure. Columbus was not the only navigator to adopt Behaim's 'star seizer.' It was also adopted by Vasco Da Gama, Cabot, and Magellan."

We watched a swallow quarrel in a broad gargoyle spout.

"Very like humanity," said Mein Herr as the frenzy waxed. He smiled, showing perfect teeth tinctured with nicotine, as weather stains blur the white doorways of Nuremberg.

One swallow was suffocated in the spout.

"Pressure of population on subsistence," said Mein Herr with pity. "Everywhere the struggle for existence."

The twittering flock fled at sight of the catastrophe. They were relieved by elimination of an inefficient or redundant member. The dead swallow had broken a leg the previous day.

Mein Herr had spliced it, as I now discovered, by his affectionate examination of the corpse and by replacement of a little surgical case in his pocket.

"I love St. Francis for the birds and the birds for St. Francis," said Mein Herr. "But they cannot learn the Gospel which John Ruskin so finely expounds and which so large a share of humanity violates."

What dictum of the caustic art critic was Mein Herr to quote?

"Struggle for existence and destruction of the weak is the law in the lower world. Ruskin says that the law in the moral order ought to be not struggle for existence but co operation for existence, not destruction of the weak that more room may be had for the strong, but help by the strong for the weak that all shall have a fair chance. That is the Christian Gospel interpreted while in Italy by one who learned political economy in art."

"And sometimes we think in America that he learned art in political economy," I said.

"Not so in Nuremberg," said Mein Herr.

We returned to the globe. Mein Herr first found a trowel with which he dug a grave for the dead swallow under a rose-bush.

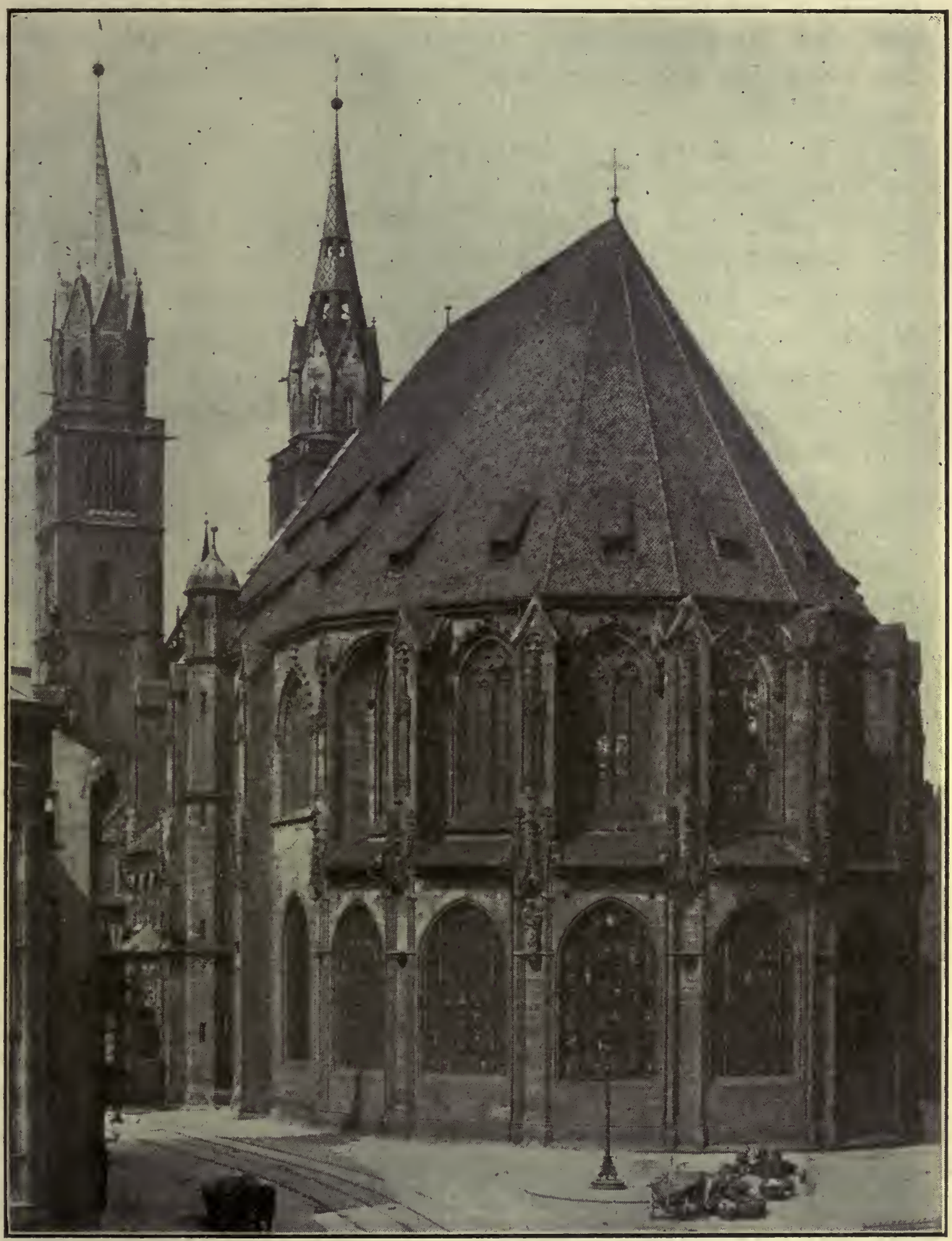
"Martin Behaim, as every American knows," said Mein Herr, "and Columbus lived during the same years at Lisbon, where they became friends. After Columbus examined Behaim's astrolabe, he made his first proposal of Atlantic voyage to the Portuguese government. It was rejected because there was no man in the nautical commission of the king sufficiently educated to know that the project in the mind of Columbus was feasible. Behaim, although on terms of intimacy with the council, was not permitted to participate in the conference because his globe, then almost completed, indicated that Columbus was not a mere visionary. Behaim was excluded from the conference as one committed to the enterprise, and therefore not an impartial judge. Behaim's astrolabe filled Columbus, despite the rejection of his offer to the Portuguese government, with inflexible determination to find another patron. Columbus and Behaim kept up a correspondence after the former left Portugal. In his application to the Spanish court for patronage Columbus refers to Behaim as his friend. He might truly have called him his

first benefactor, for, without Behaim's astrolabe, no court patronage could have enabled Columbus to discover America. So you see I am quite right in saying that the American who enters Nuremberg should remove his sandals."

We had not observed until now that a chain descended from the left shoulder of Mein Herr to his right side. It was of gold cable, accentuated with rare stones not too large for the modesty of a gentleman. Garnets, uncut diamonds, pearls, brown sapphires, amethysts, and turquoises lighted the way to the end of the chain, which terminated in an ebon pipe-stem at least two feet long, joined to an ivory bowl exquisitely carved in tiny dragon shapes whose junctures glowed with jewels. Out of his jacket pocket he produced another pipe, whose amber stem was on microscopic secret hinges which unfolded into a solid tube. Its jade bowl prepared with a choice sample of the weed, he offered this rarity to one of us and began pulling at his own until he discovered that none of our little party wished to smoke.

"I have heard that you young Americans are strenuous to the limit of enervation," said Mein Herr compassionately.

As we resumed our walk, "we shall go," said Mein Herr, "to call upon some of my dearest friends. Nuremberg was once the capital also of the northern world of sculpture, architecture, painting, and music. In my youth I was apprenticed to a goldsmith, not with a view to following the craft but as a basis of appreciation of all the arts. The goldsmith was then foremost of the artist artificers. Indeed, goldsmithing was the primary school of many who are ranked among the world's greatest artists. I need but remind you of Dürer, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello. The goldsmith was necessarily a modeller, using wax, clay, wood, and other suitable substances for his essays in the plastic. He had to become familiar with the mahl stick, the burin, the chisel, as well as with the crucible, the etching needle, delicate scales, and subtle mordants. He had to know in theory and practice the properties and adaptabilities of marbles and shells, and to be able to discriminate between the stones we call decorative and those the world deems precious. In my youth I breathed the full breath of the true Nuremberger. It was the ozone of art. It was that indivisible union of the spiritual with the æsthetic which alone has inspired and effectuated the immortal in beauty made by the hand of man.



CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

I come every day to the churches as I used to do before I went to my apprenticeship. In those days to labor was to pray—'*Laborare est orare.*' The study of form is the essential of the fine arts," he added.

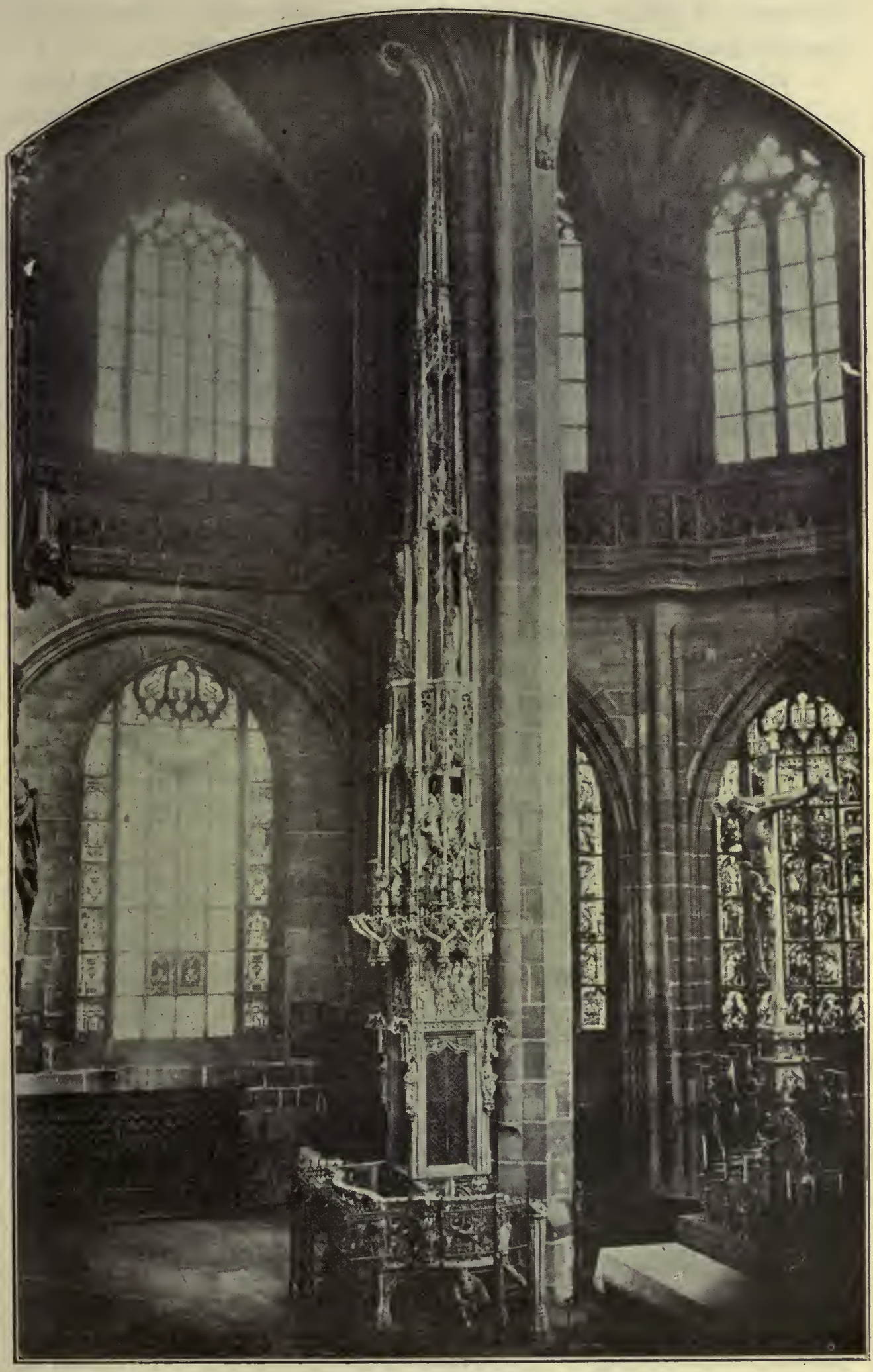
We had entered the church of St. Lawrence. Mein Herr, after we had made our duty in silence to the invisible Divine

Master of the house and to its radiant Lady over the portal, and then to the demure custodian, reminded me that, as the Sacrament was not in the church, we could converse as if in a museum.

"For direct, virile sculpture in stone you will find neither in Nuremberg nor elsewhere the challenge my old friend Adam Krafft gives here to nature," said Mein Herr, his face alight with enthusiasm. "A supreme difficulty of art is to make inorganic substance successfully counterfeit vegetable freedom. Metal, however, may be chased and burnished, bent and unbent, expanded, contracted. By succession of cameo and intaglio, by an almost infinite shading of degrees of relief and recession possible to the dextrous tool and hopefully ventured, even in the blaze, light and shade, and a certain margin of elasticity, are within the power of the sculptor in bronze. But stone is rigid. The chisel may not take a crumb too little or too much. If the grain be wavering or the texture friable, danger threatens at every stroke. You can repair a defect or supply an omission in bronze. Once hewn, the stone will not consent to reinstatement of any particle of its substance on the portions of its surface visible to the trained eye. Behold what faith and art enabled Adam Krafft to achieve. Are not these clusters of lilies out of the Garden of Paradise?"

The apex rises to a height of sixty-four feet. Its countless curves have the spontaneity of nature, and there is not an instant of indecision from foundation to crown. It is known as the "House of the Sacrament." On the sides, in breathing anguish, are the scenes of the Passion of Christ. The thrilling force of expression under accusation and scourge, the terror of the death and the miracles of resurrection and ascension, are unsurpassed in any canvas where the most dramatic of all the arts, painting, commands its complete resources.

"While the sculptor and his assistants wrought the details," said Mein Herr, "as painstakingly as goldsmiths labor on gems, he kept in mind a pyramidal outline of singular solemnity and strength. The procession of sacred personalities halted for an instant before the pyx gives the composition the vibration and undulation of floral serenity. With what humbleness Krafft shaped a base for the work on these three kneeling figures, portraits of himself and his assistants, who devoted seven years to this perennial witness of German genius to Christianity! The



THE HOUSE OF THE SACRAMENT.—*Adam Krafft.*

pinnacle of the ornamentation reveals, you will discover on a second view, the curled curve of a bishop's crosier."

We approached the pendent groups in wood by Zeit Voss.

Mein Herr asked: "Why is it that we no longer have sculpture in wood? We have wood and as good wood as Zeit Voss carved into these glorious creatures, but we no longer have sculptors in wood. This statue of the Madonna had been taken bodily out of a block from a single tree. It did not require unusual girth, but only inerrancy of grain and a hand which knew the secrets of the fibre. Thus the Greek sculptors wrought not only in the wood but in the quarries. A sculptor then did not make his model in one medium and hand it over, a derelict, to be cold-bloodedly rescued by a hireling in another medium. Zeit Voss could not have produced these living beings in ligneous texture had he not with his own hand extricated from the block the ideal that he had himself conceived. When the image was completed in the round, he returned to the authentic school of Greek and Roman sculpture and finished his creations in polychrome."

We were aware that during many centuries the coloring of sculpture had been condemned because authenticated examples of antique polychrome were not found. In more recent times archæology has succeeded in collecting a convincing number of undisputed fragments and the masters of Nuremberg are vindicated.

Mein Herr drew us to the pedestal of the Angel of the Annunciation, whose pinions indicate that he is thinking of flight.

"Observe," said Mein Herr, "the unity of this design. The inherent vitality of the angel, the fidelity to anatomy, the decorative delicacy; but observe, also, the integrity of the block. It is a sincere work. In old Rome when a tricky dealer wished to make a valuable table look sound, he had the cabinet maker fill the cracks with hot wax which had been subjected to great pressure. Then with pigment and varnish he touched the filler to correspond unsuspectedly to the texture and fibre of the wood. Forgery of this nature was not uncommon. Spurious furniture was surreptitiously sold on the Seven Hills almost as easily as in New York, Boston, or Chicago now. When a piece of Roman furniture was intact, it was, of course, without wax—*sine cera*—which in your English lan-

guage you call 'sincere,' do you not? Sculpture by Zeit Voss in wood is all sincere, my Americans. It is without wax not only in the wood but in the spirit."

A sudden effulgence of myriad hues from a great stained glass window emerged from dun clouds caused us to turn our attention for a moment from Zeit Voss.

"Wax in the spirit of art," resumed Mein Herr, "is more deadly than in its body. Wax in wood may be melted or picked out, but wax in the spirit of art is a damnable offence, because no earthly power is competent for its extirpation."

Another burst of prismatic shafts from the rose window.

"I hear that in America you make saints by machinery. I fear they are full of wax," said Mein Herr blithely.

"We have many saints in America," I demurred; "brave men and heroic women. Their spirit is not yet reflected fully in the native religious art."

"Is your native religious art very bad?" inquired Mein Herr with deprecating inflection.

To deceive Mein Herr would be a deadly sin.

"We import the worst," I confessed.

"Rumor has it," said Mein Herr, "that for sculpture in America you screw a score of knives in a socket and with tremendous machinery loose them upon thin slices of wood, afterward gluing or nailing the cuttings upon household articles. That is not sculpture. It is the martyrdom of art. Were not some of our missionaries to the aborigines thus elevated into the calendar of saints?"

I could not impugn the accuracy of Mein Herr's history.

"I have been told that no artisan in America makes the whole of anything. Multitudinous machines dislocate a design and each divisible section is assigned to a particular machine. This, I am assured, is true of shoes, stoves, coats, gowns, and saints. One man runs the machine knives to make saints' feet, another arms, another heads, another ears and eyes and noses, and then a machine like a dredge collects the *disjecta membra* and fastens them together. This appears to be a reversal of the natural method. It is not sculpture. It is hewing, hacking, and sticking. Thus saints are made in life, but in art the method is ill adapted for unity of design, scientific coherency, symmetry of proportion, or individuality. The process must be unfavorable to lifelike expression."

HANS SACHS' MONUMENT.

There was an irrepressible ray of raillery in Mein Herr's emerald eyes.

"Is it true that for coloration on these statues you make a solution of dyes in a bucket and apply the liquid with a steam hose through a stencilled pattern, to effect not merely embroideries on drapery but accents of contemplation and intimations of immortality?"

We had heard of something like this in mural embellishment, exterior and interior, during the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, but prefer to doubt its prevalence in hieratic art factories.

"We hew and hack our saints, Mein Herr, as has always been the world's way. We are slowly elevating the standard of art in our churches."

"I read in the annals of the Comacine guild," said Mein Herr soothingly, "that even a proud apprentice who could not begin and complete his design in the block of wood or stone was dismissed from the guild as one who had missed his vocation, which in modern times is frequently, however, confounded with avocation."

It was a pleasure to recall to Mein Herr our Longfellow's translation of Michael Angelo's lines:

> "Nothing the greatest artist can conceive
> That every marble block doth not confine
> Within itself; and only its design
> The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

Longfellow is the only American poet well known in Germany. He is especially loved in Nuremberg.

We passed the home of Hans Sachs on our way to St. Sebald's. There are no longer mastersinger laurels on its lintels.

"The mastersingers quitted Nuremberg when the clock stopped," said Mein Herr in pensive abstraction, divining my disappointment on finding the once renowned home of song and shoemaking so neglected as scarcely to attract attention among even ale-drinkers, to whom it has been long given over.

The shrine of St. Sebald in the church inscribed with his name is the most wonderful example of fine art in bronze in any part of the world. Peter Visscher (born in 1489, died in 1529) and his five sons consecrated thirteen years to this monument. Three rich baldachins canopy the shrine, which rises on eight slender pillars. The surfaces of the sarcophagus are adorned with reliefs representing incidents in the life of the saint. Commingling in a lyric strain the aspiration of the Gothic with the airiness of the Renaissance, in magnificent mass

and lovely detail this masterpiece of the ages of faith survives the banishment of the Sacrament from St. Sebald's. The shrine rests upon twelve gigantic snails, which carry it on their backs. The base is a weird world composed from mythology and Scripture, with allegorical concepts of the cardinal virtues for a harmonizing element. The cornice and triangular compartments are peopled with elfish creatures born of the master's fancy. The figures of the Apostles in the niches are modelled with astonishing liberty and vividness. The figure of St. Sebald rises impressively on one side, and is balanced on the other with an effigy of Peter Visscher in cap and leathern apron.

"What a democrat is art," said Mein Herr dreamily. "Only a freeman would have presumed thus to perpetuate his own memory co-ordinately with that of the saint."

I read the inscription: "For the praise of God Almighty alone and for the honor of St. Sebaldus, Prince of Heaven."

"Peter Visscher would not thus have disposed of his life for any prince of earth," meditated Mein Herr aloud.

The columns do not terminate in capitals but in statues of the twelve prophets. Prodigious invention, recondite ornamentation, elevated taste, and profound piety are equally manifest in a composition whose intricate but resplendent beauty enchants the beholder. At the four corners are light-bearers in the guise of mermaids. Nothing is lacking to a synthesis of antiquity and revelation, heathendom and Christianity. The atmosphere of the shrine architecturally and in decoration is joyous and triumphant. From socle to summit the tomb of St. Sebaldus fills the mind with rapture.

"This is the only work of art," said Mein Herr, "to which we may apply justly the rarely associated terms of exaltation and elegance. It is at once awe-inspiring and exquisite. Like the *Divine Comedy* of Dante it demonstrates that in art as in literature there is no mutual repugnance between the fantastic and the sublime."

Not less overpowering is the charm of innumerable other examples of the sculpture of Nuremberg in St. Sebald's; but here, as in the church of St. Lawrence, there is a religious chill which even these works do not dispel. In neither fane did we see any one at prayer. There was no preaching, nor was there vocal or instrumental music. People, mostly strangers, promenaded the aisles in curiosity or lingered in compulsory

THE "LITTLE GOOSE MAN."—THE FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET PLACE.

worship, not, apparently, of any deity other than that pantheistic god of fine art whose presence is in shrines and sanctuaries once reserved for a holier rite.

"It is not death," whispered Mein Herr. "It is only suspended animation."

He added, in a lower voice, "It began when the clock of Nuremberg stopped."

Reaching the street, Mein Herr comforted himself with a pull at his pipe.

A motley crowd gossiped in stolid levity around the many fountains whose ancient caprices still lend dignity to the paving stones, and whose usefulness the burghers practically as well as artistically value. The throng was thickest before the fountain of the "Ganse Männchen," a peasant carrying a goose under each arm. A frugal mob vociferated in gutturals, tumbling over one another, about the price of goslings, eggs, giblets, wings, necks, and were frantic around the specially fatted geese fit to be sent to the pâté de foie gras factories at Strasbourg.

"Eating is more and thinking less in Nuremberg since the clock stopped," ejaculated Mein Herr.

"But Albert Dürer," I replied. "To us in America he is Nuremberg more than Martin Behaim."

We were passing the unworthy monument of the cosmographer.

"We shall find Dürer at home only in the graveyard," said Mein Herr bitterly. "All his representative works were lost to Nuremberg after the clock stopped."

We entered many churches and several museums on the way to the oldest "God's Acre." Wherever the place or whenever the subject was religious the spiritual gloom was impenetrable. What was lacking? Nuremberg is full of art, of libraries, of homes, of public and domestic monuments. Its inhabitants are energetic and thrifty. There is not a speck of dust anywhere. The floors are swept, the walls are garnished. Yet everywhere Mein Herr was lonely, and I began to share his loneliness by infection. The town took on the feeling one cannot shake off in an empty house.

"This is not a Catholic cemetery?" I inquired.

Over graves centuries old children were strewing flowers while companions sang hymns.

"No," answered Mein Herr, "but the ancient tradition lingers that 'it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.' Perhaps you do not include the book of the Machabees in your Bible. The descendants of Christian martyrs daily can be found here cherishing the dust of their progenitors."

Shining brass plates designate many mounds.

"You saw the candles and candlesticks upon the altar of St. Lawrence, the mass-book stand, the white altar cloth, now only a shroud for the original ritual. Nuremberg cannot be persuaded to banish these proofs that originally the Mass was offered up on that altar. Everything is guarded by Protestant hands, just as the celebrant uttered the last benediction. His 'Ite, missa est'—'Go, Mass is finished'—was literal. The candles are regularly lighted on the altar, and replaced when burned. The clock of Nuremberg stopped when 'Ite, missa est' was spoken for the last time."

This had not been in my thoughts as the explanation of Mein Herr's enigmatic references to time in Nuremberg.

"In the Church of St. Sebald you could not have failed to observe that a lamp is kept burning before the shrine of the Madonna. The niche is vacant. Protestant hands perpetually feed the lamp. The clock stopped in Nuremberg when the Madonna was exiled with the last 'Ite, missa est.' At that moment the decline of Nuremberg, political, commercial, industrial, musical, artistic, set in. Nuremberg is now only the capital of the world of toys."

The tablet at Dürer's grave reads "Whatever of Albert Dürer was mortal is buried in this grave. He went away *(emigravit)* April 6th, 1528." The Latin lettering is archaic.

"Emigravit" held the thought of Mein Herr like a spell.

"Emigravit," he said, "must be applied also to the spirit of Nuremberg. It went forth when the clock stopped. There is not in Nuremberg a single masterpiece of art which was not commenced before the clock stopped."

Could this be true?

Nuremberg had a golden age. It disappeared. But discovery of the Cape of Good Hope opened a sea path to the Orient, and the revolution of trade was coincident with the expulsion of the old faith to promote the political aims of rulers who had found the new more expedient. Nuremberg lost her

PORTRAIT OF ALBERT DÜRER, BY HIMSELF.

commercial and industrial importance between Italy and the East through no fault of her rulers. But her fine art?

Was Mein Herr right? or had he contemplated one panel of the triple coincidence so deeply that he failed to give commensurate significance to the other two panels of the most mysterious triptych in history?

"You have another great art critic in your English literature, my Americans. It is Hamerton. I know one passage by heart: 'One of the consequences of Protestantism has been the transference of sacred art from churches to public galleries, a change of destination quite in harmony with our habit of

valuing religious paintings rather for their technical qualities, such as color and composition, than for their fidelity to the religious ideal.'"

"Is this," asked Mein Herr, "quite enough to account for the removal of Raphael's Sistine Madonna from a monastic cloister to the public museum of a Protestant city, where it is the talisman that continues to draw all mankind to Dresden? Is it the color and composition or the sublime and eternal idea of spotless motherhood embodied in transcendent beauty?"

The majestic self-respect with which Mein Herr affirmed that his Protestant fellow citizens preserve the emblems of the earlier faith in the Church of St. Lawrence, and feed the Madonna lamp before the empty niche in St. Sebald's, depicted an urbanity of soul which matched the urbanity of Mein Herr's manners.

"Does Hamerton's explanation," he asked, "account for Goethe's admiration of Raphael?"

The more I reflected upon what Mein Herr had said the more convincing became his conclusion. All historians agree that for five hundred years Nuremberg was the abode of the German emperors. It was the cradle of German art, the nursery of German poetry, the centre of German commerce, and the hearth of German freedom. All merchandise from the East was obliged to travel overland into Europe before circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope. The highway for continental distribution was through Germany, and chiefly through Nuremberg. With the decline of its commerce declined the prosperity of the burghers. The government degenerated, the senate became enfeebled, the patricians corrupt, the people demoralized. The congress of 1649 to settle the peace of Westphalia exhibited the last dying embers of Nuremberg's pomp and splendor. An age of inactivity, an increasing debt and lessened means of payment, led to its dissolution as well as that of the empire of which it had formed so important a part. It became more and more impoverished, and its final bankruptcy involved the whole in one common ruin. Thus, I remembered, was the story of Nuremberg summed up half a century ago by an English commentator, a drastic opponent of Mein Herr's faith.

"It was in 1522," said Mein Herr sadly, as our walk approached its end, "that Adrian VI., through the mouth of his representative at the diet of Nuremberg, urged the city to be

faithful to the apostolic faith; for, he said, 'the revolt now aimed at the spiritual' authority will shortly deal a blow at the temporal also. In 1530 Nuremberg formally abandoned her faith. The clock stopped. The guilds departed one after another to more thrifty centres of production. The mastersingers followed the guilds. Art became paralyzed. Reason ceased to think. It will not do to charge the decay of Nuremberg exclusively to the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope. Vasco da Gama had doubled the cape in 1497, with the aid of Martin Behaim's astrolabe."

Thus we parted.

A dainty basket of fruit and flowers awaited our admission to the railway compartment which bore us from Nuremberg. Mein Herr's card wished us a pleasant journey.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

BY GEORGE H. TURNER.

SOMETIMES it's only a footstep heard,
Sometimes it's the pose of a shapely head,
A love tune hummed or an idle word,
That brings to me one that is lost—not dead.

Sometimes 'tis the hush of the starry night,
Sometimes 'tis the wind in its dreary moan,
And a falling tear brings back to my sight
The loved and lost—that was once my own.

In the crowded street, in the busy mart
The same sweet smile I often see,
And eyes that pierce to the soul and heart
Gleam out of the years long passed—at me!

I wonder, when all the years are past,
And together we stand before the throne,
If Heaven will right all the wrongs at last
And give me back what was once my own?

THE ETHICS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

"IF you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, because of it. And, remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same, and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say: 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.'"

So says Romola to the little son of Tito Melema, summing up in a few words the secret of her own noble and self-denying life. A student of nineteenth century literature cannot fail to be struck by the beauty of many of George Eliot's creations, and the author's wonderful powers of introspection, as well as her fine analysis of human nature.

And yet this woman believed nothing. Her creed was that God was a wanderer in "Erehwon" (No Where), and that death meant annihilation. How, then, could she understand the spiritual side of life? It is a question that often teases thoughtful Catholics; but perhaps if we look more closely into the matter it can be answered.

George Eliot in her life, and the author in her books, offers many strange contrasts. Let us take the woman first, and see how environment affected her.

The youngest child of Robert Evans, a land agent, she was born at Arbury, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, in 1820. Distant only twenty miles from Shakspere's country, the little Mary Ann Evans was early made acquainted with all the wonders of the great poet's creations. The forest of Arden was her play-ground, and she was free to roam where she would. Religious and moral ponderings seem to have made the basis of her life, all the more because her mind was never subjected

to the discipline and training of regular study. Much of her education was self-acquired, as she had only a short period at school, first at Nuneaton and later at Coventry. But during that time, short as it was, she probably learned how to study. Fine and beautiful minds frequently develop better from just such conditions. One thing, however, was wanting in George Eliot's case, and that was the right religious instruction. Such she never had. Her first literary work was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus;* this was followed by two other translations, Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* and Spinoza's *Ethics.* After this we are told that "her mind had taken its ply, and while her nature, eminently constant and conservative, retained always a deep reverence and affection for whatever names itself by the name of Christ, she never sought again the old means of grace, nor felt the old hope of glory."

The pity of it! For George Eliot had the faults as well as the virtues of great minds, and one of them was that she was a law unto herself. During a sojourn in London she joined a literary circle where Comte's philosophy was universally adopted by the members of the coterie, and, as is usually the case, the adoption of atheistic views was followed by a total disregard for moral laws, if they interfered with the will and desire. It is difficult to understand how a woman whose books contain such fine moral teaching, who never failed to uphold the right when her pen gave something to the world, could at the same time disregard all moral standards in private. Some of her biographers, who were her friends, try to gloss this over. One of them says: "A long tragedy unrolled itself before her; her pity, affection, gratitude, were subject to a strong appeal; a path was chosen over which, amidst much happiness, a certain shadow hung." This "shadow" was her union with Mr. Lewes, a man who had a lawful wife living from whom he was not even divorced. To say that "pity, affection, gratitude, were subject to a strong appeal," can only be false and weak sentiment.

George Eliot was not a girl, but a woman of thirty-four, when she entered on this path, and she continued in it for twenty-four years until Mr. Lewes' death. By what subtle process of reasoning she excused it, and brought herself to believe that it was not sin but right, and a real marriage according to natural law, we cannot tell. She knew the standard of right

and wrong in such matters—immutable and unchangeable, however man may try to cheat his heart and conscience. The temptation George Eliot was subject to was in nowise different in fact from that which assails the frailest Magdalen, but her powerful mind, strong will, and subtle intellect refused to face it. So easy it is when we let go our hold on God to drift in any direction.

In the struggle of Maggie Tulliver, in the *Mill on the Floss*, a good example is given of what the author herself probably went through before her choice was made. She conveniently closes the scene by drowning Maggie; to have made her take the wrong course would have spoiled the book, and this George Eliot knew; indeed, she knew everything where the highest and best is concerned, but, like Portia in the "Merchant of Venice," she found it easier to teach others than to be one of the twenty to follow her own teaching, so easy it is to see the right and wrong when one's own heart is not involved.

In the *Mill on the Floss* Maggie says, remonstrating with Stephen:

"Faithfulness and constancy mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us; whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us."

And again, Maggie says to Philip, when they are in the woods:

"Often, when I have been angry and discontented, it has seemed to me that I was not bound to give up anything; and I have gone on thinking till it has seemed to me I could think away all my duty. But no good has ever come of that; it was an evil state of mind. . . . Our life is determined for us, and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do."

Is this a picture of the author's life? as the book is said most nearly to reproduce her own early character and struggles. Did she, by some long chain of reasoning, persuade herself she was necessary to Mr. Lewes, and that she could sacrifice her honor to him? Perhaps only God knows. Be that as it may, his divine power, which is never entirely lost in great souls, even though they deny him in word, comes out in all

George Eliot's writings. There are times when the pen of an author will seem to write what it will, and surely only divine intuitions could have guided some of the beautiful passages, found now here, now there in her books.

Dorothea says to Will Ladislaw, in *Middlemarch:*

"... By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

"That is a beautiful mysticism; it is a—"

"Please not to call it by any name," said Dorothea, putting out her hands entreatingly.

"You will say it is Persian, or something else geographical. It is my life. I have found it out and cannot part with it. ... I try not to have desires merely for myself, because they may not be good for others, and I have too much already."

Turning to *Adam Bede*, we find the tenderest love, the most sublime Christian faith, in Dinah's conduct toward Hetty; and be it remembered the latter at that time held the heart of the man the other woman loved. Dinah says to Hetty, when visiting her in prison:

"Some one who has been with you through all your hours of sin and trouble—who has known every thought you have had—has seen where you went, where you laid down and rose up again, and all the deeds that you have tried to hide in darkness. And on Monday, when I can't follow you—when my arms can't reach you—when death has parted us—He who is with us now, and knows all, will be with you then. It makes no difference whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God."

And then she pleads for Hetty's confession:

"Saviour, it is yet time—time to snatch this poor soul from everlasting darkness. I believe, I believe in Thy infinite love. What is *my* love or *my* pleading? It is quenched in Thine. ... Thou, Thou wilt breathe on the dead soul, and it shall arise from the unanswering sleep of death."

However distasteful the thought of a woman preaching or conducting church services is to the Catholic, no one can question the earnestness, the deep piety, and spiritual insight of Dinah. In one of her sermons at Hayslope she says:

"We are in sad want of good news about God; and what does other good news signify if we have n't that? For everything else comes to an end, and when we die we leave it all. But God lasts when everything else is gone. What shall we do if He is not our friend?" " . . . Jesus spent His time almost all in doing good to poor people: He preached out of doors to them, and He made friends of poor workmen, and taught them and took pains with them" . . .

"Ah! would n't you love such a man if you saw Him—if He was here in this village? What a kind heart He must have! What a friend He would be to go to in trouble! How pleasant it must be to be taught by Him! . . . Who was this man? Was He only a good man? . . . He was the Son of God."

"But let us see a little more what Jesus came on earth for. He said: 'I come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' The *lost! Sinners!* . . . does that mean you and me?" (Then she describes the Crucifixion.) "All this He bore for you! For you—and you never think of Him; for you, and you turn your backs on Him; you don't care what He has gone through for you. Yet He is not weary of toiling for you; He has risen from the dead, He is praying for you at the right hand of God. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' And He is upon this earth too; He is among us; He is there close to you now; I see His wounded body and His look of love."

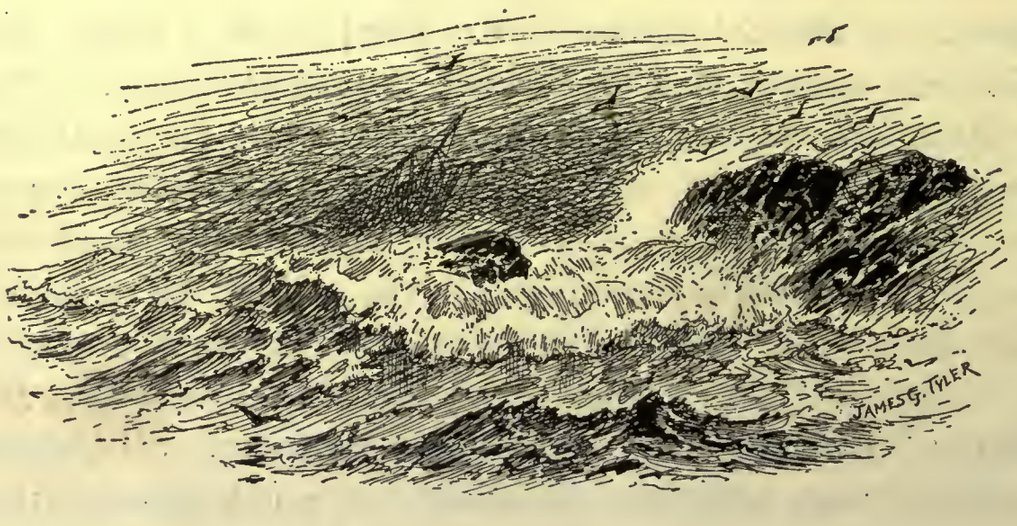
Again, in *Daniel Deronda* we meet with a high standard of right and wrong, that dominates the whole book. The dark sin of Grandcourt's early years embitters both his and Gwendolin's married life, and the author has traced in a masterly manner how Gwendolin also sinned against her conscience in marrying Grandcourt, knowing all the while he should have married some one else, and have righted a great wrong by so doing.

Strange that one who denied the existence of God should have made Dinah plead for Him with so much power; that one who set morality aside in her own life should have been a rigid moralist in all her writings. Unquestionably she has been the greatest female writer of her century; and undoubtedly—in the mind of Catholics—her life would have been in harmony with her literary work had she been a member of the true Church;

for it is safe to say that no Catholic adopting the life she did would be able to delude themselves into thinking that it could be excused on any grounds.

Even George Eliot's non-Catholic biographers seem to feel that something was lacking in her character and life, though they do not know just what it is. One of them—Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers, an intimate friend—says:

"For, as her aspect had greatness but not beauty, so, too, her spirit had moral dignity but not saintly holiness. A loftier potency may sometimes have been given to some highly favored woman in whom the graces of heaven and earth have met; moving through all life's seasons with a majesty which can feel no decay; affording by her very presence and benediction an earnest of the supernal world. And so, too, on that thought-worn brow there was visible the authority of sorrow, but scarcely its consecration. A deeper pathos may sometimes have breathed from the unconscious heroism of some child-like soul. It is perhaps by dwelling on the last touches which this high nature was divinely felt to lack—some aroma of hope, some felicity of virtue—that we can best recognize the greatness of her actual achievement."



JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER I.

JOYCE GOES UP LIKE A ROCKET.

THE great steam-whistle shrilled forth its piercing high-notes; the ship quivered and throbbed with impatient engines; the official order "All Ashore!" at first patiently, now imperatively reiterated, was emphasized by a significant stir and creak of the slanting gangway. As chains clanked, and ropes strained and rasped about the capstan, a rush from the deck halved the dense human crowd, dividing it between the Australian steamer *Oceanic* and its pier.

The Comedy Girls who with their attendant swains dotted the deck in brilliant, vivacious groups, simultaneously smiled and wept in the stress of final leave-takings more or less tender, according to circumstances. They had toured and re-toured

---

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life, and then comes the great struggle with temptation.

the West from north to south, since their initial appearance in San Francisco, eighteen months earlier; but that amusement-loving city had been their headquarters, and supported them to the phenomenal extent of two one-hundred-night seasons, during which all the girls had established relations friendly or sentimental, which they severed with natural regret. Australia, which in remote anticipation had been the land of their desire, seemed distant and strange and desolate now, in the hour of setting sail for it; and their pretty, painted faces, like rain-drenched roses, were stained with honest tears. A

"Rosebud garden of girls"

they represented, in truth, since all both wore and carried masses of flowers; while bonbonnières gay with ribbons, daintily bound novels, and glittering vinaigrettes were likewise conspicuous in almost every hand.

Apart from the troupe, with her face towards the sea, and gray eyes darkened by introspection, Pearl Ripley leaned against the railing. In its splendid lines and poise her figure looked statuesque,—remote, and subtly lonely in spite of Joyce's proximity. She had flung her flowers and other tributes upon an adjacent settee, as if indifferent to or already tired of them; and even her modish gown distinguished her from her professional associates, collectively brilliant in blue or white yachting-suits, with tinsel anchors much in evidence. Obviously not the baser, but the higher initiations of Pearl's stage-life, had appealed to her. Bad form had retreated as good taste advanced. Her style had attained distinction by loss of vulgar emphasis. Her physical points, once obtruded, now gained by repression the charm of delicacy. Time, experience, and dramatic training, which even at its lowliest approximates culture, had strengthened and refined her face to a nobler style of beauty than its immaturity had predicted; but the buoyant, sparkling charm formerly characterizing her, seemed outgrown. In truth, it still survived; but the fire of her vitality smouldered rather than flamed, in the spiritual and artistic stress of evolving womanhood. Of late she had been moody, discontented, even resentful, it seemed to Joyce, of all in which at first she had exulted so exuberantly: and his masculine simplicity grappled impotently with the problem of feminine inconsistency and caprice.

"Well, good-by, Pearl," he said at last, with embarrassed re-

luctance. "You know I am awfully sorry to have you go! Even now, it is not too late to change your mind!"

"Oh, *is*n't it too late?" she demanded, with a refreshing touch of her old vivacity. "Isn't it too late, with all my trunks in the hold, and my name billed already in Sidney and Melbourne, second only to Violet Earle's? I'm reckoning to get where you'll have to look up to me, before the Golden Gate sees me again!"

"O Pearl, Pearl! Well, of course you will write to me?"

"I don't think! The enchantment of absence works better in silence. Just keep watch for a star out of sight!"

"Look out not to overleap yourself, my footlight-comet. Vaulting ambition should be made of sterner stuff than—woman!"

"Don't you worry about my womanhood!"

"I cannot help worrying. Fame is only stage-sawdust for a girl made for love—"

"No, no!" she protested. The suggestion jarred upon a quivering chord, a sensitive nerve subtly torturing her since the dawn of moral responsibility in her mysteriously quickened soul. An overwhelming weariness of the sentimental problem, a revulsion from the fever of youthful emotion, a proud distaste for the whole subject of love as irreverence vulgarized and dishonored it,—for the passional element complicating human affinity,—for the lax practices of bohemia, and the hypocritical codes of the social world intermingling with, even while ostensibly repudiating it,—had taken recent possession of her, setting idealities against realities, and spiritualizing her views of life.

"Oh, I'm glad I am going away," she cried. "On the sea,—in strange lands,—I can begin all over. I'm tired of just the world's love and laughter. I want something *splendid* of life!"

"Well, you've got *me*, haven't you?"

"*You!*"

Into words suddenly flashed the dream of the actress born, of the artist maturing; the dream which all her strenuous thought, of late, had struggled in vain to formulate.

"The real stage," she panted: "the legitimate drama:—that is what I want, Joyce Josselyn!"

"Whew–w! No wonder I've been treated to grand high tragedy! It's a long jump from variety to the classics, Pearl. Why not drop the whole thing, and be jolly?"

"Jolly! I want to be great!"

"*Great*—Scott! Behold me at your feet, Miss Rachel-Siddons-Bernhardt-Duse-Terry—"

"Say, young man, are you good for the nice little cruise to Australia?" jested the Comedy manager, in passing.

"ALL ASHORE! *The ship's off!*" an irate officer shouted in Joyce's ear.

He started at the stentorian tones;—clasped Pearl's hands in a lingering pressure, as he looked rather than spoke his hasty farewell; then, dashing down the stairs and through the saloon, leaped to the pier across a swiftly widening gap of sea.

The *Oceanic* had started upon its long, lone voyage. Not until reaching Honolulu would it touch the land again.

"Hi, there, Joss! That was a close shave," cheered Dick Dawson, wriggling his way to the front of the pier, as the crowd pressed back to give Joyce foothold. In spite of good grooming, Dick looked flabby and florid, his youth and health and handsome face visibly marred by his reckless career. "Too bad to see the girls go," he confided, gaining Joyce's side. "Came near giving the parson the chance of his life to kiss one of 'em, 'pon honor; but the pater put in his little veto. Call this a free country, where a man can't choose his own wife? No sirree! Shoot the American eagle!"

He was loud and loquacious, from wine and emotion. Joyce winced at the laughter about him.

"That's jag-talk, Dick," he protested. "Shut up, like a good fellow."

"Right you are," retorted Dick, to the delight of the by-standers. "The talk's mine, and the jag's yours! Anything to please You, Us, and Company! Say, can't we crawl through this crowd and punish a bottle? I'm parched with briny tears!"

The *Oceanic*, like a sea-bird, was skimming rapidly out of sight; and already the deck showed the effect of departure. The few non-professional feminine passengers, who had been drawing their skirts aside from the Comedy Girls' dashing garments, turned down the stairs towards their staterooms, with an air of shaking the dust of the deck from their feet. The men, whose social spirit is always nobly democratic when pretty actresses are concerned, complacently discarded their hats for caps, turned up their coat-collars for no atmospheric reason,

and pocketing their hands with a landsman's farcical conception of jaunty nautical effect, settled to the promenade with the swaggering gait of old sea-dogs, their eyes wavering from the stern-deck, upon which the Comedy Girls still huddled forlornly, towards precincts restricted to the thirsty sex, whence the sound of sundry pops already emanated. Uniformed officers bustled hither and thither, conspicuously inconspicuous, as yet, for the superlative social graces to be displayed in the saloon, later. Sailors, with brown, impassive faces and compact physiques tense for endurance, crouched or clambered, submissive as beasts, to brutal-toned commands.

From the pier, now blurred in the increasing distance, hats lifted and handkerchiefs waved. Masculine eyes strained seaward, as white hands responded from the deck of the *Oceanic*. Then a volley of good wishes echoed over the waters.

"Fare well!" "Au Revoir!" "Bon Voyage!" "Come back to the Golden Gate again!" "Good-by,—good-by,—good-by!"

"Oh, hang it, I can't stand this, you know," choked Dick. Discounting the sentimental stage of vinous exhilaration, his *tendresse* for his footlight-favorites really tugged at his heart-strings. "Say, boys, if you 'll clear the way, it 's my treat all round! Just chalk the slate to the pater!"

Laughing at the sally, characteristic of Dick's genial spirit, the crowd parted to let the well-known couple pass. The junior Dawson was notorious; Joyce, more enviably popular. But as he turned for a last look at the receding *Oceanic* Joyce's face had none of the exultation of the public favorite. Within the last half-year it had lost its ingenuous, joyous youthfulness. The shadow of the Tree of Knowledge lay maturely upon it. His smile was no longer childishly sunny, nor his expression as simply candid as a fearless boy's. The insidious consciousness, the subtle constraint, of some experience alien to his allotted life, now tempered them. His eyes were the eyes of a man of the world, inscrutable beneath the superficial transparency of their purpled shallows. But in specious refutation of the psychological significance of his more reserved face, his carriage and manner had gained in assertiveness. The stamp of prosperity is external self-confidence: and Joyce had prospered notably. His shares in the "Shasta,"—Raymond's legacy,—were fortune's nucleus: his weekly supplement was attaining

the dignity of an eclectic review unrivalled in Western journalism; while the daily *Pioneer* already felt his sub-editorial influence.

"Deuced hard on a fellow,—seeing pretty girls off," whimpered Dick, mopping his flushed blond face with a scented handkerchief, as they turned into the thronged main thoroughfare. "I say, quit dragging me past this oasis in the desert! I 'm good for a bottle on ice!"

"No, Dick, come along! You want to be straight for our date at the 'Palace'! Don't be primed while Bull and Price are laying for you, with the Rocket Mine in their pockets."

"Oh, the deuce! I forgot that brace of old scoundrels. But it 's your funeral to-night, little brother, not mine. *I* 'm in heels over head, already."

"Well, *I* 'll go in head over heels, or not at all. They 're a pair from Queer Street,—your Bull and Price! I can't quite bring myself to trust them."

"Oh, don't funk at the last minute, Joss. Hang it, *I* stand for them! Bull 's an old forty-niner, and Price is the expert who first pronounced on the 'Shasta'; and his word is as good for its neighbor! They 're a bit seedy now; but ups and downs are coast-luck, and we all take our trips to the bow-wows! You just take my straight tip:—put your pot in the Rocket, and we 'll follow our girls to Australia."

Joyce felt tempted to knock down the boy beside him. The implied classification of Pearl with Dick's flippant affinities seemed an injustice to her, and an insult to him. Yet how could he resent a natural inference for which he, and none other, was responsible? For Joyce alone had existed in Pearl's professional and private life! In an atmosphere of insatiable vanity, flaunting fickleness, and sateless rapacity, her disinterested single-heartedness had distinguished her honorably. Joyce's own honor was yet to be demonstrated.

Yet in industry and success, the young Easterner compared more than favorably with the gilded youths socially "naturalizing" him. True, rumors obtained of his stock-plunges on the street; of occasional social games where stakes were not modest; of a few midnight-banquets whose "wine, women, and song" were scathed anonymously in the society-columns of the *Pioneer's* rivals. Yet if all the world loves a lover, is it not an equally evident though less noble truth, that the sower of wild oats is the popular idol? So Joyce lost small favor through

scandal's whispers of moral laxity. At worst, he was indulgently smiled upon as "going the pace" of spirited youth,—whose break-neck gallop the children of the world admire.

But in spite of its reckless social gait, the maddest race in the West is the race for millions. Mere competency is destitution; modern affluence, poverty in the social eye. The most colossal fortune is still too small; and financial ambition knows no bounds or limits. Therefore the most inveterate pleasure-seeker of the West "buckles down to business" episodically; and mines, railroads, the stock-market in general, know the vital if transient impetus of dashing young prodigals seeking to multiply their surplus riches. Dick Dawson was a type of this typical class. Already he had drawn Joyce into more than one lucrative venture; and common intimacy with the Comedy Girls had transformed chance social and business association into a relation assumptive on Dick's side, at least, of congenial and devoted friendship. The present appointment at the Palace Hotel was solely for Joyce's benefit, Dick being already a heavy investor in the Bull-and-Price Rocket Mine,—the reputable Shasta's next-door neighbor.

In a private room of the Palace, Messrs. Bull and Price, like spiders in the traditional parlor, awaited their unwary flies.

"Dinner before business," hospitably proclaimed Mr. Bull, crushing their hands in a grasp of adhesive iron. Joyce objected, but Dick carried the day by his prompt assent. Dinner meant wine; and the thirst of the libations of the luncheon-de-luxe, which had been his send-off to the Comedy Girls, was crying for homeopathic assuagement.

Face to face with the partners representing the Rocket Mine, one was not surprised that Joyce had been unpleasantly impressed. The sharp contrast they presented was startling to the sensitive. Although both were of the carelessly attired yet bediamonded type of business "hustler" still familiar along the coast, their manners and methods were no less dissimilar than their physiques, which were grotesquely representative of "the long and the short of it." Mr. Bull, a giantesque figure, was black-moustached and sallow; while "sandy" Mr. Price's diminutive stature had won him the nickname of "Bull's pocket edition." He spoke softly and smiled perpetually in a suave and ingratiating manner; but Mr. Bull boasted that he lived up to his name, and wore a chronically sullen scowl.

At the close of the dinner,—a man's meal, plain and hearty, yet extending to several courses and various wines,—the table was cleared of all but cigars and their liquid accompaniments. Mr. Bull dismissed the waiter after ordering in writing materials from the desk; while Mr. Price solicitously insisted that his guests should take their ease in seductive lounging-chairs. Dick, satiated with creature-comforts, lolled back with closed eyes; and Joyce, as he pulled at his good cigar, was conscious of similar languor. Spiritually, the exhaustion following stress of thought of Pearl, was upon him. Then he had been forced to dine superabundantly: and though a temperate drinker, felt his wine to the extent of physical and mental relaxation. His suspicions were lulled, his usual keenness of intellect blunted. The strains of an orchestra floated in at the open windows, undertoning the hum of life always audible in a great hotel. The proximity of human activity that spared Joyce the effort of personal part in it, suited a mood which, though indolent, yet dreaded the isolation wherein conscience speaks. The observant hosts exchanged sly winks of self-congratulation. The fates were playing into their hands.

Of the Rocket Mine's partners, Mr. Bull was the spokesman. Preparatory to breaking the somnolent silence, he flung away his burned-out cigar, tilted back his chair, which creaked protestingly, slanted his head to one side, wriggled his thumbs into his vest-pockets, elevated his left foot to his right knee, and lost himself in admiration of the trouser-plaid thus brought into sudden prominence.

"Price calls this my checker-suit," he remarked, taking the initiative as a critic of the loudness of his tweed. "I 'm too tall for stripes, and plain ground don't half suit me. *I* want it staked out every time. That 's me! Now, Price will explain this thing technically."

"In the late 'sixties," proceeded Mr. Price, "the mine now known as the Shasta,—originally one with its better-half, the Rocket,—petered out under a set of bungling tenderfeet, and was dead stock for twenty years. Boyle Broderick stumbled across it, and bought it up on spec, but died before working it, which confirmed its bad name; so Jim Raymond took it off the estate. When he struck ore, he formed his company; and then made a private throw for the Rocket, which had been thrown out at the start by some chump-assayers, as a tail-end of barren rock. As

the white men prospecting the Rocket for Raymond when he died, Bull and I bid it in for ourselves, with our bottom dollars. But what's the use of even a gold-mine, if we can't half work it? We're dead-broke, and must let in you capitalists!"

"That's right! We're 'let in,' sure enough!" mumbled Dick, with drowsy roguishness.

Mr. Price benignly patted him on the head. "Go to sleep, little boy," he said; and Dick promptly obeyed him. Mr. Bull scowled morosely into space.

"But if a man like Mr. Raymond stood for it," argued Joyce, "I should think there would be not the slightest difficulty—"

"Difficulty?" bellowed Mr. Bull. "There ain't any difficulty! When we spring this here thing on the public the bottom will fall out of half the paper-mines bluffing the street. But we want to start right, with name and influence to boost a daisy prospectus; and Jim Raymond's dead as a door-nail, ain't he? Dead men's testimony don't count shucks!"

"Except in murder-cases," interposed Mr. Price, facetiously. "But Josselyn, I know you'll like to hear that dear old Jim Raymond won't be out of it! As a solid gold monument to his memory, we've re-christened the Rocket—*the Pioneer!*"

The partners eyed Joyce narrowly, to note the effect of this stroke of genius. It was open to all who ran, to read. Joyce responded as to a personal compliment.

"The Pioneer?" he repeated. "Oh, I say, now, have you? Well, we have n't a patent on the title, I suppose! That lets *me* in sure!" he added, in earnest jest. "No Pioneer gets on without *me!*"

"That's the talk!" Mr. Bull's fist on the table imperilled the ink-bottle. "Don't sell out your Shasta, sonny; for the Shasta-combine is just what the Pioneer wants! But put in every other red cent you can raise on your corpse! I'd sell my own coffin to control it!"

"Well, you see I've been living up pretty near to my limit. The best I can do is to put in a thousand—"

"*How* much?" roared Mr. Bull.

"One—thousand—dollars!"

"One—copper—cent!" mimicked the disappointed fortune-hunter, in contemptuous disgust.

As Joyce flushed resentfully, Mr. Price's small foot indulged in a feminine trick, under cover of the table.

"Of course petty figures mean almost nothing to us!" he explained, gently, wincing as his danger-signals evoked a vigorous reciprocal kick from his ungrateful partner: "but as your name is editorially associated with the *Pioneer*, it stands for Jim Raymond's with the local public. Therefore, considering its value,—its proxical value,—"

"But hold on!" cried Joyce. "In that light I should think that Colonel Pearson—"

"Well, *I* should n't!" interrupted the irrepressible Mr. Bull. "You take my advice, youngster, and keep mum till we 're booming. What the public knows is good enough for old Pearson."

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Price, resignedly, "influence is the equivalent of cash, at our present crisis; so on condition that you share his directorship, we 'll square you with Dawson, as a holder of preferred stock."

"Say, I like that!" protested Dick, awakening inopportunely. "You hold me up for full price, and run Josselyn in for his pretty face, do you? Joss, look gift-horses in the mouth, when Bull and Price jockey 'em. They 're not in this dig-out for fun!"

"Cuss that fellow," hissed Mr. Bull, behind clinched teeth.

"Oh, hang business," yawned Dick, stretching himself in peaceful ignorance of the anathema. "I 'm due where the tum-tum music twangs. Who 's with me? Not one? Ta-ta, then!"

"Poor Dicky-boy," sighed the smaller villain, as he smiled and smiled after the swaggering, rakish, not quite steady young figure. "The only son of Dawson, and he is a multi-millionaire! What a lesson that happiness is a pearl above price. Now, *your* father, my boy,—"

"And his *mother*," bettered Mr. Bull, waving his bandanna in sympathy with proud maternal tears.

Joyce disclaimed the implied compliment, yet, in secret, appropriated it. He was beginning to assume personal credit for his success, forgetting his debt to propitious circumstances. In attaining Centreville College, he had started himself, with thanks to nobody; and what save his college-record had impressed the Raymonds? Therefore his own ability had secured his prosperity. Yes, his father and mother might well be proud of him! Naturally, no favor showered upon him by fortune could surprise his

mother; but Joyce knew that practical and frugal Hiram Josselyn's valuation of his son was less flattering; and his astounded incredulity on the subject of the legacy,—as depicted by Father Martin's and Stephen's letters,—was an amusing reminiscence. Ten thousand dollars! *Ten thousand dollars!* The paternal Josselyn had winked and blinked and ruminated and chuckled, and finally come as near to tears as his dry old eyes found possible. Then, as Joyce, in concession to his mother's urgent wish, had contemplated a flying visit home, Hiram Josselyn had written with infinite pains, in a cramped, crabbed hand, smeared by blots and erasures, a characteristic letter:

"Don't you be too soft about mindin' your ma. A woman's as full of notions as a colt of high-jinks, an' as little sense at the bottom of 'em! Stay West till you 've got a free pass here *an' back*, if you 've got a Josselyn head on you! All the fools ain't dead yet, and it's a good place to hang round, where money 's goin' beggin' for owners. Ain't there any men-kin out there to break that will, on the ground of ravin' insanity? Ten thousand dollars, by gosh! *Ten thousand dollars*,—and your hand not turned over to make it! Why, son, *I* slaved and scrimped for twenty year before I 'd cleared one-half of it. If I 've been tight-fisted in my time, hard-earned is close-kept, but easy-got 's easy-gone; an' a fool an' his money 's soon parted! No, I ain't wantin' one cent of your'n, nor your ma ain't, neither. If you 're *my* son, you 'll *keep tight hold of it!*"

Joyce never recalled this letter without a broad smile; and the smile now struck inward, vastly exhilarating his spirits.

When the subject of the mine was resumed, he discussed it enthusiastically. They sat late, and Mr. Bull trifled with pen and paper. As they talked, Joyce scribbled his signature to a check, and also to a second paper witnessed by a waiter and bell-boy, opportunely summoned by Mr. Bull upon pretext of a "corky" bottle.

Finally, the three took a last drink to the luck of the Pioneer, and then the new mine-director was ushered out, with paternal shoulder-pattings from Mr. Bull, which Mr. Price supplemented on Joyce's elbow, as the highest feature within his reach.

Too excited for sleep, and elated by his financial prospects, Joyce took a turn about the rotunda, his head high, his blue eyes shining. With its scintillating dome, its palmed galleries,

and the classical pillars of its pretentious architecture, the court of the Palace seemed a harmonious setting for his ambitious and exultant youth. Echoes of music still haunted the air; and behind the palms rustled feminine gowns, alluring in their invisibility. The tramp of feet and noise of chairs on the resonant pavement,—the busy desk with the loiterers before the cigar-lamps,—the men eminent in Western politics and finance, grouped in animated discussion of national issues,—the rushing reporters saluting Joyce respectfully, while rival editors nodded with the specious blandness not confined to the Heathen Chinee, —the pell-mell telegraph boys, breathless and independent, colliding with pompous "buttons" hurrying to and from the bar, —even the high notes of the telephone-bell, and the more remote yet audible click of the telegraph,—mechanical voices insistent over the human hum,—all were instinct with the impetuous life to which the thrilled Joyce felt newly akin. Reviewing his evening's work, he felt sure that he had done a good thing for himself,—a thing splendidly in touch with the world about him,—ambitious, progressive, and prospectively triumphant as valor is, that challenges Fate.

But Joyce would scarcely have congratulated himself so optimistically had he overheard his late associates' discussion of him, above-stairs. They had restrained their glee until he was safely out of sight and sound; then both, as if swayed by a single impulse, collapsed in their chairs, and roared lustily.

"Say, I'm for a brandy and soda," confessed Mr. Bull, rising in search of his hat, as he recovered. "I never had such a start in my dog-goned life as when that little sot turned against us!"

"A tipsy fool's sharper than a sober fool," grinned Mr. Price, drawing on his coat. "Of all the fresh daisies I ever picked,—the innocent pigeons I ever plucked,—the gullible infants I ever gulled, that young Yank's the freshest, the innocentest, and the gullible-est!"

"Oh, draw it mild, Price!" protested the partner, a shade of anxiety recalling the scowl to his face. "*I'm* not gulling anybody. The mine's there, ain't it? There's no warrant out against that!"

"Oh, yes, the mine's there, O. K. But the 'millions'—"

Like many physically small men, Mr. Price was more valiant in spirit than his overgrown fellow. Mr. Bull bluffed, but his

pocket-edition was the pluckier staying-partner. Knowing that the mine was only a hope,—a forlorn hope,—few favorable indications having rewarded the prospecting that had ruined them financially, Mr. Price feigned no illusions, but Mr. Bull still shilly-shallied. The truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth, was unpleasantly suggestive of legal inquiries!

"The millions *may* be in the mine, mayn't they?" he insisted. "You can't take oath that the vein stops short with the Shasta, can you?"

"Nary an oath, till we've drilled that last ledge. But the indications are—"

"Our outfit is all on the dead square, ain't it?"

"*Stone*-dead!"

"Tarnation-blazes! If the danged hole in a rock gives out only gravel, are *we* to be responsible for Nature's vacuum? Anyhow, *our* names won't be in the prospectus,—not muchee; and if Dawson and Josselyn get into trouble, we can vamoose on tracks greased at their expense!"

"That's straight. Of course old Dawson will pull out Dicky—"

"Yes, and Josselyn's swelled head will be the better for a crack in it. Say, that 'father' and 'mother' touch was the one that did for him! Nothing catches fools—young or old—like sentiment!"

"Except '*millions!*' Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"*He! He! He!*"

The bar-door swung behind the two worthies.

CHAPTER II.

STEPHEN GOES AWAY SORROWING.

"What in thunder is this, eh? What's this, I say?" demanded Pearson, examining the files upon his return from a rare vacation taken on Dolly's yacht, far out of reach of daily mails. His eagle-eye had alighted upon the identical paragraph which Joyce had hoped it might overlook,—a "puff" for the Pioneer Mine.

"Oh, that's all right, Colonel," Joyce assured him confi-

dently. "We're bound to stand by the name, wherever we find it, and their ad. has to be encouraged. I staked my own mite, and the prospectus makes me a director. Dawson's name stands for gold, so I suppose the press tips the scales with mind against matter. The other names on the board I don't know!"

"Dawson?" queried the mollified Colonel. "Oh, if old Richard Dawson is in it, boom away! He stands for square returns, and no trickery."

"Well—er—" stammered Joyce, with reluctant candor, "you see, Colonel, Dick junior chances to be the particular Dawson in this! But what's in a generation? It's all in the family! Of course the old man is behind him."

"Of course *not*, you mean," differed Pearson, wrathfully. "I have yet to see Dawson senior back any of his disreputable son's transactions. Look here, I'll expose this thing if it's a swindle. Anyway, you're off the straight track to push schemes identified with you. If Little was fool enough to let this pass his desk in my absence, Kauffmann ought to have known too much to set it up. Our unesteemed contemporaries will jump all over the *Pioneer*, if you make it the cat's-paw of private enterprises!"

"Private? It is bidding its best for the public's funds, anyway! If you want the straight tip, Colonel, just send in your own check. Even our boys, from Kauffmann way down to little Billy, are in it for all they're worth."

"Then they're worth gilt-edged paper, and not a red cent over," growled the Colonel. Joyce retreated, gnawing his pencil savagely. Oh, that Dolly's yacht had stayed at sea!

As may be seen, Messrs. Bull and Price had struck while the iron was hot; and shortly after Joyce's investment the Pioneer was a mine-stock established. The prospectus had been a masterpiece of attractive promise, and the Dawson and Josselyn names had floated it, locally. It had scarcely seen the light when Joyce's office was invaded by the *Pioneer's* foreman, in behalf of the printing-room, whose force adored Joyce. The foreman was a handsome pink-and-white young German Americanized,—Hans Kauffmann by name,—a star of the Turn-Verein. But the heart in his athletic physique was the child-like heart of the romantic Teuton; and Joyce had won it by his rollicking ways.

"I just came in to say that we 're all going into this, sir, on your account," he said to Joyce, twisting the prospectus in his big, fair hands. "Of course we know you would n't be standing for it, if it was n't the dead square thing."

Why was Joyce startled? He could not account for the disquieting effect of Hans' words, since as yet no conscious doubt of the mine had troubled him. Bull and Price were on the ground, and every day's mail brought glowing reports: while Dick frequently buttonholed him to suggest Australia, on the strength of their lucky venture. Yet, looking at Hans' ingenuous, trustful face, a misgiving amounting to fear took sudden possession of the Pioneer's director. Presentiment warned him against an humble following. The game of chance favors the rich.

"Hans," he said evasively, "you know what Western mines are! *I* stake what I can lose, but you risk living-wages. Set your boys a good example not to speculate!"

"Oh, we don't as a rule, sir,—just small flyers on margins, when we get inside-tips. But every man of us would stake our bottom dollar on *you!*"

"Thank you, my friend; but this is not on me! It is on the 'soulless corporation' which has made me one of its honorary figure-heads. Be a good boy, Hans, and stocking your pennies. It is safer all round, in the end."

"But they don't increase and multiply, sir!" Hans' flaxen brows met in depressed perplexity. The hurt of the poor man quivered in his embarrassed, mildly protesting face, as he stood in his shirt-sleeves before his well-turned-out young superior. Tradesman and gentleman,—yet no less man and man! Why should one reap rich profits, and the other yield his chance?" There was protest in Hans' saddened voice.

"We poor chaps need to rake in winnings, now and then, more than those rich enough to play for fun," he stated,—not in complaint, but in frank expression of a melancholy truth. "If wages are good here, living is high,—and a man can't marry with nothing ahead, as conditions are now, in this country. Yet it sets a man wrong, sir, waiting, waiting! And there 's many a boy in my box."

His guileless blue eyes had moistened emotionally, his fair skin flushed like a bashful child's. In spite of his stature and strength, he looked young,—appealingly, immaturely young!

Joyce felt venerable beside the contemporary who had not outlived simple sentiment. To chaff Hans was irresistible.

"What!" he laughed. "Are you boys all bent upon committing matrimony? Am I in for silver mugs all round?"

Such spontaneous touches of nature made Joyce adored by his subordinates. Hans looked at him with the fond, faithful eyes of a dog.

"My girl 's waiting at home with my widowed old mother," he confided; "and the girls here won't marry till their men have made their piles. They say that to begin down is to stay down, nowadays; and what with sickness and a family to look ahead for, they 're not so far wrong. To be ailing, and hard-worked, and poor all together, is death in life for a decent woman, and *my* girl don't come to it! There 's a small house in Oakland,—I want to manage that, sir! With his home clear, a man can get on!"

"Why did n't you speak out before, Hans? A pretty blue-eyed Fraulein in tears for you? Shame upon you! I 'll speak to some friends of mine in the real-estate gamble. Small property deals can always be put through!"

Hans' eyes smiled gratefully. He was too experienced in Western methods to run his head into the noose of easy mortgage and usurious interest; but he loved Joyce for the kindly offer.

"Oh, my case is only the crowd's," he said, waiving personalities with manly dignity. "Every day makes it harder for the under-dog,—that 's all, sir! This curse of monopoly is spoiling God's country. There 's trouble ahead,—bitter trouble!"

"Hans! Hans! Anarchy? Socialism? That 's the bad drop in your grand old blood, my friend. You Germans run too much to trade-unions."

"Oh, no, sir! The unions save both sides. There 'd be mob-law without them. But Labor is not the only class on strike now, Mr. Josselyn. Trusts have struck at the family, and the social commonwealth. We workingmen only represent the great American public. Democracy against plutocracy,—the cause of Humanity against gilt-edged Society,—that 's the fight on in this country of class-contrasts, to-day, sir! But I mustn't take up your time!"

"You interest me vastly. Come round to my rooms with a

boy or two of your mind, and see if the burning questions don't go up in smoke! Now, as to this mine-business, here is my idea! You boys bank your piles till the Colonel turns up, and be advised by a California 'Pioneer' in the flesh. Then your heads,—and my own,—will lie easy!"

"Oh, we don't stake much on the old man's cranks," retorted Hans, disrespectfully. "He's what you call a conservative,—not like you, sir, with a heart for us boys! No, we've all chipped in, on the strength of your name. We just thought you'd like to know it!"

But Joyce did not like to know it! He liked it so little that he dashed off a long letter of ingenuous inquiry and arcadian appeal, over which the managers in the Pioneer's new shaft-house grinned together. Smiles came easily, nowadays, even to the scowling Mr. Bull; for the Pioneer had "caught on" with the investing public. They were raking gold in, if not out of the mine: and prospecting still left hope open.

To be just to the adventurers, it seemed not impossible that the Pioneer might prove a second Shasta. If not, by such underground sleight-of-hand manœuvres as are not unrecorded in the history of mining engineering, the Shasta's lode might yet be made common property. But the Shasta watched its neighbor with vigilant eyes, and no trespass had yet been committed.

Joyce's journalistic indiscretion worried the Colonel, who fumed intermittently through the first week of his return, rashly threatening an injunction against the mine, on the score of its pre-empted name. But the proud surprise of becoming the grandfather of a Dolly junior suddenly distracted his thoughts from insignificant bachelors and their follies, professional and otherwise; and as the new enterprise was not again mentioned in the *Pioneer*, the small matter of one mine more in the West, not unnaturally, escaped his memory. But Hans, with bright face and eyes beautiful with tender dreams, waylaid Joyce almost daily, to say "*Sure to be a bonanza, sir!*" He had written home of his great prospects, and the old Mutter and the young Mädchen were preparing to emigrate. Joyce's conscientious rejoinder, "Good time to sell out, Hans," was smiled aside, as a standard jest.

Joyce, just at this period, was experimenting with life in an exclusively masculine atmosphere. For once, he was free from

feminine associations; and the social novelty went to his head, causing him to feel, in the sense of pride of sex, much akin to a whooping school-boy. Although faithful to affections conceived, and idealizing his mother, Mrs. Raymond, and Gladys Broderick reminiscently, yet between them and him Pearl Ripley had passed, and her shadow lingered behind her. Mrs. Murphy, good, motherly Mrs. Murphy, had been called to her reward less than a year after Pearl had found sanctuary with her; and turning from her grave, youth had rebounded from restraint, and become its own law, thereafter.

Intimacy with the inferior inevitably blights the finer association; and womanhood had lost something of spiritual beauty and charm for Joyce, which only when his dimmed and sullied vision had been chastened by repentant tears, would he recognize and reverence newly. Instinctively rather than deliberately during his transit of bohemia, he had set aside all voluntary thought of Gladys, not only because he believed her to be sacred to Stephen, but likewise in personal reverence. But Mrs. Raymond's image, vivified by occasional letters, sustained the social standards lax diversions had rivalled but transiently; and released from associations which only the riotous blood of youth had made congenial, he rebounded to the masculine level.

Between the influences of love the holy, and unholy passion, the difference is this:—that while love broadens out even as it intensifies natural tenderness, which it purifies from self and sense,—passion's flame sears the pure and delicate love-nature, and burning out, leaves the profaned heart a waste,—the superior sentiments in ashes. In Joyce's heart only a surface-flame, light and brief-lived, had flickered; but even such burns its scar upon youth and innocence. In the stress of such moral temptation as is man's virgin battle too often lost unfought, his simple-hearted and ingenuous youth,—prolonged into maturity because its original development had been belated,—had fallen, and not re-risen. He was stolid, now, where he had been over-tender. Complemental femininity no longer seemed essential to his happiness. His loyalty to surviving ideals was a passive rather than an active sentiment. Transitional indifference was bound to pass; but while it obtained, it wounded sensitive souls allied to him by natural love and spiritual charity. Mrs. Raymond, indeed, laughed significantly over his jaunty

letters, and flattered him by congratulations upon his evolution as a man of the world; but Gladys, to whom she read them, looked wistful and serious; while far away in Maintown, mother-tears, scarce knowing why they fell, blotted Joyce's still frequent if less tender letters: and Father Martin sighed more often than smiled, as he spoke of Joyce to Stephen.

Stephen's informal descent upon the retired rectory, snowed-in by New England's white mid-winter, had been a vast surprise to the Maintown pastor; but like a good Samaritan, he was ever ready for hospitality, and heartily welcomed his guest. It had been Gladys' earnest wish to see Father Martin before sailing, but Imogen, dreading his cousinly inquisition into her plans and their motives, had contrived to render a meeting impossible; so Gladys was forced to content herself with a farewell letter delivered by Stephen in person. Her first impulse had been to confide their understanding to her spiritual father; but later, she decided to leave the initiative to Stephen. Between-line significances, however, are seldom missed by the intuitive and experienced; and what the insight of the priest failed to divine in Gladys' letter, Stephen communicated with a simplicity so boyish as to be touching in one of his reserved nature. Yet in this he was but true to a characteristic of his sex; since in the rose-strewn ways of the world, all men are born veterans; while the thorny ways of heart and spirit prove every man a child. Pain steals like a profaner upon the complacent well-being of the masculine nature; and surprised by a foe that physical force fails to conquer, it weakens, and leans, and craves consolation. Only heroic men stand the test of spiritual suffering. The many evade it at the cost of its reward;—the sad secret of unfulfilled destinies!

On the night of Stephen's arrival, host and guest talked long and late; and when Stephen had retired at last, the priest knelt in the church, dark save for the ruddy flicker of the Tabernacle lamp, and thanked God that this struggling soul had been guided to him. Even in its happy hope, its virtual assurance of granted desire, Stephen's love for Gladys had not healed the wound of Mina's death; and as again and again his heart-cry sobbed across the love-strain of his confidence regarding his conditional betrothal, Father Martin could not but recognize the subordinateness of a sentiment which, even in its hour of birth, fraternal grief exceeded. But listening to all, he

spoke but little; leaving Stephen, even as Gladys had left him, to the apocalypse of the Spirit.

Yet gently, insensibly, not by precept or controversy, but by tender expression of his own thoughts of Mina, shorn of sadness by his joyous faith in the immortality of life and love, Father Martin won Stephen from his morbid mourning, transmuting grief for the dead into spiritual communion with the deathless. Then, as his heart slowly yet surely rebounded from pain to peace, Stephen's thoughts naturally concentrated on Gladys.

Analyzing his strange, sweet content in the unworldly atmosphere of the rectory, he ascribed the delicate yet complex transformation within him to love, which as a new force in his life seemed the solution of all present problems. Like many men of unsquandered and unprofaned sentiment, he idealized love, once its white flame ignited him; reverencing Gladys as an angel-pure Sara, for whom human man must serve! To exalt his soul to her heights, to refine his mind by communings with the most spiritual thinkers, to cleanse his heart from the grime of the world, seemed the natural rather than the supernatural condition upon which he should dare to press his suit. Therefore he welcomed his seclusion, as love's purifying probation. He forgot that love is twofold,—Divine and human: that above the love of woman, "*God* is Love!"

God's methods, and man's, are at striking variance. The human work is impetuous, hurried, and always conspicuous for the personal imprint. God's work is gradual, and not infrequently screens itself behind its created instrument. Not until the shadows fled did Stephen recognize how, from first to last, the coercive Hand of God had rested upon his unconscious soul. At the outset, light and grace seemed to reach him through human and intellectual, rather than spiritual channels. Sharing Father Martin's round of calls,—which extended beyond parish boundaries and congregation, to his Maintown neighbors in general,—Stephen's human sympathies were broadened and his social conservatism reproached as he recognized the spiritual and intellectual worth of a brotherhood new to him:—that of the New England soil-tillers, justly representative of Nature's noblemen,—intelligent, earnest, heroically laborious and of Spartan fortitude,—earth-bound by the struggle to wrest daily bread from a Mother too often niggardly, yet with eagle-spirits royally

contemptuous of effeminate luxury and snobbish codes mocking Christian precepts, satirizing common humanity, and devitalizing sane simplicity of life.

Passing on from general to particular observation, Stephen's intimate association with Father Martin's apostolic life inevitably impressed him spiritually. Early Mass in the gloom and discomfort of New England's stinging morning-cold,—doubly sharp in comparison with California's soft winters,—heavy sleighing in the face of drifting storms, when sick-calls summoned the physician of souls to the far borders of his parish:—heroic tramps to victims of accident or sudden visitation, on blustering midnights when local trains were delayed, and continuous carriage-roads still imperfectly broken,—the whole sacrificial life of the Martin Carruth who had been and might have remained a rich man of the world,—a life of plain fare, of ceaseless self-denial, of penitential duty, of humble obscurity, compelled Stephen's homage, and initiated his inquiry into the superhuman reasons for such immolative human consecration; thus leading him naturally within proxical hearing of Christ's sweet, convincing Voice.

Then came the intellectual call, clarion-clear down the A. D. ages. Centreville College had grounded him well in the pagan classics, and in the humanitarian science and literature of modern centuries; but it was left for the rectory-library to hold him the classics of Christianity in the works of the great theologians,—sublime poets, pure prosaists, profound philosophers, true logicians, supreme scientists,—the intellectual galaxy shining immortally because celestially, beneath whose star-light the ignis-fatuus of godless intellect, flaring up fitfully, expires in eternal darkness.

The library proved to Stephen the vestibule of the church. If his soul rather than his intellect led the way, as yet he did not know it. As a refuge in mental weariness, a retreat for meditation undistracted and restful, he turned at first to the quiet altar. Then the mystic spell of the Tabernacle stole upon his quickened spirit like a kiss in the dark, gently, lingeringly, leaving sweet traces,—Faith's soft, silent kiss of peace!

Yet who save the recording angel, and the man himself in his personal confessions, shall depict the struggle of the masculine soul, choosing between the sacrificial obligations of faith victorious over doubt, and the agnostic way free and easy?

Although godly by nature, Stephen had followed his world in ignoring religion in practice, while its advocate in theory: and pride, self-love, unpenitential habit, and nature's human dread of the spiritual life's demands and restrictions, retarded his ascent towards the Sacraments.

But what God begins, He is fain to finish; and man's ill-will alone stays His perfecting Hand. Correspondence to grace was the germ in Stephen's soul, which slowly yet surely fructified to vocation.

Then, past him who had rejected it, to Stephen who dallied with it, rang the call of Christ to the rich young man of the gospels:

"*Go, sell what thou hast, . . . and come, follow Me!*"

The "great possessions" of wealth were comparatively easy for Stephen to sacrifice; but man's love for a maid is a dearer possession.

Stephen's human heart was at war with his soul. Like his prototype, he "became sorrowful."

There are heroic souls to whom the call to perfection is a message of ecstasy; but if sweet at all to the majority of the called, at best it is sweetly terrible! However strong may be the spiritual instinct to respond, still stronger, in the natural sense, is the human impulse of resistance. Stephen's resistance took the delusive form of a stubborn sense of honor to Gladys. He must await her return, and abide by her verdict. In the meantime, he craved oblivion.

"I must back to the West! Affairs of weight demand my personal attention," he announced to Father Martin; neither surprising nor deceiving that astute discerner of spirits.

"Ah?" queried the priest, his quizzical tone and mischievous eyes causing Stephen to flush like a school-boy. "Opportune affairs are the providential resource of the righteous, eh? Well, how soon may I expect your return?"

"I have imposed too long upon your hospitality. Why take my return for granted?"

"Why *not?* You are that sinner or saint—a man of leisure; and committed to the cause of my local youth! The 'Young Men's Guild' will 'combust' spontaneously, if you desert it at this inflammable juncture!"

For Stephen's life at the rectory had not been self-centred.

The need of social missionary work among his young farmers and townsmen had troubled Father Martin not a little: and Joyce's windfall of fortune having stimulated local interest in the West, the enterprising pastor had seized the opportunity of a Parish Reunion to press his guest from the coast into speaking publicly upon "The Young Man in Modern Life." The success of the experiment suggested the prompt institution of a Young Men's Guild, to meet weekly for mutual helpfulness, under Stephen's temporary presidency. In his gratification at the result, Father Martin perpetrated a bull; assuring his Bishop, who had been pleased to confirm his favorite's kinsman, that "the best of all curates for an up-to-date pastor is a viceless young man of the world!"

"The 'Young Men's Guild,' then, shall justify my return,—*if* I return," smiled Stephen. "But I shall feel such a drone in the masculine hive! By what right do I withdraw from men's active concerns? Modern life is a rush, with no respite."

"Too rushing for remembrance of Christ's own bidding,—'*Come apart into a desert place, and rest a little.*' Occasional withdrawal from the day's heat and burden is the secret of all well-poised life. The development of the worlding is inevitably inharmonious and one-sided. The soul, the heart, even the intellect in its highest sense, are denied their sustenance, which is contemplation. A man must enter his chamber and shut the door, if he would adjust his life to the Divine Standard within him. Externals are the volatile corks of life, compelling it to float on the surface-shallows. It is only when we leave publicity for solitude, and convention for conviction and its courage, that we probe to our human depths."

"But my place in the world—"

"Are you certain that your place is in the world?" ventured Father Martin, for the first time hinting the thought of his soul. "There are special vocations for the lone mountain-paths, though the many throng the main-travelled roads. St. Ignatius shall greet your return with the beacon-light of his 'Election of States.' I must look up my Bellecio, who transmits the light purely,—the 'kindly light' that has led many a wanderer home. Then Hecker's soul-struggle is our American religious classic. I would put it into the hands of every young American of ideals, irrespective of creed and vocation. The 'measure of a man' is in it."

"St. Ignatius and Father Hecker have my thanks in advance. But my 'election of state' is a case of '*place aux dames!*' You know I consider myself engaged to Gladys."

"My dear Stephen, until orange blossoms and white satin have been doffed for the travelling-gown, I believe the masculine point of view is proverbially inconsequent. Anyway, as *I* understand the matter, Gladys recognizes only your friendship. Do not resist her intuitions on any ground but your own firm conviction that marriage alone is your call and choice. Your present liberty of spirit is an inestimable grace. Upon its use or abuse hangs your future."

"I realize it. Frankly, my return-journey to the world is a test, an experiment. I think it but wise to prove the strength and permanency of—present attractions."

"'*Here is wisdom!*' . . . '*He that winneth souls is wise.*' . . . Beware of the wisdom of the world, my Stephen! Yet there is nothing like a reversion, to convince us of progress. Then since delay is enervating, and procrastination steals more than time, why not go at once, that you may return the sooner?"

"If I return at all!"

"All right. That goes! Now, a leave-taking call on the Josselyns must be your charity. There will be maternal messages for Joyce."

It was at this crisis that Hiram Josselyn's letter of sage if sordid advice, already quoted, counteracted the effect of mother-love's message: "*Tell my son Joyce to come home, or I'll go West to see him!*"

Poor mother! How little she foresaw the circumstances under which her tender threat would be fulfilled!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bells of St. Mary.

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

CHIMING bells, O rhyming bells,
O silver bells of sweet St. Mary,
O'er fells and dells your music swells,
Celestial sweet, divinely airy!
Through cool air clear your anthems dear
I hear across the river,
And through my soul your pæans roll,—
O would it were for ever!

O golden bells, and olden bells,
The blessèd bells of sweet St. Mary's,
How crystal clear upon the ear
Your tinkling tones fall like a fairy's!
The linnet harks, and e'en the lark's
Sweet song beside the river
Grows sudden still, and on the hill
With joy the aspens shiver!

O singing bells, O ringing bells,
O swinging bells of sweet St. Mary,
What faith sublime your chiming tells,
What golden truth, and hope so airy!
Ye sing of love, of Heaven above,
Of God, the gift and giver,
And bid us live for Christ, and give
Our hearts to Him for ever!

O tinkling bells, O twinkling bells,
O jingling bells of sweet St. Mary,
How many a heart with feeling wells,
As o'er it swells your music airy!
How many a tear and memory dear
Rise up, by magic bidden,
As o'er the soul your pæans roll,
And waken faith long hidden!

O chiming bells, O rhyming bells,
O silver bells of sweet St. Mary,
Ring on, sing on, o'er hills and dells,
And all the Saviour's praises vary!
At vespers dim your golden hymn
Ring out across the river,
And let your chime, your song sublime,
Win souls to God for ever!

UNITARIANISM AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY J. S.

IN the October CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE we complied with the demand of the Reverend Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, for information about St. Francis Xavier, his converts and their descendants. The reverend doctor's exact words were: "Xavier's missions have been well 'written up' by his fellows in the Society of Jesus. 'A nation in a day' will be converted. There is a well-authenticated account of great success, I think in Ceylon, where the number of converts was so great that it required a fire-engine to baptize the throng. But what became of these converts? Where are they now, or their successors? They have made a very perfect comment on the parable of Xavier's master and leader; for 'the seed had no root; and because it had no root and was not attended to, it withered away.'"

Rev. Dr. Hale must have had a purpose in calling up the subject of Christian missions to the heathen. He should be too earnest, and is considered too learned, to be frivolous and to display gross ignorance. But we have a right to take him seriously and we elect to do so. Having posted him about Xavier's missions, we will now tell him of another distinct and even more successful effort of the Catholic Church, in obedience to her Founder's order to preach his gospel through all the world.

Rev. Dr. Hale loves to keep alive in the hearts of young Americans, as sacred, knowledge of the Colonial, Revolutionary, and Union histories of their ancestors, and he does well; these are proud and noble memories. Yet there are sublimer records of faith and lives and acts than those that New-Englanders can look back upon. Our forebears fought for liberty, for homes, for happiness; but Catholic missionaries die to this world and spend themselves, to Christianize and elevate others, strangers to themselves though equally with themselves children of God.

Young Americans know that North America was overrun

by Catholic missionaries a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth; that many successes in the conversion of the natives were effected, and that deep traces remain of these missionary efforts on this northern continent. Why should they be ignorant of the church's mighty work and extraordinary success in converting South America from paganism to Christianity? We do not believe that one American boy out of hundreds knows anything about the matter. After refreshing our memory by recurrence to T. W. M. Marshall's *Christian Missions*, we will give them a glimpse of it.

The vast enterprise, begun three hundred and fifty-three years ago, of Christianizing and lifting to civilization the aborigines of South America: tribes, in various degrees of barbarism, and peoples, so low as to be without tribal organization and living burrowed in the ground, has left a record of faith, zeal, fortitude, valor, charity, and fruitage, without any parallel since the triumph of the church under Constantine, A. D. 312. In presence of its splendor of Christian heroism and charity the most brilliant military glory, nay, even patriotic glory, pales and shrinks.

The conversion of South America from barbarism was the work at first of Jesuits, and later also of Franciscans and Dominicans. The wild populations referred to were changed from cannibalism to Christianity, from bestiality to modesty; they have reached various degrees of civilization and cultivation; instead of being exterminated they have multiplied in numbers, and, through three hundred years, or twelve generations, they have clung with tenacity of love to their Catholic faith.

Is it not well that American youth—constantly allured to infidelity and dazzled by a refined paganism—should be told of these triumphs of real religion?

The missionary fathers—men of gentle birth and cultivated tastes—fired by a holy zeal, after preparing for their great enterprise, sought out these innumerable bodies of savages living in another continent on a level with brutes, and spent themselves with intrepid valor and an inexhaustible patience, and with results that astounded Europe. Macaulay (in his essay on Ranke's history of the popes) says that the church's gain of souls in the New World more than offset her losses in the Old. Against innumerable obstacles and discouragements, their numbers constantly depleted by martyrdom, with incredible

perseverance, these apostles fought on and laboriously changed these ferocious warriors—men of foul superstitions—into gentle, industrious, and believing Christians.

The missionaries first learned the languages or dialects of the natives, living among them meanwhile on berries and roots, in rude cabins; taught them the rudiments of faith and civilization, provided schools for their children, taught these their letters and the three *R's* (which they were proud to learn), and catechized them in their own tongues. From their system of beneficence the priests never deviated, and the native found in every forest and on the banks of every river a friend, a father, and a guide, come to save him from himself and from his oppressors, and come to teach him to love a religion that could move such men to abandon home, country, and kinsfolk, in order to make such as him a partaker of its promises, its joys, and its rewards.

The methods used by the fathers were prayers, examples in holy living, explanations of the faith, use of the crucifix, rosary, and other pious emblems; music, ritual, and worship. First came a church, then a school, and around these a village was soon gathered. The neophytes were taught to sow and reap, to plant and build, to read and sing.

Our missionaries are ever light-hearted, and a letter from Brazil says: "Our house is composed of a number of long poles, the interstices filled with clay. Its principal apartment, 14 f. x 10 f., is at once our school, infirmary, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and store-room (with twenty-six inmates), yet all our brothers are delighted with it, nor would they exchange this hut for the most magnificent palace. They remember that the Son of God was born in a stable, where there was but little space, and died on the cross, where there was still less."

The Fathers had to contend not only against the ignorance and ferocity of the natives, but also against the immoralities of reckless adventurers from Europe, self-banished and stained by crime; but, by uncompromising though gentle firmness, the natives, and many even of the missionaries' fallen fellow-Christians, were vanquished.

These heroic men, zealous for souls, having severed all ties to life, were not only fearless of martyrdom but ambitious of it. They forced the savages from cannibalism and other gross crimes, by penances inflicted on themselves, continued until the natives

could not endure the sight and broke down before them and promised and undertook amendment. No Catholic missionary will let a neophyte surpass him in self-denial and mortification. If, anywhere, natives be vegetarians, their missionary will never touch meat. He will always set an example in fortitude. When those poor savages, prone to indulgence and excesses, demanded, "Why do you seem to abhor what other men desire?" their mentor would reply, drawing from his pocket a discipline, by good use of this scourge I keep my body in subjection.

After a century of these devoted labors—at the beginning of the seventeenth century—as Ranke says, "We find the proud edifice of the Catholic Church reared in South America: five archbishoprics, twenty-seven bishoprics, four hundred monasteries, and innumerable parish churches, also cathedrals, and universities where the liberal arts and a complete system of theological discipline were taught." Of course, the number of missionaries was great, belonging to several of the Church's regular orders. Of Jesuits alone there were at one time seventeen hundred, out of the thirteen thousand members of that Company then spreading the faith in every part of the globe.

That numerous and marvellous miracles were vouchsafed to these men of God goes without saying. Even with all the personal efforts of missionaries, it is greatly owing to such aid from Heaven that the Catholic Church owes her fecundity in missions, and to its entire absence that non-Catholic missions owe their sterility. Souls overawed by a heroism beyond previous conception are as it were in touch with Divinity, and almost expect—at least are not surprised by—supernatural recognition, and ready to trust the attestation of their senses when apparently such recognition is vouchsafed. Our Lord pointed to his miracles, and demanded faith in return. To the messengers from St. John the Baptist, demanding of Him who He was, He replied: "Tell John what you have seen and heard: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." Nor do we forget His promise to His first missionaries: "These things, and greater than these, shall ye do in My name."

Unitarians cannot abide miracles; the very idea is to them almost uncanny. Having disposed of nearly all of those contained in the Bible, and being hot after the few that yet remain,

of course they will scout the idea of modern ones. Yet, the many and wonderful miracles that accompanied the entrance into Christendom of South America were witnessed and attested by multitudes, by whole communities, by people from all ranks in life. Why, pray, need we doubt the possibility of miracles, provided we deserve them? Marshall well exclaims: "What new god is this, who has neither the will nor the power to interfere in human affairs, and who is as hopelessly fettered by the laws of nature as a plant or an insect."

If duly attested, a modern miracle should be as credible as an ancient one, and, as a scientist has cleverly said: "If independent witnesses can be found, who speak truth more frequently than falsehood, it is always possible to assign a number of independent witnesses, the improbability of the falsehood of whose concurring testimony shall be greater than that of the miracle itself."

The late Mr. Parton once wrote: "If a miracle happened to me while I stood surrounded by President and cabinet, the Supreme Court and both houses of Congress, I would not believe it," which I presume to be good Unitarianism. I will suggest the only tolerable justification of such incredulity, which, indeed, I held to, when young! Behold the wonders of creation; the Wain, Orion's Belt, the Pleiades, Uranus, and equal wonders revealed by the microscope; come up to a height and look down at human beings, crawling like ants below us. Then ask, will God busy Himself in the affairs of men! It is since those younger years that I have known men and women (possibly Mr. Parton had never met such) that seemed to me truly worthy of the notice of God. Again, though our earth be relatively so small, it still is perhaps the tabernacle of all the worlds and the envied of all others; the one world to which God Himself has come, in which He is, and in which He will remain until its end.

If Unitarians would justly weigh the matter, they might see in the unquestioned transformation of South America from barbarism to Christianity a miracle more stupendous and more difficult to credit than any other that has ever been proposed for their belief.

It is for the information and edification of young Americans that we have glanced thus briefly at one of the many glorious episodes (covering a mere century) of the Catholic Church.

We need not contrast the two Americas: bright minds will do that without any hint from us. The peoples of South America are brave and intelligent, and poetry, music, art, literature, not less than does commerce, flourish among them. Our intercourse with them is growing, and visitors from our land, whether for business or pleasure, if they shall find there anything to offend taste or judgment will also observe much that they will be glad to copy, and will not regret that those peoples were converted rather than exterminated.

We think Rev. Dr. Hale will concede that in South America, as in Japan, the Catholic seeds sown by Jesuits and by other orders of the Church had roots, were well attended to, and did not wither away. We know perfectly well that Dr. Hale never in his life meant harm to any man, woman, or child—nay, to any brute. He speaks according to his light; according to such light as Unitarians have; which if not utter darkness, is at best but dim twilight, causing them to grope and stumble and get nowhere. Will not he and they, please, seek more light than they now have, and, firstly, condescend to investigate and study Catholicity: the whole of Christianity, as distinct from fractional Christianity and no-Christianity; weigh the inducements that the Church's enemies have had to misrepresent her, and recall the problems that interest them and that she only can help them solve? If they shall seriously consider the Roman Catholic Church, they will be doing what many other non-Catholic Americans are doing, and Unitarians should be of the humor to lead rather than to follow. We promise that they shall not be allowed to forget this matter.

MEMORIES.

BY FRANCIS J. ROHR.

THIS when the night is still and lonely
I love to commune with the past,
Where the forms of the bygone are wand'ring
And the wrecks of my hopes
Are laid low in life's blast.

Sweet strains the burden of memories,
Sweet songs of hours of bliss:
My heart it is trembling with anguish
At memory's burning sad kiss.

Oh the gleam of the moon.
And the glint of the stars
Are there and shining as ever;
But the joys of those hours,
Like sad faded flowers,
Will blossom and cheer us oh never!

But their mem'ry so holy,
So sacred and dear,
It comes like a boon to my bosom,
To soothe the lone heart,
To wake a sweet tear
That I and the past had to part.

Buffalo, 1901.

Views and Reviews.

1 **Delitzsch-McCormack**: *Babel and Bible;* 2. **Thwaites**: *Father Marquette*; 3. **Pagani**: *Science of the Saints;* 4. **Dorangeon**: *La Magie Moderne;* 5. **Mercier-Wirth**: *Relation of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy;* 6. **Torreilles**: *Le Mouvement Théologique en France;* 7. **Gihr**: *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass;* 8. **Henry**: *Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII.;* 9. **Field**: *Letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and of his Father, Charles Carroll of Doughoregan;* 10. **Hettinger-Stepka**: *Timothy;* 11. **Cecelia**: *More Home Truths for Mary's Children;* 12. **Steele**: *Convents of Great Britain;* 13. **Smith**: *The Altar Boy's Own Book;* 14. **MacEvilly**: *Discourses, Doctrinal and Moral;* 15. **Roddy**: *Elementary Geography; Complete Geography;* 16. **Lescher**: *St. Dominic and the Rosary;* 17. **Alden**: *Unto the End*; 18. **Hornyold**: *The Faith of Old England;* 19. **Boyle**: *Instructions on Preaching, Catechizing, and Clerical Life;* 20. *Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth;* **Lasance**: *Little Manual of St. Anthony of Padua.*

1.—When a professor in the University of Berlin undertakes to popularize his researches, it is safe to say that he will reach an innumerable body of readers and will profoundly influence the minds of his contemporaries. A little over a year ago Professor Harnack published in a form accessible to every one his views on the essence of Christianity; and without doubt that work became one of the most influential productions of modern times. Now Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch has just brought out a little volume,* the power of which will be almost equally great.

It is on the results of Assyriological research and exploration, as these results affect the Old Testament. The subject is full of difficulties, beset with uncertainties and wavering hypotheses, and not by any means free from peril. For a long time it has been known that striking resemblances exist between certain stories of the Babylonian mythology and parts of the book of Genesis. It is certain too that the civilization of Babylon reached back to a much greater antiquity and attained a vastly greater splendor than that of the Hebrews. Consequently if there is a relation not only of similarity but also of dependence between the Genesiac records and the religious conceptions of the Babylonians, it would appear that the Hebrew account drew upon Babylonian sources rather than that the Babylonian account drew upon Hebrew sources. The most

* *Babel and Bible:* A Lecture on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. Delivered before the German Emperor by Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, Professor of Assyriology in the University of Berlin. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

remarkable parallelisms are between: The Genesis creation-story and the Marduk creation-myth; the serpent and the temptation in Eden, and representations on Babylonian tablets which suggest a similar ghostly narration; and above all, the Mosaic account of the flood and the astonishing clay inscription found at El Amarna. These and some other resemblances Dr. Delitzsch enlarges upon with a view of maintaining that it is only by knowing ancient Babylon that we can know the less ancient book of Genesis. He writes with great calmness and moderation. From the beginning to the end of his lecture he displays a noble attitude of humility which lends an irresistible charm to his exhaustive scholarship. But what are we to think of his thesis? In the first place, he has already been opposed by another German scholar, Dr. König, who contends that Dr. Delitzsch makes far too positive a position out of very insecure premisses. With regard both to the age and the meaning of important Assyriological texts, he declares that the venerable Berlin scholar has ventured on more than one interpretation which the present findings of science do not establish. Hence we still may say:

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est.

In the second place, it is of the utmost moment to remember that even in the closest similarities between Babel and Bible, the Hebrew account is always cleansed and purified from the wild fancies and the polytheistic errors of the Babylonian. This one consideration simply shatters into fragments the theory which would make the Hebrews dependent on their powerful neighbors for their religious beliefs. Dr. Delitzsch certainly deserves some adverse criticism for not making this aspect of his question more definite and clear. The Hebrews were monotheistic, and despite a universal polytheistic surrounding, monotheistic they remained. Now, with this supremely important consideration before the mind, some Catholic scholars, and those of our very best, have not hesitated to admit that the ancient Hebrews adapted for the expression of their own high and pure religious conceptions the prevalent speech and similes and allegories around them. The Biblical account of creation and of the fall of man remains not less true and noble because, in the expression of these truths, a pictorial language is employed which has borrowed colors from even pagan mythology. The mystery of Transubstantiation loses not one distinctively Chris-

tian note because, in explaining it, theologians use the language and the thought of Aristotle. Biblical scholars within the church are coming in increasing numbers to see that in dealing with the earlier chapters of Genesis, the central substance of religious truth is the important thing, and that the language which clothes this substance and the forms which embody it are of immeasurably less moment. We earnestly urge upon our readers, especially the priests among them, to keep in touch with the methods of Biblical study and Biblical apologetics now adopted by our foremost Catholic scholars. We ought to possess and to study books like the Abbé Loisy's *Les premières chapitres de la Genèse et les mythes babyloniens;* Houtin's *La Question Biblique;* and such eminently fine periodicals as, for example, the *Revue Biblique*, edited by Père Lagrange; the *Studi Religiosi* of Florence, and the *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses* of Paris. There is no danger that any established conclusion of modern learning will be refused admittance to the halls of Catholic scholarship.

2.—From the point of view of a scholarly acquaintance with the subject, it is doubtful if any other man is so well equipped for writing the life of Père Marquette as Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites.* Mr. Thwaites has spent years of toil in editing the monumental "Jesuit Relations"; and consequently the period covered by his hero's career is familiar to him in its least details. In a simple, noble style, with sympathy and reverence for the divinely beautiful life of Marquette, he has given us a biography which it will do every man good to read. The best apologetic for faith is not in metaphysics, but in self-sacrifice; not in the works of the academy and the school, but in the lowly fellowship with Christ in hard ways of great trial and manifold sufferings. Of this Christ-like character Marquette is a commanding example; and out of his laborious journeyings, his wild exile and his besetting dangers, he to-day challenges the world's enthusiasm at once for himself and for the faith which sustained and ennobled him. To read the life of such a man is to have greater faith in humanity and deeper love for God. We thank Mr. Thwaites for the service he has done mankind in writing this book.

3.—Pagani's *Science of the Saints*,† of which the Messrs.

* *Father Marquette.* By Reuben Gold Thwaites. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† *The Science of the Saints.* By Pagani. 3 vols. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Benziger have brought out a new edition, is well known to all readers of spiritual literature. The plan of the book, it will be remembered, consists in assigning one or more virtues to each month, and devout considerations on these virtues for every day of the month. Besides the theory of spirituality, there is an abundance of edifying anecdote and interesting incident. We can only wish success to so long-tried and so beneficent a work as *The Science of the Saints.*

4.—In *La Magie Moderne** we have a translation of the third Italian edition of Padre Rolfi's work on modern hypnotic and spiritualistic phenomena. The scope of the book is very extensive, including a discussion of the methods and effects of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion; of the marvellous physical achievements of some subjects while in the state of hypnosis; and finally of the moral judgment to be passed by a prudent Catholic Christian on this whole complicated and amazing affair. In his estimate the author takes a sensible and fairly liberal view. He scouts the idea which is still so shamefully current in text-books of Catholic philosophy, that hypnotic phenomena are most likely diabolic, and allows a legitimate field for the cautious employment of hypnosis. Taken as a whole the work is fairly thorough, very interesting, and modern enough to be creditable to the author and encouraging to all who have not lost hope in a revival of philosophy among Catholics.

5.—Students of philosophy need not be urged to put themselves in possession of any new work by Mgr. Mercier. His twenty years of labor at Louvain, his position at the forefront of the neo-Thomistic movement which endeavors to hold fast to ancient principles while generously accepting new methods and new illuminations from later learning, and finally his profound philosophical writings, all conspire to assign him a place among the very leaders of contemporary thought. Accordingly, we look for hundreds of readers of his lecture on Experimental Psychology,† which has just been admirably translated by a professor in St. Bernard's, Rochester. To enlightened Catholics it has been a matter of great grief to read week after week and month after month, in publications supposed to reflect the

* *La Magie Moderne* ou l'Hypnotisme de nos jours traduit de l'Italien de R. P. Pie-Michel Rolfi, O.F.M. Par l'Abbé H. Dorangeon. Paris: P. Téqui.

† *The Relation of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy.* A lecture delivered before the Royal Belgian Academy by Mgr. Desiré Mercier. Translated from the French by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

highest Catholic intelligence, bitter attacks on physiological psychology and all hapless students and teachers thereof. Who can recall without shame the headlong assault made against the Catholic University when it established a chair of this new science and invited an eminent young specialist to fill it? It is indeed a relief to turn from these intemperate polemics to the words of a great scholar like Mgr. Mercier. No sneers at modern learning from him; no outcry that the doctrine of the soul's immateriality is imperilled by a science which would submit the spiritual part of us to weights and measures, and would account for its activities in terms of physics, mechanics, and physiology. On the contrary, we have his reassuring declaration: "The researches of Experimental Psychology shake to their very foundations the claims of the English Associationistic school, and in this too it renders a great service to spiritualistic philosophy." We heartily recommend the little work. Never has the status of the new psychology been so clearly outlined; never has its relations to the world-old problems of all philosophy been more clearly indicated; and never was some such essay more urgently needed in the Catholic class-room.

6—M. Torreilles has published within the compass of two hundred and eight pages a history of theology in France.* It is a vast subject indeed for so summary a treatment. From St. Anselm and Hugo of St. Victor to Lamennais and Ollé-Laprune; from the days of the University of Paris, when St. Thomas expounded the relations of reason and faith, to the little company at La Chénaie or in Père Gratry's Oratory, who hoped to win back an erring age to the church, what a stretch of history and what a manifoldness of mighty events and sad vicissitudes! The bitter contest between Aristotelianism and Platonism; the turbulence of the Western Schism and of the Lutheran revolt; the fight over Gallicanism; the unspeakably sad acrimoniousness of the controversy with Jansenism; the glory of historical theology achieved by Petavius, Thomassinus, and the Benedictines of St. Maur; the eighteenth century conflict with the *encyclopédiste* and the *révolutionaire*; and finally the present-day divisions in the *schola theologorum* as to proper methods in Scriptural, historical, philosophical, and theological studies—did a historian ever have for treatment a subject so

* *Le Mouvement Théologique en France depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours (IXe au XXe Siècle).* Par Ph. Torreilles, professeur au Grand Seminaire de Perpignan. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

vast, so fascinating, and so difficult? The very naming of these great problems and stirring epochs discloses the shortcomings inevitable in a manual like this of M. Torreilles. He has given us a very readable sketch. He has furnished us a stimulus to go deeper into the matter which he touches. He has even written a book which, so far as we know, is the very best of all introductions to the history of theology in France. But the brevity of it has the danger of leaving readers who will study no further with an imperfect impression of men and of movements. And in history an imperfect impression is a false impression. Take M. Torreilles' treatment of Jansenism, for example. The idea left by the few pages given to this subject is simply that the Jansenists were semi-Protestants who covertly endeavored to destroy the Catholic religion; who dishonestly tried to evade their condemnation by Rome; who hounded maliciously the foremost champions of the church, and who consequently are deserving of universal execration. Now, we do not say that this is not true. But these few brusque statements are by no means adequate to express the history of that movement—a movement which was of amazing power; which threw the whole kingdom of France into turmoil; and which was unhappily marked by acts of astounding meanness, deceit, and trickery—not all on the side of the Jansenists either, as witness the fabrications of the "false Arnauld," and of the "assembly at Bourgfontaine." Now, all these things have to be known, if we are to place in its proper light and to judge honestly this saddest spectacle, probably, in the domestic history of the Christian Church. So many half-views of this kind occur in this excellent manual that while we strongly advise our readers to peruse it, we nevertheless warn them that their notions will not be correct or true if they do not supplement the book with other treatises which are deeper and more complete.

7.—Dr. Nicholas Gihr's *Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*,* which has just been translated into English, is a work of solid theological erudition, and is rich in explanations of the holy symbolism surrounding the Central Mystery of our worship. We welcome the book heartily. It will do great good in bringing into the minds of the faithful a better understanding of the Real Presence—that August Source of love and praise which is

* *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.* By Dr. Nicholas Gihr. Translated from the sixth German Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder.

so terribly unappreciated and so little known by the very worshippers at Its altar. Priests and people will be brought nearer to this *Deus latitans* from reading Dr. Gihr; for while it is of the theology and the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice that he chiefly treats, and theology and liturgy are dry, nevertheless in no other mystery of religion are the conclusions of the doctors so near to the ardors of the saints. And consequently in its most scholastic pages there appears throughout this book a half-hidden stream of piety which makes the dry places fertile. However, despite this consideration, we cannot help expressing our regret that there are not more frequent gleams of imagination and an occasional effort after elasticity and lightsomeness of style. Neither would we think it a loss if the immense size of the book had been reduced somewhat by judicious condensations. Still, our final verdict is that we have here a true, solid, spiritual work which will win new and more faithful worshippers to the altars of the Lord.

8.—Father Henry has rendered a filial service to his spiritual Chief and conferred a benefit on elegant letters by his translation of the poetical writings of Leo XIII.* It is a book to fill with ecstasy the heart of the book-lover who has plighted his troth to the classic muse, and has kept his faith unshaken. In the first place, merely as a book, a thing of covers, leaves, and printed words, the volume is simply exquisite. Father Henry and all of us may feel glad and consider ourselves meritorious of congratulation for being treated so royally by the Dolphin Press. May it do much of our printing! In the second place, there are the poems of our marvellous Pope. Think of a collection of verse the first piece of which is dated 1822, and the last a reverie for Christmas Day a year ago! Eighty years of graceful measures, most of them breathing out the prayers of a holy priest, the sadness of a great Pontiff who sees truth oppressed and virtue vanquished, and the reflections of a profound thinker confronted with the mysteries of life and death. In the third place are Father Henry's translations. These are of rare excellence. With a remarkable closeness both in form and in idea to the original, they possess a subtle ease, a graceful felicity, and an open freshness which are absolutely without a suggestion of the restraint and the toilsome-

* *Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII., including the revised Compositions of his early life in chronological order.* With English translation and notes by H. T. Henry. New York and Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

ness of a translation. See, for example, how difficult it appears to put these lines into English verse:

"Phantasia, illecebris effingens lubricamenti,
Vere est tartarei, qui latet, anguis opus."

Now observe how Father Henry has put music into them:

"The flowery meads through which you pass
In fancy, are but Hell's morass—
A serpent hideth in the grass!"

Never we verily believe has a poetic version achieved more success than this English form of Leo's poems. Most heartily we commend it to the cultured. It is a thing of beauty and the finest taste, and stirs in us an expectation of seeing work from Father Henry's pen which will win lasting renown.

9.—The United States Catholic Historical Society is doing a good work in studying the history of the church in our country, and bringing to light the records of Catholics and the part they have played in the development of the nation.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton has long been an object of the admiration of Catholics because of his staunch adherence to his religion and his devotion to the cause of independence.

This volume* of his hitherto unpublished letters are of great interest and reveal the personality of the man. The letters of his father, Charles Carroll of Doughoregan, which are included in this volume, throw considerable light on the character of his early training.

The work is compiled and edited with a memoir by Thomas Meagher Field, and is embellished with a number of engravings.

10.—We have reason to be grateful for the amount of literature that is now at the command of ecclesiastical students and young priests dealing with subjects that must be of momentous interest to them. The scope of the present volume† has already been covered by Abbé Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, but the work of Dr. Franz Hettinger deserves to be read as well. The author was a priest of solid learning and piety, and consequently the Timotheus is full of suggestions of untold utility.

There is reason to doubt the wisdom of the author in omitting a large part of the original.

* *Unpublished Letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and of his Father, Charles Carroll of Doughoregan.* Compiled and edited, with a memoir, by Thomas Meagher Field. New York: United States Catholic Historical Society.

† *Timothy; or, Letters to a Young Theologian.* By Dr. Franz Hettinger. Translated and adapted by Rev. Victor Stepka. St. Louis: B, Herder.

11.—Here is another volume * of Madame Cecelia's conferences for girls. Like its predecessor, it is practical and discusses such subjects as are necessary to the uplifting, socially and spiritually, of our girls. There are two parts, the first of which deals with Human Respect, Trifles, Correspondence, the Use of Money, the Care of Children, and other topics that concern the social side of a girl's life. The second is devoted to those things which aid in the development of the spiritual side—Self-denial, Occasions of Sin, Holiness, Piety, Purity of Intention, etc.

The book is clearly written and is replete with examples and anecdotes. There is no one but will feel better for having read it.

12.—*The Convents of Great Britain* † is a hand-book to nearly one hundred different religious congregations of women in Great Britain. An interesting sketch is given of each; so that, besides being a guide in the matter of vocation, the book possesses a considerable value as history. The perusal of the book leads us to hope that a similar directory for the convents of America will be compiled.

13.—Canon Smith's book ‡ is a spiritual guide for altar boys, and is intended to inspire in them a right appreciation of their privilege in serving at the altar of the Most High. It is meant also to offer the boys an incentive to persevere in after years in the spirit of devotion thus enkindled. Its simplicity of style is very suitable to the greater number of altar boys, who probably would have no relish for elaborately written books. It possesses spiritual value and altar boys will do well to profit by becoming familiar with its contents. Directors of altar boys' societies would do well to place Canon Smith's book in the hands of their boys.

14.—Of late the church has been enriched by the publication of many valuable books of sermons, the Irish clergy being among the foremost contributors to this list. Dr. Sheehan's *Corona Mariæ* is now followed by a volume of discourses, doctrinal and moral, delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Tuam.§ It consists of twenty-five sermons, covering the principal feasts and the Sundays of the year. The matter of these ser-

* *More Home Truths for Mary's Children.* By Madame Cecelia. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Convents of Great Britain.* By Francesca M. Steele. With a preface by Father Thurston, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *The Altar Boy's Own Book.* By Rev. W. M. Smith. New York: Benziger Brothers.

§ *Discourses, Doctrinal and Moral.* By the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: Benziger Brothers.

mons is of a high order, accurate in statement and practical in application. One excellent feature about them is the apt and abundant quotations from Holy Scripture, adding strength and ornament. Besides being of inestimable value to the clergy, the book may well be used as spiritual reading by the Catholic laity.

15.—Teachers in country schools who have found the geographies too technical and too scientific on the physiographic side of the subject will welcome the two books * before us. *The Elementary Geography* offers sufficient pedagogical material to suit the needs of those grades in which the subject is first taught—and not too much. Its simplicity and brevity will prove attractive, while the adequacy of treatment of the elementary principles, and the volume of information, afford a complete introduction for more advanced work.

The Complete Geography accords full recognition to the importance of the commercial and business side of the subject, though this practical and useful information is united with enough of the new and scientific side to enlighten the whole study. The maps show the principal railroads and canals, as well as the head of navigation on all important rivers. The descriptions of the political, industrial, and social features of the various countries have been made very full.

In each book the physical maps of the co-ordinate divisions are drawn on the same scale, thus enabling pupils to compare accurately the relative size of countries. The political and more detailed maps are full enough to serve all ordinary purposes for reference. After each map are given carefully prepared questions, directing the attention to the most important and essential features, so that power in map reading and map interpretation may be developed and alternated.

16.—Father Lescher's volume † is a defence of the tradition which names St. Dominic as the founder of the Rosary, and which has been attacked publicly during the pontificate of Leo XIII. The matter has previously been published in large part, but the author feels justified in putting it before the public in view of the fact that no answer to the arguments advanced has been attempted, and although not all the evidence in favor of

* *Elementary Geography; Complete Geography.* By H. Justin Roddy. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

† *St. Dominic and the Rosary.* By Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

the tradition is presented, he thinks that the objections raised have been answered so far as they are capable of being answered; "that is, so far as they rest upon legitimate deduction and upon fact, and not upon surmise and baseless conjecture."

17.—*Unto the End** is the story of a young woman, the daughter of a country parson, who marries a man intensely worldly, but whom the girl believes to be honest and sincere. The son of a morally weak and over-indulgent mother, he is utterly without conscience. Through the great flood of bills that come to the house the young wife finds that they have been living far beyond their means. To her remonstrances the husband answers: "For a few weeks we might live as people of our cultivation would be expected to live." This husband, like Mr. Micawber, is always waiting for something to turn up. The something comes right side up in the shape of a legacy from a rich uncle. But the husband again finds himself in difficulties when he plans the marriage of his daughter. He wants her to marry a rich young man. She determines to marry a "poor but honorable" doctor. Her father then very foolishly but obligingly commits suicide. The widow, of course, opens a boarding-house and pays off all her debts. Her daughter marries the doctor, and she herself a former admirer. The plot may interest some readers, but the tale lacks much in moral tone and literary freshness.

18.—The *Faith of Old England*† is a brief, logical, and convincing demonstration that the faith which existed in England prior to 1534 differed essentially from what is believed in the Church of England of the present day. The author cites abundant historical evidence that Englishmen preferred the "Old Faith," and acknowledged the supremacy of the popes until the reign of Henry VIII.

He shows "how it came about that England was forced into schism, and how, as a nation, she fell away from the truth." The Anglican "branch" theory is taken up, and shown to be untenable, and the schismatic nature of the Anglican Church—both High and Low—clearly established. The latter part of the book is devoted to a brief exposition of some of the prin-

* *Unto the End.* By Mrs. R. G. Alden. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

† *The Faith of Old England.* A popular manual of instructions in the Catholic Faith from a doctrinal and historical stand-point. By the Rev. Vincent Hornyold, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society; New York: Benziger Brothers.

cipal doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. The great amount of historical evidence condensed in small space, together with the kindly spirit, should merit a large circulation for this really valuable little contribution to apologetic literature.

19—Of the sermons we hear to-day many treat of subjects theoretical rather than practical, civil rather than religious, and many are wanting in the unction of the Holy Spirit. It was this condition of things that led the Holy Father to issue his Encyclical Letter on Preaching, in which he says: "Several grave abuses have been introduced in the manner of announcing the Word of God, which frequently render preaching contemptible, or at least sterile and unprofitable." It is for the same reason that we recommend *Instructions on Preaching** to all those whose office and duty it is to preach the Word of God to the faithful and to instruct converts. This little volume contains thoughts on preaching and on the virtues of the clerical state penned by men whose sanctity, learning, and practical experience entitled them to speak with authority. In the treatise by St. Francis Borgia the soundest principles of rhetoric are inculcated, and the sacred character of preaching is emphasized. St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul show how to collect matter, how to form a plan, and how to deliver a sermon. The hints contained in these two letters will bear careful attention and study. The letter of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars on preaching, composed by order of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., is also to be found here, and it contains principles capable of universal application. The latter half of the "Instructions" comprises a translation of St. Augustine's *De Catechizandis Rudibus*, in which the saint teaches how converts are to be received and instructed; and a treatise of St. Jerome on *The Virtues of the Clerical State.* These instructions and letters make up a volume timely and deserving of a wide circle of friends among the English-speaking clergy and ecclesiastical students.

20.—A very handy volume† particularly suited for the young, both boys and girls. Together with the usual prayers, there is much of practical instruction. It embraces prayers to those saints who particularly appeal to youth.

* *Instructions on Preaching, Catechizing, and Clerical Life, by Saints and Fathers of the Church.* Translated by Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

This hand-book * contains particular prayers for a novena, salutations, and a litany to St. Anthony of Padua. At the end is a manner of hearing Mass in honor of the Holy Trinity. The Holy Trinity will be most pleased if we adhere, in as much as we can, to the ritual prayers.

I.—A REMARKABLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.†

The house of Retaux in Paris has recently brought out an encyclopædic work which, even in an age of encyclopædias, deserves a special recognition and achieves a unique distinction. It is a history of the religious beliefs and social customs, of the political peculiarities and moral standards, of the eccentric devotions and the devout eccentricities of nearly every people under the sun—both in past and present time. As a plan of construction it follows the Decalogue. Thus, under the first commandment it gives a history of belief in and worship of God, and an account of savage rites and Christian formularies. Under the fourth commandment it describes the various marriage ceremonies and domestic usages observed among men and recorded by historians. In fact, whatever the commandments suggest in any way finds a place—duelling, human sacrifices, slavery, ordeals, suicide, drunkenness—these and literally a hundred other subjects are treated with a great wealth of out-of the-way learning and an immense fund of anecdote. Here and there, too, are little treatises in Christian apologetics which really are valuable. In this latter field the treatment is not exhaustive, as we hardly need to remark. Nevertheless it is good and practical and edifying. The style of the book is excellent. The narratives are grouped in a way that recalls the studied effectiveness of a drama; the anecdotes are served *à la Française*—to say which is praise sufficient; and the historical portions are presented in a lively, energetic manner which arouses and sustains a keen interest throughout. We thoroughly enjoyed the book—the first time in our lives we have used such a phrase with regard to an encyclopædia—and we promise any readers who will procure it many an hour of fruitful browsing and curious entertainment.

* *The Little Manual of St. Anthony of Padua.* Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Histoire des Croyances, Superstitions, Mœurs, Usages, et Coutumes, selon le plan du Decalogue.* Par Fernand Nicolay. 3rème Édition. Paris: Victor Retaux. 3 vols.

2.—BISHOP SPALDING'S LATEST BOOK.

The well-known characteristics of Bishop Spalding's writings are seen in their finest manner in his latest work.* His fundamental doctrine of the supreme value of life, of knowledge, and of love; his clear tones of insistence upon the necessity of a God and a hereafter, if existence is to have any purpose and moral beauty any value; his energetic hopefulness that as "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world"; his enthusiastic welcome to all that his age brings forward of progress, of civilization, and of science; his high ideals of education and of the teacher's vocation; his combination of high culture and impulsive sympathy; his sharp, pure, inspiriting style; all, in fact, that the whole world now knows as constitutive of the Bishop's thought and utterance is displayed in this volume in a degree of perfection which in our judgment is the highest he has yet attained. Certainly in no previous work of his have we felt ourselves carried higher in the region of fellowship with God than in the first essay of the present volume. "Religion" is the title of this essay; and there are passages in it which suggest a rare union of Jean Paul's mysticism, Cardinal Newman's preternatural insight, and Pascal's *raisons du cœur*. Sentence follows sentence, paragraph succeeds paragraph in one great accumulation of terse, aphoristic pieces of eloquent writing on the necessity for God as our infinite Ground of morality and our eternal Destiny of knowledge and love, until one sees all haunting doubts as to the pricelessness of the human soul and the superintending Providence of God vanish utterly away, and one stands confronted with ideals of mind and heart which glow with the splendors of divinity. A more persuasively eloquent essay we do not remember ever to have read.

In his two chapters on Agnosticism Bishop Spalding gives us a fine type of philosophical polemic. A spirit of candor and moderation pervades the criticisms passed on Herbert Spencer's philosophy and disarms the objection that as a bishop the author must sustain one side of the question perforce. The discussion bears all the marks of a thoughtful man's unprejudiced reflections; and this quality alone will win for this book many scores of readers. The main points of the Bishop's contention

* *Religion, Agnosticism, and Education.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co..

against Agnosticism are the grounds familiarly taken by our best apologists. In a rapid review of philosophy since Descartes it is shown how largely the position of Agnosticism rests ultimately in epistemology. The denial of our possibility to know God and the soul is only a step from the denial of our possibility to know things, as distinct from thoughts. Agnosticism, so far as it bears on religion, was already born into the world when the idealistic dictum was first proclaimed, that cognition is only of states of consciousness, and involves no implications of an objective real world. The Bishop is very keen in showing the historic inconsistency of Agnosticism in bringing back an objective real world as implied in knowledge, because physical science, that idol from which issue masterful commands, cannot possibly do without external reality; but in refusing to bring back God, and the whole transcendental order of ultimate truths. For if we are forced to admit objective reality as a ground of our cognitive experiences, far more urgently are we forced to admit God as a ground of the whole sum of experiences, and very particularly as a ground of our spiritual experiences. We are impelled to an act of faith in God as logically and inevitably as to an act of faith in the existence of things. Agnostics make the first and shrink from the second. How Mr. Spencer's Unknowable is also the Incredible, the vacant void of a great abstraction, and how this creed of nescience robs life of all that makes it worth living, the Bishop penetratingly proves. In this latter point Bishop Spalding writes with unsurpassed felicity and force. He places our human dignity so high, he estimates our affections and aspirations as of so great a value, that his argument goes straight and strong to head and heart. This is apparent too in the last three essays of this volume; essays concerned with education and that higher life about which the prelate of Peoria has already told us so much. On every thoughtful man this book is fitted to confer a great and sacred help. The educated laity will learn here much of the world's highest currents of thought; and priests will find, as it were, a fresh breeze blown upon many withered pages of their books of theology, making arid places gladsome and inviting.

Library Table.

The Tablet (6 Sept.): Publishes a long extract from Sir Joshua Fitch's introduction to the report on American systems of instruction, presented to Parliament by the English Board of Education. Sir Joshua notes that there is no national system of education in America, and that although the Bureau of Education has great moral authority, it has not statutory power. In large cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., there is generous provision of public funds and institutions are often on a magnificent scale, but there are large districts where schools are inadequate and opened only for a short term during the year, and where the teachers' pay is meagre. He lays stress on the fact that although there is no uniformity in methods, local patriotism makes each community proud of its institutions and solicitous to produce such examples of good work as may prove worthy of imitation in other States and cities. The pioneers and leaders have been men of originally local reputation or influence. He says no feature is more remarkable than the large share of the work undertaken by women, and says further, that the topics discussed on this side, *e.g.*, the place of Latin and Greek, and elective system in higher schools, are of grave importance to the English teacher who wishes to understand the work of the future and to have an honorable share in it.

(13 Sept.): Gives an extract from the report before mentioned, indicating the relations between the school and the community.

(27 Sept.): Publishes a verbatim report of the principal papers read at the Catholic Conference at Newport. The Inaugural Address by the Bishop of Newport was on Catholics and the Modern Press. In it the bishop says that the only way to neutralize the modern press is to work a rival press, utilizing Catholic talent, now either going to waste or already in the service of what on the whole must be called a hostile press. There are obstacles—*e.g.*, the Catholic press cannot be unscrupulous.

Again, if it is political, Catholics of opposite opinions will be apt to look on it with dislike and suspicion, while if it kept clear of politics it would sacrifice one of the features that always makes a paper interesting. The Catholic body is well organized; therefore the Catholic press can be widely distributed. But the reading offered to the people must be good, and Catholics who aspire to guide the production of Catholic literature should cultivate an enlightened fastidiousness, and this implies a high degree of education. Catholics, even under present conditions, are not doing what might be done. Supposing equality in literary power, news, and general contents with the secular press, a Catholic daily would number among its advantages: a true statement of information touching things Catholic, a Catholic version of "scandals" and histories tending to injure Catholicism, prompt refutation of lies and slanders, etc. The bishop thinks it strange that American Catholicism, to whom Englishmen are accustomed to look for lead in everything that requires pluck and skill, has not yet a daily paper.

The Month (Oct.): Virginia M. Crawford, in an article on Some Aspects of Charity in Canada, writes on the excellent work done by the Gray Nuns. She says it is most remarkable that "neither differences of race, nor of creed, nor of language have been deep enough to prevent the heterogeneous elements of which Canada is composed from welding into a homogeneous whole, at once loyal to England and intensely proud of its own national life." Mr. Britten, writing on Boy-Savers, says of the two pamphlets of "The Boy-Savers" Series, from the pen of Rev. George E. Quin, S.J., of New York: "So far as I know, we have nothing in Catholic literature so informing, so full of practical suggestions, so wide in sympathy, . . . the first of which was recommended by Cardinal Vaughan to his clergy assembled in synod." G. J. Pfaehler inquires how it is that in Rome, the very centre of the West, the institution of the chief feasts in honor of the Blessed Virgin is represented by Duchesne as probably not occurring until the seventh century, while the Eastern people were ahead of the Western in devotion to Our Lady? Fr. John Rickaby criticises

the Symposium on the Atonement which appeared in the *Christian World* during the winter of 1899–1900.

The Critical Review (Sept.): Rev. C. H. Wheeler Robinson reviews Prof. James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, which, he says, is vastly superior to all similar attempts at an anthropological treatment of religious phenomena. This is due to the fact that the author treats only of acknowledged types of high personal piety, and draws his examples chiefly from Christian experience. "There is," writes the reviewer, "undoubted philosophic significance in the volume, as the argument of a scientist claiming the freedom of faith from the tyranny of the conclusions of many present-day scientists." Its value as a philosophical contribution lies, he thinks, "in the attempt to meet a naturalistic empiricism by empiricist methods."

International Journal of Ethics (July): Mr. John Martin contributes a timely article on the Social Value of Trades-Unionism. In the United States, the writer states, there are one million and a half of trades-unionists. He discusses how loyalty to the union affects the morality of the members and the relation between trades-union principles and the well-being of the state. Mr. Alfred H. Lloyd contributes a most exceptional and praiseworthy paper in defence of the Cloister Schools and of Scholasticism. We would like to reprint it here in full. The principle of the schools was *Credo ut intelligam.* Study Scholasticism with an open mind and some sense of the conditions of its time, and you will find in it human life and passion, and expression of the freedom of the human spirit. Modern science grew up as a fulfilment of that "dark, church-ridden, phrase-bound" thinking of the Scholastics.

(Oct.): Mr. Waldo L. Cook writes on "Criticism of Public Men." He contends that a double standard of morality—private and public—has been and is characteristic of statesmen. Critics should judge them fearlessly from the point of view of the higher and nobler standard.

Mr. William Douglass Morrison writes on the treatment of the criminal in England. He takes exception to certain articles of a late assistant commissioner of police for London who demanded greater rigor and severity in

the treatment of criminals. Society, he maintains, is much less menaced by the habitual criminal now than it was three-quarters of a century ago. He discusses improvement in prison laws, wants juveniles prevented from mixing with professionals, and demands the complete industrialization of prison treatment.

The Monist (July): The editor, Dr. Paul Carus, in an article on theology as a science, gives his idea of "the new theology." It is a new science. Its roots lie partly in philosophy, partly in a scientific treatment of history, partly in ethics, partly in an application of art, and partly also in poetry and belles-lettres.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Sept.): P. Mallet traces the prevailing dispute about apologetical methods to the fact that one party is considering the theoretical reasons which justify belief, while the other party is considering the real causes of conversion.

(15 Sept.): P. Urbain extracts from the autobiographical notes of Jacques Bénigne Winslow an interesting account of his conversion by Bossuet. P. Gazagnol analyzes Prof. Ehrhard's now famous book on *Catholicism and the Twentieth Century*, and quotes many favorable notices of the volume, thus offsetting the attacks which are also mentioned. The reviewer believes that Ehrhard's book will do great good, and pleads for more sympathy with the modern world. "Let us not, like the elder son in the Gospel, obstinately refuse to enter into the house because the prodigal has returned there."

Démocratie Chrétienne (Sept.): Presents a plea from the Comte de Mun for an organized Catholic social movement by institutions and periodicals. Theologus describes St. Thomas's notion of the supernatural love of one's neighbor, and says that the sense of solidarity can never replace supernatural charity. H. du Sart sketches the life and works of Karl Marx and exposes his system of economic materialism. S. writes that Spain, like France and Italy, has learned the beginning of wisdom by a wholesome fear of false Liberalism and Freemasonry.

La Quinzaine (1 Sept.): P. Urbain contributes a review of Abbé Cagnac's late volume: *Fénelon, Directeur de Conscience.* He praises the work very highly and welcomes it as an

excellent answer to Fénelon's critics. He suggests an extension of the history of spiritual direction which M. Cagnac limited to the times of the early Fathers. He objects to M. Cagnac's statement that the religious at Port Royal went to Holy Communion but once a year; for the Constitutions prescribe Holy Communion for all Sundays and feast-days, and urged that at every Mass at least some of the religious should approach the Holy Table. He quotes instances of spiritual direction in the seventeenth century, and contributes a lengthy apology for Fénelon, founded on his correspondence.

(16 Sept): P. Ermoni contributes an article on the relations between philosophy and dogma, and after an opening word on the history of the discussion, shows that philosophy is the foundation of dogma, that it explains and systematizes dogma, as illustrated in Augustine's works; thirdly, that it is the defender of dogma. Dogma, on the other hand, has contributed most important services to reason. It has not enslaved nor oppressed the rational faculties, but enlarged indefinitely the sphere of rational research and preserved right reasoning among men.

Études (5 Sept.): P. Longhaye gives a review of P. Lecanult's *Montalembert* (vol. iii.) It includes the years 1850–1870, and deals particularly with Montalembert's relations to the political history of France during that period.

P. Brucker, in an article on the reform of seminary education, speaks particularly about biblical criticism and the science of history. He gives much praise to Abbé Hogan's volume, *Clerical Studies*, but complains of its "indefiniteness." He takes exception to the programme given by Mgr. Le Camus, and favors the scholastic rather than the positive method of theological training. He maintains that the scholastic method is more comprehensive, more efficacious, more educational. The author also makes a plea for reform in the teaching of morals, maintaining that it should not be lowered, as it is so often, to the level of mere casuistry. Here again exception is taken to some points in Abbé Hogan's book.

(20 Sept.): P. Brucker's paper concluded. Two years at least ought to be devoted to philosophy. The scholastic method should be followed. The professor should

give them the essential features of modern systems. As regards Holy Scripture, that, in the eyes of the Society of Jesus, is the "soul of true theology." It should not be studied until one has begun his theology. Every Jesuit novice is required to read the entire Bible at least once. It is not all explained in class, however. Special importance should be given to the study of such passages as support dogmas. The time in the seminary is best spent in the explanation and understanding of the literal sense, useful in preaching. Modern difficulties of criticism are too numerous and too varied to be considered by young theologians.

History is of secondary importance where the scholastic method is followed, and too much time ought not be given it. The same is true of Patristics, for students' minds are not unlimited. He makes an earnest plea for the teaching of natural sciences during the two years of philosophy, because of the special needs of the time. The reason of the non-advancement of the clergy, secular and religious, has been in great measure the lack of funds. But at least they should now strive to hold an eminent place in the foremost ranks. This, however, is not to come from the introduction of scientific courses in seminaries. Catholic universities and analogous institutions are our hope in this matter. Scientific apology has its value, but it ought not to be exaggerated.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (July-August): P. Turmel discusses the history of the dogma of the Fall in the post-Augustinian period. Among the curious speculations of theologians he declares that all the doctors from the fifth century held to the physical existence of a Garden of Eden, but were at wide differences of view as to where to locate it. Peter Lombard said it lay where the earth touched the sky. Albert the Great and St. Bonaventure affirmed that it was situated at the equator. St. Thomas proclaimed that wherever the Garden might be, it was surrounded by a wall of fire shielding it from human sight. It is a striking chapter in the history of theological opinion—that which tells of the momentous effect of science and geographical discovery on ideas like these.

Revue Générale (Sept.): W. Jos. Wélot sketches the career of

the Romans in Spain, from Scipio, the African, to Galba. We get a glimpse of the sites selected by the sturdy conquerors for their cities, traces of which still exist.

W. H. Primbault in his reflections on "France at the Present Day" touches on political questions. The present form of government is made responsible for the material prosperity which France now enjoys. Yet the country is being depopulated, and Rousseau himself states that a marked decrease in population is the surest sign of a defective government. The writer laments the gross pessimism which is becoming apparent among all classes of society. "For the relief of our country we rely neither on an emperor, nor on a king, not even on the ideal republic, nor on collectivism." "Universal suffrage" is no great boon. At the last election only forty-five per cent. of the voters responded to the call. The "plural" and obligatory vote in vogue in Belgium is "more logical, more natural, and more scientific." Nelson and Wellington did less harm to France than did the false philosophy imported from England.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Sept.): F. Vitelleschi, continuing his study of the religious history of the Latin peoples, comes to the sixteenth century and says that the needed reform neglected by those above was undertaken by those below. (1 Oct.): Anna Evangelisti contributes a study of Petronius Arbiter and of his treatment in *Quo Vadis*, which "lacks fineness and depth both from the psychological and the historical stand-point. G. Lanzalone protests against the invasion by pornography of the whole field of art, anthropology, criminology, hygiene, criticism, politics, and religion." Italy will end by becoming "a pornographic manifestation." *Maxima debetur puris reverentia;* writers seem to forget this.

Instruccion Primaria (Aug.): This new fortnightly review, published by the Cuban Board of Public Instruction, and edited by Dr. Lincoln de Zayas, presents several useful and interesting features, including a description of education in Cuba during the sixteenth century, a discussion of the training of the memory, reports on teachers' examinations, and notes upon methods used in mathematics and linguistics.

Comment on Current Topics.

The Pious Fund of California.

It is to the credit of the President that he was the first to put into operation the machinery of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and it is a source of satisfaction to Catholics that the first dispute that was settled amicably was the contention concerning the Pious Fund between the Republic of Mexico and a notable body of citizens in California, represented by Archbishop Riordan. Baron van Lijnden, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, presided over the court. The case grew out of the seizure by Mexico of the fund that was set aside for the betterment of the people of California. The Mexican contention was that it being a private claim of the Archbishop of San Francisco against the Mexican government, it was not a fit matter for international arbitration. Moreover, the right of disposing of the claim belonged to the King of Spain and not to the Archbishop, and whatever responsibility there was for this fund was terminated by the Treaty of Guadalupe in 1848. The reply of Mr. Garrett McEnerney, representing Archbishop Riordan, submitted that from 1679 until the cession of California by the Treaty of Guadalupe, Mexico recognized that the fund belonged to California, and that this practical recognition answered all the arguments offered by the counsel of Mexico.

The latest telegraphic despatches indicate that the court has made its decision in favor of Archbishop Riordan, and has awarded $1,420,682 in Mexican money to the Archbishop, together with an annual interest of $43,051. This sum will be divided among the three dioceses of California.

The Philippine Friars.

The Friars have found one who is willing to tell the whole truth concerning their life and administration of ecclesiastical affairs in the person of Stephen Bonsal, the well-known correspondent of the New York *Herald* in the East. Bonsal is not a Catholic, nor has he by birth, education, or training or profession, been led to be partial to the Catholic side. His testimony is for this reason all the more valuable. His article on "The Work of the Friars" is published in the

North American Review for October. The entire article deserves attentive perusal. Bonsal says in regard to the genesis of the monastic estates that in teaching the nomadic native the art of husbandry it was necessary to establish a model farm. The original nucleus has since been increased by purchase and largely by bequest; yet far from comprising the greater portion of the best lands in the islands, as has been asserted, the monastic estates amount to less than one-hundredth part of the land under cultivation, and less than one five-thousandth part of the land that might be cultivated. Moreover, the staple products of the islands to-day which are their most valuable assets were introduced by the Friars. The statement and statistics concerning education are particularly strong. The Manila University was founded in 1620, the year the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, and it has matriculated more students than have been entered at Harvard. In 1863 legislation unfavorable to the monastic control of primary education was enacted, and since then a generation has grown up practically illiterate.

Bonsal gives some quotations from the memorials left by retiring governor-generals for the guidance of their successors. These memorials were in the nature of suggestions and advice, the outcome of the experience acquired, and were not intended for publication. General Don José de la Gandara says: "Government would be impossible were it not for the twenty or thirty friars living in their respective parishes who educate the natives, guide, discipline, and control them. In the day of danger and emergency they are absolutely indispensable." It may come that the American government will find them useful and probably indispensable. Bonsal's article deserves careful perusal.

Dr. Christian's Sermon at St. Ignatius

At the opening of the new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ignatius, in New York City, the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. George M. Christian, the rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, a gentleman of character, dignity, and position among his people. An extract from his sermon, evidently made public by himself, is as follows, referring to the opening of the wells by Isaac:

"We are here to-day," he said, "to emphasize the fact that this church is a part of the Catholic Church and not a part of

the Protestant sect, never intended to be and never to be. The priests of the church for the past fifty years have been cleaning out the wells. Do not let the wells fill up again with rubbish and prejudice. This is the church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the Middle Ages to to-day. It is the church authorized by Christ, through St. Peter. It is one of the wells of truth again open.

"Another is the right of the priest to grant, through the confessional, absolution according to the warrant of the Gospels. There is no man who has not longed for this right, and no woman who has not equally longed for the forgiveness of sins through absolution. It is the penitential well that has been opened and cleared of prejudice, and therefore we have our confessionals.

"Another well cleared and clean is the regard for the Holy Communion. We all know that it was thought proper to offer communion two or three times a year for our spiritual sustenance, and it is not so long ago that once a month was an innovation to many. Now the priest stands ready always to give communion to the repentant."

This statement is the best commentary on the Anglican position. How such a church, repudiating Protestantism, can affiliate with the sect whose official title is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, is a mystery; and, on the other hand, how such a church can be identical with the church of the Catacombs and yet reject the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors, is equally mysterious.

Judge James Smith's Appointment to the Philippine Commission.

The President has rendered a signal service to good government in the Philippines by the appointment of Judge Smith to the place on the Philippine Commission made vacant by the resignation of Hon. Bernard Moses. Judge James Smith is an excellent lawyer, and is thoroughly conversant with the conditions that obtain in the islands. Leaving an enviable prospect in the law behind him in San Francisco, he went as colonel of the First California Volunteers to the Philippines when the war broke out. His career as a fighter was marked by bravery and courage. When the war was over and his regiment returned home, he stayed as governor of the Island of Negros, which he succeeded in

pacifying earlier than any of the other islands. He was called to Manila and made collector of the port. The responsibility of organizing the custom-house, and thus securing revenue for the management of the islands, fell to him. Later on, when the Supreme Court of the islands was instituted, he was called by Judge Taft to be one of the associate justices. When the Taft Commission was sent to Rome Judge Smith was selected to be one of its members, and now on his return to Manila he has been made one of the five Commissioners in whose hands is the welfare of the people of the Philippines. Judge Smith's sterling qualities of manhood and intelligence have won for him this remarkable distinction. With all this he is a devout Catholic, a member of the church militant, and ready at all times to serve the highest interests of his conscience, his church, and his country.

By the appointment of Judge Smith to the Philippine Commission the President has shown his desire to meet the demands of the Catholic people. It is evidence also of his good judgment in selecting one who can understand the religious sentiments of a Catholic people where questions that vitally concern their religious status are constantly coming up for adjudication.

Divorce and Drunkenness.

There are two deplorable evils which are so prevalent in the United States that they give our country an unenviable notoriety. They are Divorce and Drunkenness. They are both so alarming in their nature and in their direful results as to make all who are zealous for their country's welfare tremble for the future. They both assail with peculiar malignity the homes of the land, and so much of our progress and prosperity depend on a healthy home life that if it be weakened fatal results will follow. A concerted effort is being made just now by the ablest newspapers of the land to stimulate the public conscience in regard to both these evils and arouse the people to the danger that besets our commonwealth. It is peculiarly desirable in the discussion of both these topics to have the Catholic position affirmed. On the question of Temperance nothing has done so much to alienate the best sentiment of the country as the intemperate statements of its advocates; and so with Divorce. The only sane, conservative position on both these questions is the Catholic position. The makers of public opinion

among Catholics would do well to seek the opportunity to reaffirm Catholic sentiment on both these vital questions.

Religious Census of 1900.

There has been no report made public as yet from the Census Bureau concerning the religious statistics of the country. Bulletins have been sent out on every other conceivable topic, but nothing on so vital a topic as the comparative study of the growth of religious denominations. In this religious census, if accurately done, the Catholic body will show a phenomenal growth. Perhaps at no time in the history of Catholicism in the United States has there been such signs of progress, not only in external appearance as indicated by increasing numbers and growing wealth, but in internal indication of better organization and more perfect equipment. We look eagerly for the Census reports, that will give an official statement of this progress.

Reform in Religious Art.

There is just now a very wide-spread movement in Art circles which has for its purpose the betterment of religious art. It has enlisted in its service the best artists and art critics and patrons not only in Europe but throughout the United States. A fruit of the movement is the organization of The Church Crafts' League in London and The Architectural League in New York. The chief object of both these organizations is to bring the clergy and others who are responsible for the construction and decoration of churches into direct relation with artists, and to eliminate from art as much as possible its commercialism and to restore to it its individual character. There is no more powerful preceptor in gospel truths than the permanent exemplification of true art, either in approved architecture or in mural decoration. "Sermons in stone" are not fictitious. It is a pity, then, not to utilize this teaching energy in the best way. An exhibit of the best specimens of artistic work is being gathered from all over the world, and after it has been presented in New York it will be taken to other large cities. The purpose of this exhibit is entirely educational. It will serve to set up standards of true art, and it is hoped that a highly cultivated public taste will banish many of the existing crudities now so much in evidence in our churches.

A. P. DOYLE.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Teachings of Dante, by Charles Allen Dinsmore—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—is a book that shows appreciation of a great Catholic poet. It has been praised by a writer in *The Outlook* who considers the value of Dante as a witness of the ideas which underlie the interpretation of life, and the great facts of experience. In this age, with its vast expansion of interest, its deep humanitarianism, its tendency to emphasize service rather than devotion as the expression of the religious feeling, there is a peculiar need of a great witness to the deepest facts of experience. Such a witness was Dante. To the men of our time, confronted with vast commercial opportunities, and with immense material interests of every sort pressing on their hands, he stands a victorious and commanding witness to the reality of the spiritual basis of life. In the presence of such a genius combined with such a personality as his, that basis is seen to be the only enduring foundation, the one lasting reality. Into the very heart of the tumultuous material activity of the twentieth century this stern old teacher of the thirteenth century brings his indomitable idealism, his clarity of vision, in which all temporal things are seen in the searching light of eternity, and time itself appears but a fragment of eternity from which the veil has lifted.

To our tendency to diffuse over a wide field of interests and activities Dante opposes his tremendous concentration; the fixed purpose of an iron will solidified into twenty years of heroic toil; a concentration which absorbed all the vital juices of the man's nature, trained his experience, and evoked the full power of his genius in one magnificent and imperishable achievement. Our age needs little incentive to work, for no other age has worked harder; but it does need Dante's splendid example of work which was not only heroic, but held with unbending fidelity to one great end.

In this age of tolerance, kindliness, and wide sympathy, Dante comes also with his intense hatred of every kind of wrong; a hatred which sometimes identified the sinner with the sin and punished the one through hatred of the other. The tendency of our time—the weakness of its strength—is the temptation to lose the old-time horror of sin; to regard it in a certain sense as inevitable; as imperfection rather than moral offence; to condone it by too much familiarity; to confuse the sinner with his sin, and in the endeavor to save one to compromise with the other. Dante's soul fairly flamed with hatred of sin. He saw it always as the antithesis of righteousness, as the enemy of God, as the destroyer of the soul, as the stain on the white garments of humanity. He brushed aside every illusion, exposed every pretension, indignantly stripped off every beautiful mask, and made sin appear as hideous in its initial stages as it is seen to be when it has accomplished its work. In this attitude of unbending hostility and uncompromising animosity, Dante was the witness of a great truth which in our more tolerant and expansive period is constantly overlooked. Hatred of sin grows out of any really deep and vital view of its significance; and when men become indifferent or easy-going with regard to it, it is because they have lost their insight into its essential nature. To really see it as it is, behind all its disguises, is to recognize that it is the essence of all meanness, vulgarity, and crime.

In our age, with its immense multiplication of instruments and its expansion of machinery, Dante comes as a witness to the truth that the greatness of man lies wholly in himself, and that what he makes with his hands, however impressive and marvellous, is valuable chiefly because it evidences the power of his mind and facilitates the higher working of his life. Machinery, however adroit, exquisitely adapted to its ends, and marvellously elaborated, can never become alive: it is man only who lives; it is man only who is supremely important. It is the greatness of man, not his wealth, which is to be sought for; it is the freedom of man, not his comfort, which is the supreme interest of society. In exile, without friends, in the bitterness of a great solitude, with no help from his kind, Dante performed a work which is perhaps the greatest achievement of an entire period, of more value than the material products of many centuries to human progress of the highest order.

Every age presents a new point of view, and in every century the attitude of thinking men and women towards the problems of life is modified or changed. The fundamental questions which are presented in every field of thought and endeavor are not answered as the result of speculative processes; they are thought out, but in a still deeper sense they are worked out. It is inevitable, therefore, that each age should concern itself with a group of specific truths, and put its energy into the solution of specific problems. For this reason every age is somewhat one-sided; it overvalues certain aspects of truth and undervalues others; and it is, therefore, essential for balance and symmetry that each age should keep itself in touch with the formative periods of the past. It is for this reason among others that the great creative works of literature possess a permanent interest for each successive period and present supreme claims upon the attention of every age.

* * *

In reply to a correspondent we would state that there were three remarkable articles on Philosophical Terminology published in vols. xvii.–xviii. of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, beginning July, 1873. They were from the pen of the late Rev. Joseph Bayma, S.J., who was justly regarded as one of the ablest exponents of Catholic philosophy. He also contributed to this magazine a series of articles under the following titles: Principles of Real Being, Constitution of Matter, Discussions with an Infidel, as well as some erudite reviews of books and articles dealing with philosophical questions. We are informed that he also left in the care of his brethren some unpublished treatises bearing on the modern discussion of general metaphysics. His knowledge of mathematics was very extensive. The souvenir pamphlet published to commemorate the golden jubilee of Santa Clara College, California, contained a fitting tribute to his memory in these words:

Joseph Bayma was born near Turin, Italy, November 9, 1816; received his early education at the Jesuit College of Turin; passed to the Royal University, to fit himself for one of the learned professions; and was received into the Society of Jesus at Chieri, Italy, February 5, 1832. He taught at the age of seventeen in the College of Nobles; was ordained priest in 1843, and was shortly after appointed lecturer in the great Roman College. In 1845 he was appointed rector of the Episcopal Seminary at Bertinoro, in Romagna, which he built and remodelled, and made one of the leading institutions of learning in Italy, a position it still holds. During his term of presidency he

was also Scripture lecturer in Bertinoro. In 1848, the Revolutionists having secured the expulsion of the Jesuits, Father Bayma, with his fellow-religious, sought the hospitality of France, whence he was sent to England in 1857, as professor of mental philosophy, in the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst. He wrote here his course of philosophy, and taught it to successive classes, and composed also his *Treatise on Molecular Mechanics*, which has been highly commended and much studied at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1869 Father Bayma set out for California, and on his arrival he was entrusted with the charge of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, in which he greatly improved the school accommodations, the library and scientific cabinets. He taught, while president, higher mathematics, and wrote articles for the leading magazines. In 1880 he was sent to Santa Clara College, where he continued to teach until his death, 1892. Rev. Father Bayma was a man of the most varied attainments, an orator of surpassing power in his own native tongue, and a clever painter. As a poet he composed an epic poem of no mean merit on 'Christopher Columbus,' in the *octava rima* of Tasso. He was a Latin scholar of the most refined taste, and intimately acquainted with the chief writers of ancient times, long passages from whose works he could recite by the hour, even in his old age.

* * *

A few months ago a number of the Catholic ladies of Lawrence, Mass., organized a new literary society under the name of the Aventine Club, with these officers: president, Mrs. Katharine A. O'Mahony; vice-president, Mrs. Maurice Curran; recording secretary, Miss Elizabeth O'Leary; corresponding secretary, Miss Mary O'Mahony; financial secretary, Mrs. Robert F. Sheehan; treasurer, Mrs. Walter Conlan; executive committee—Mesdames M. O'Mahony, D. F. Conlon, John Joyce, Adelaide Cummiskey, and Miss Margaret Desmond.

The ladies of the Aventine Club have numerously both the taste and the leisure for advanced literary studies, and the competence of their president to direct such studies is well proven. There is, moreover, much musical and some artistic ability among the members, and they have started their programme of work seriously and with excellent prospects. They meet once a week—for the present at one another's home, and the membership is restricted for a time to thirty-five active members.

The Aventine Club had its first social event on the evening of Friday, June 20, at the Franklin Hotel; the guest of honor being Miss Katharine E. Conway, of Boston.

The parlors were artistically decorated with flowers and potted plants. A brief programme was given, consisting of two songs—words by Miss Conway; Loving and Having (music by C. F. Weber) and Nepenthe (music, Miss Belle Menard), both charmingly rendered respectively by Mrs. John J. Donovan and Mrs. Walter Conlan. Mrs. Adelaide Cummiskey playing the accompaniments.

Then Miss Julia Leader read with great taste and feeling a poem by the guest of the evening, A Dream of Lilies.

Mrs. O'Mahony, after a word on the origin of the Aventine Club, gave an introduction of the guest of honor as associate editor of *The Pilot*, and author of Lalor's Maples and other popular books.

Miss Conway's topic was Literary Societies: Their Spiritual, Intellectual, and Social Influences. She said that as the Catholic Summer-School could trace its history back to St. Augustine, so can a Reading Union like the Aventine go back to St. Jerome and the group of noble and bright-minded Roman ladies who gathered about him in that famous house on the Aventine to study the Sacred Scriptures.

The strengthening of our faith by a broader and deeper knowledge of the church's teachings and an intimate acquaintance with its heroes in every condition of life; the disciplining of our intellect which inevitably comes with such study; the acquiring of high standards even in fiction; the development of a Catholic community spirit and decent self-respect by keeping in touch with the best and greatest of our own in contemporary life, and by working with our neighbors and co-religionists in our own city, were the chief points developed by Miss Conway. She deprecated the cheap and disloyal spirit which makes certain foolish Catholics esteem social intercourse with those outside the Church as a superior thing.

Miss Conway's paper was very favorably received. An informal reception to her followed. Then came refreshments and dancing.

The reception was in charge of the social committee: Mrs. M. O'Mahony, chairman; Mrs. John Joyce, and Mrs. D. F. Conlon.

The young ladies who officiated as ushers were the Misses Theresa and Helen Farrell, Julia and Katharine Sheehan, Mary Mahony, Mary E. Mahony, Mary L. Ford, Susan O'Connor, and Margaret Desmond.

Among those present at the evening's reception were: The Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A.; Dr. and Mrs. William J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan, and many other distinguished patrons of the Aventive Club.

* * *

The following tribute to the Catholic clergy was drawn from the pen of a non-Catholic writer of some repute, Julian Hawthorne, upon the occasion of his witnessing the long procession of priests at the recent funeral of Archbishop Corrigan in New York:

"It was a marvellous sight to see the profile of these priestly heads passing successively one after another, bowed and serious. Endless was the variety of types; inexhaustible the diversity of character; they were old and young, high and low, noble and plain, dignified and awkward, stern and mild, humble and proud, strong and weak; none was like another in all that multitude; and yet all had in common one look—the look of mingled authority and obedience. There is no other look that could be mistaken for it in the tribes of mortal men; it told of such a training and discipline as no other men are called on to sustain. It was the look worn by those who spread the doctrines of the church over the face of the earth; who worked and suffered and died to save souls in the primeval wilderness; who have built up in their fellow-men this mighty fact of the Catholic Church. It allied them one with another and brought them into unity in one stupendous organism, the body of Christ.

"They constitute one of the greatest forces created on earth; quiet, subtle, omnipresent, well-nigh irresistible. Behind them lies a history of deeds unparalleled. And after two thousand years they seem as strong, as compact and purposeful as in the days of the early Fathers.

"These are the men who overthrew paganism, and who rule to-day the larger part of the Christian world. From them emanated the holy army of martyrs and the company of the saints; from their ranks were chosen the popes who governed Europe and turned the tides of history. Their outward temporal power is no longer what it was; but the power of no temporal monarch equals theirs. Authority and obedience mingle in their aspect; these are the virtues to which the world succumbs." M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A Christian Apologetic. By Wilford L. Robbins, D.D. Pp. 190. *The Study of the Gospels.* By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Pp. 160. *The Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies.* By Arthur Lyon Cross, Ph.D. Pp. 357. *Seven Roman Statesmen of the Later Republic.* By Charles Oman, M.A. Pp. 340. *Pastor Agnorum: A Schoolmaster's Afterthoughts.* By John Huntley Skrine. Pp. 275. *The Manor Farm.* A novel. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Frances Blundell). Pp. 376. Price $1.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Sermons from the Latins. Adapted by Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. Pp. 618. Price $2. *Science of the Saints.* By Pagani. 4 vols. Price $6. *November Leaves from Father Faber.* Collected by Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Pp. 100. Price 30 cts. *Texts for Children.* Arranged for every day in the year. By M. A. Ward. With a preface by Father Gallwey, S.J. Pp. 136. Price 25 cts. net. *The Holy Rosary in Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.* By Father Gerard Beccaro. Price 50 cts. net. *Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral.* By the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Pp. 382. *A Round Table of Representative German Catholic Novelists.* Pp. 235. Price $1.50. *The Lukewarm Christian.* Two Sermons by Massillon. Abridged and arranged by Percy Fitzgerald. Pp. 81. Price 60 cts. net. *Pattern Drawing and Design.* By John Carroll. Pp. 112. Price 50 cts.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Earth to Heaven. By Mgr. John S. Vaughan. Pp. 184. Price $1 net. *A Complete Calendar of the English Saints and Martyrs for every day of the year.* Compiled by William Canon Fleming. Pp. 104. Price 55 cts. net. *The Silver Legend: Saints for Children.* By I. A. Taylor. Pp. 307. Price $1 net.

FÉLIX ALCON, Paris: *Le Problème des Causes Finales.* Par Sully-Prudhomme et Charles Richet. Pp. 176. Prix, fr. 2.50.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris: *L'Évangélisation des Hommes en France, et quelques Réformes nécessaires.* Par James Forbes. Pp. 32.

ADMINISTRATION DE LA DEMOCRATIE CHRÉTIENNE, Lille: *De Quel Coté sont les Encouragements du Pape? La Propriété dans une Démocratie Chrétienne.*

EDMUND D. BROOKS, Minneapolis:

Westwind Songs. By Arthur Upson. Pp. 99. Price 75 cts.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

Prayers, Ancient and Modern. Selected and arranged for Daily Reading by the Editor of *Daily Strength and Daily Needs.* Pp. 366. Price $1. *The Spiritual Outlook:* A Survey of the Religious Life of our Time as related to Progress. By Willard Chamberlain Selleck. Pp. 349. Price $1. *Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes.* By Edward S. Morse. Pp. 216. Price $1.50.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston: *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.* By George Horace Lorimer. Pp. 312. Price $1.50.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:

The Millionairess. By Julian Ralph. Illustrated by C. F. Underwood.

A. M. ROBERTSON, San Francisco:

A Gentleman. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. (Pamphlet, 10 cts.)

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York:

The Wyndham Girls. By Marion Ames Taggart. With illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Pp. 303. Price $1.20.

JOHN LANE, New York:

With Napoleon at St. Helena: Being the Memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, Naval Surgeon. Translated from the French of Paul Frémeaux by Edith S. Stokoe. Pp. 257.

1904 PUBLISHING COMPANY, St. Louis:

Althea; or, The Children of Rosemont Plantation. By D. Ella Nirdlinger.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:

A Child of the Flood; or, A Mother's Prayer. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. Pp. 234. Price $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Founding of Fortunes. By Jane Barlow. Pp. 348. Price $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

A Little Captive Lad. By Beulah Marie Dix. With illustrations by Will Grefé. Pp. 286. Price $1.50. *New England and its Neighbors.* Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Pp. 335. Price $2. *Bayard's Courier:* A Story of Love and Adventure in the Cavalry Campaigns. Pp. 402. Price $1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

Eternalism: A Theory of Infinite Justice. By Orlando J. Smith. Price $1.25.

ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London:

The Date of the Crucifixion. Founded on the Kalendar of the Ancient Egyptians. By Rev. W. A. Bulbeck, O.S.B. (Pamphlet, 18 cts.) *Comfort for the Faint-Hearted.* By Ludovicus Blosius, O.S.B. Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, of the Order of St. Dominic. *A Short Rule and Daily Exercise.* For a Beginner in the Spiritual Life. By Ludovicus Blosius. Translated by Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. Pp. 63. Price 18 cts. *The Crown of Age.* By S. D. B. Pp. 49. Price 18 cts.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

The Day of an Invalid. From the French of Abbé Henri Perreyve by Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S. Pp. 280. Price 50 cts.

ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Cleveland:

Historic Highways of America. Vol. I. Paths of the Mound-Building Indians, and Great Game Animals. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

VICTOR RETAUX, Paris, France: *L'Enfant et la Vie.* Par Henri Bremond.

A Foreword.

FROM the most unusual sources we have received unsolicited testimony that **The Catholic World Magazine** has attained a higher standard of excellence during the past year than ever before. These letters and criticisms are not a little gratifying to the Managers, because they go to show that when pledges made at the opening of the year are kept the public recognizes the fact and is appreciative. We are encouraged therefore to set our standards high.

During the past year the Managers have tried to inject into both the articles published and the special departments of the magazine a pronounced character, so as to make **The Catholic World Magazine** stand for a definite policy. The key to this policy in matters of international interest affecting the welfare of the Church is the mind of our Holy Father. He is the Leader. His wisdom and far-seeing statesmanship have been demonstrated in more than one closely contested battle-field. His attitude towards governments is to eliminate antagonisms as far as possible, and to demonstrate that Catholics are the most patriotic citizens, and to do this even at the sacrifice, not of principles but of some minor and temporary advantages.

Particularly is this so in this country. "America is the future," he says. Catholics in this country, therefore, should be sympathetic with the highest aspirations of the American government.

For this policy we shall stand because in following it we are convinced that the greatest good will come to both Church and State. This does not mean in any sense that we shall condone error or make compromise with principle; but while **we are Catholic we are American,** and our efforts will be expended in making the two words synonymous.

In carrying out this policy we shall continue to supply each month a rich and bountiful feast of story and travel and biography and essay, so that every taste may be gratified, and in order that **The Catholic World Magazine** may be a welcome visitor in every Catholic household.

THE CEREMONY OF TURNING "THE FIRST SOD" FOR THE APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON, BY CARDINAL GIBBONS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS, NOVEMBER 13, 1902.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. DECEMBER, 1902. NO. 453.

THE TURNING OF THE FIRST SOD.

PERHAPS the most significant event of this year was the turning of the first sod of the APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, on the grounds of the Catholic University at Washington, on the afternoon of November 13. A photograph of this historic event is presented on the opposite page. The sod was turned by Cardinal Gibbons, in the presence of the archbishops, a number of bishops, and a large gathering of ecclesiastics. The significance of this event is the official recognition given by the Hierarchy to the movement which has for its purpose the preaching of Catholic doctrine to non-Catholics. The special purpose to which the Apostolic Mission House will be devoted will be the training of missionaries to do this work. The Catholic University has set aside a plot of ground 200 by 200 on which the Mission House will be built. The project now belongs to the Church in the United States. The hierarchy has taken hold of it and has placed this little plant of the missions in its own special nursery at the University, and there it will be fostered.

The students at the Mission House will be diocesan priests, sent there by their bishops. After a year or more of special training in apologetics and methods of mission work, they will return to their dioceses in order to inaugurate, or continue where already inaugurated, Apostolate Bands for the work of giving missions to non-Catholics. In some dioceses, as for example New York, Cleveland, Providence, Hartford, and other places, these Apostolate bands are already doing successful work. It is hoped that in a few years they will be established in every diocese in the country. This will give a body of three or four hundred diocesan missionaries under the imme-

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

diate direction of the bishops, to look after the rural districts and the smaller places, and for such other diocesan missionary work as the needs of the diocese may demand.

The attitude of the church towards those outside the fold is changing. For fifty years or more, since the great stream of immigration has come to our shores, we have been home-building and looking out after "our own," and now the doors of our churches are thrown open to the stranger that is within the gates. The normal state of the church is missionary. The inauguration of the Apostolic Mission House means the perfecting of this new policy. It affirms the fact that, inasmuch as there is but one true church and that the Catholic Church, all sincere Christians should have the claims of the Catholic Church presented to them. It is necessary to have a corps of missionaries to carry on this work. It is necessary that the bishop, whose responsibility is over every baptized soul in his diocese, should have at his command a body of light infantry who may be sent here and there as circumstances demand, and by this means he will be able to carry on the missionary work of the diocese.

Moreover, it will not be many years before the Apostolic Mission House will be the nursery of vocations for the Foreign Mission field. America as a world power must contribute its quota to the missionary work of the world. Heretofore it has done very little outside the borders of our own country, but our unparalleled growth and our immense resources demand that we shall contribute no small amount to the Christianizing of heathen lands. It is hoped, therefore, that before long, along with the Home Missions, the Foreign Missions will be represented at this Apostolic House.

The future is bright for this mission work. It is no longer an untried problem. For ten years the movement has gone forward by leaps and bounds. Thousands of converts have been received through its instrumentality, and no end of prejudices have been removed. The church is in a far more commanding position to-day than she was ten years ago before this work began, and during the next decade of years a still more remarkable change will take place in public sentiment.

The people have recognized this and have given generously to this missionary project, and it is our serious hope that in a few years the work that was begun by Cardinal Gibbons will be completed and adequately endowed for all time to come.

REV. A. P. DOYLE.

LEO XIII.: HIS ENEMIES AND CRITICS.

BY REV. D. J. MACMACKIN, D.D.

LEO XIII. more than once has ascribed the anti-religious movements simultaneously carried on in different European countries to an international Jewish–Socialist–Masonic coalition, whose existence and active propaganda are amply manifested by the chronicles of the past few years. The real significance of Leo's warnings may be gathered without difficulty from current events in France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Austria, and Germany.

The French government, with its now famous "Loi des Associations," has inaugurated a new Kulturkampf worthy of the late Bismarck. Waldeck-Rousseau declared that society, hitherto founded on and directed by principles of Christianity, must henceforth rest on a rationalistic basis. Whatever differences the supporters of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry may have had among themselves, they all unite in their hatred of Christ and His Holy Church. The ukase of the sect has gone forth: Christianity must give way to Rationalism!

The "Loi des Associations" has had one good effect. It has discovered the real designs of the enemies of the church and of France. The Masonic combine is well known and well defined in Europe. It courts no concealment; but gloats over its power and victories, especially in the Dreyfus affair, which almost drove France to national suicide; in the high-handed measures of General André against leading Catholic officials of the army, and in the present persecution of the religious orders, a persecution anti-patriotic as well as anti-religious.

The religious children of France, bearing the seeds of Christian civilization to all quarters of the earth, bring with them that ardent, undying love of France which is one of their noblest characteristics. Even the political enemies of France confess that the religious orders have done as much, and perhaps more, for the welfare of the French Republic than its ambassadors and consuls. England and Germany look with a jealous eye on these ministers of French influence. A noble mission surely for enlightened statesmen!—to hound monks and

nuns who displayed such heroism and patriotism in the disastrous war with Germany, and who at the summons of Leo were among the first to rally to the standard of the Republic. But the sect *sans patrie* is blind to patriotic as well as religious motives.

We have had personally more than one experience of the liberal and tolerant spirit of the French Socialists. In 1896 we were present at the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, celebrated in the magnificent Cathedral of Reims. The Socialists showed their appreciation of the past glories of France—"Gesta Dei per Francos"—by making an anti-religious "demonstration," by smashing crosses and banners, and tearing the sacred garments from the shoulders of the ministers.

We pass to Spain. The Kulturkampf in France has its sequel in Spain. The government of Madrid is much concerned over the probable immigration of monks and nuns consequent on the Waldeck–Rousseau–Combes persecution. Spanish Liberalism could not tolerate such an influx. Something must be done to rouse public opinion to the gravity of the impending danger. A comedy is produced in Madrid advocating the burning of convents, and the suggestion is hailed with rapturous applause by the hired minions of the sect.

At Valencia, while the Jesuits are committing the horrible crime of consecrating children to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the clients of the coalition create a demonstration before the church, and with shouts of "Abajo los Jesuitas!" "Viva la libertad!" proceed to show their love and respect for liberty by smashing the windows of St. Joseph's College. No friars for Spain! Liberal public opinion is against them.

Padre Montâna is deposed from his office of royal tutor because he had the audacity to publish an article condemning the anti-Christian tendencies of Liberalism.

Princess Mercedes would marry the prince of her choice, but the Masonic ukase is against it—*Que no se case!*—and the cry is heralded through the streets of Madrid by the mouthpieces of Liberal public opinion. "Viva la libertad!" The fiancé is a prince, a soldier who has fought bravely in defence of Spain and Cuba; but a union between a Bourbon of Naples and a princess of the royal family of Spain was displeasing to Italian Masons, and therefore to the brethren of Madrid. Fortunately their plans were foiled.

La Señorita Ubao, a young lady twenty-four years old, de-

termined to become a nun. "Fuera!" Willy-nilly she must leave the convent. Her Masonic father, aided by the sect, forced her to abandon the place which she entered of her own accord, and where she would willingly remain.

In Italy the "Roman Question" is a standing manifestation of the forces allied against the Church and the Papacy. The enemies of the Pope are the enemies of Italy. Some far-seeing statesmen of Rome are beginning to recognize that fact. United Italy to-day is on the high-road to financial ruin and political disaster. "Qui mange du Pape, en meurt!"

We pass over the frequent demonstrations in honor of Giordano Bruno in Campo Fiori, the comments of the Masonic press on the "Anno Santo fiasco" (*sic*), the efforts being made throughout Italy to drive the catechism and the crucifix from the schools, the insult to pure Catholic sentiment by the addition of nude figures to the Fontana Termini, and the bitter contests in the Concilio Municipale of Rome when the Catholic members who fought loyally for Catholic rights had to be escorted to their homes by gendarmes. "Viva la libertà"!

Portugal has received the password and stringent measures against the religious orders are already in process of formation.

In Austria, to the Tacoli-Ledochowski incident we must now add the famous "Los von Rom" movement which is still going on, assisted by the money and the press of the Jewish and Pan-Germanic enemies of Austria. The "Evangelisches Bund" has opened public subscriptions in Germany to help the "Los von Rom" campaign.

Germany, too, has its demonstrations. The "Centre" formulated a law for the establishment of true religious liberty. What a howl goes up from the Protestant-Atheistic coalition against such an audacious blow at the constitution and traditions of the German States!

In Würtemberg the same coalition finds, to its great amazement, that the throne will pass to the Catholic branch of the royal family, and worst of all, that the Catholics have a majority in the Senate. Such a state of affairs is intolerable. Hence the agitation already started in the House of Deputies and in the press to reform the constitution so as to undermine the Catholic majority. No liberty for Catholics to exercise their religion in peace according to the dictates of their conscience because the constitution and traditions are against it! But when the predominance of the sect is in jeopardy the constitution must

be changed to meet the emergency, and traditions are confined to oblivion. Hoch! Hoch! Die Freiheit!

Despite the plausible conduct of the Kaiser towards Catholic Bavaria, there is an underhand, constant effort to supplant all Catholic officials in the public administration by Protestants and Atheists. The Bavarians were far too dilatory in detecting and resisting the insidious attack, and are now face to face with a difficult problem, especially after the insults offered to the popular and well-beloved Prince Alphonso.

We may connect the case of Prince Alphonso with similar occurrences in other countries, such as the Tacoli-Ledochowski incident in Austria, and the anti-clerical policy of General André against leading Catholic officials of the French army, of whom some have preferred recently to undergo court-martial rather than persecute those consecrated women who in time of battle nurse the wounded soldier back to life and health.

What does all this mean? What does it signify? The above-mentioned facts and many others too numerous to relate are tangible and indisputable. It requires no genius to find an explanation for them. English and German Masons do not sacrifice the interests of Germany and of England to those of France. The campaign against the clergy and Catholic men in public life is carried on in Catholic countries, and aims at the destruction of all social and political influence favorable to the church. The Jewish–Socialist–Masonic coalition is no conjured nightmare. It is an international sect, "sans patrie," leagued against God and Christ; "adversus Deum et Christum ejus."

It is quite *à la mode* nowadays to criticise the Roman Curia. Pious and liberal Catholics like Richard Bagot, Verax, and other contributors to the London *Times* and to the *Pilot* seem to make a specialty of the Roman Curia. Healthy criticism is, I think, a saving element of all progress, and most helpful in every profession, but such criticism is very rare because of the varied, difficult, almost contradictory qualities necessary in a capable critic.

How easy it is to throw off sweeping generalities under a patriotic pseudonym! "The retrograde tendencies of the Roman Curia," "Its foreign policy dictated by French Nationalists," "Its mediæval reaction," "Its ignorance and hatred of all liberal institutions"; "Cardinal Rampolla and Mery del Val in power while liberal prelates are snubbed."

In our own country, "Roman Catholic," a recent corre-

spondent to the New York *Sun*, makes the following declaration of principles: "The representatives of Catholic societies *most assuredly* assume the responsibility of being competent to instruct Cardinal Rampolla," "The Catholics of the United States have a perfect right to tell even the Pope what they think, etc." "'An American Catholic' argues as if he considered the Pope and his Secretary of State infallible, and we are led to infer that the Pope's *will must never be opposed or thwarted.* . . ." "Bellarmin contends that there are times when it is *lawful to resist the Pope*, etc."

After calling to order the Pope and his Secretary of State, "Roman Catholic" gives his instructions to the American Bishops. In other countries, bishops may content themselves with the spiritual welfare of their flocks, and give themselves to all kinds of sports and to frequent displays of ecclesiastical finery. "But in this great country we expect our bishops and priests to be interested not only in our eternal but in our temporal welfare. We do not want them to play ping-pong with us, or join in all our sports; but we do expect that they will not move among us in a cloud of incense, dressed up in purple and fine linen, in season and out of season. We expect our spiritual leaders to be our guides, our philosophers and friends; and all this will Federation do and more"! Such a statement coming from "an eloquent Trenton priest" is remarkable, and to the friends of the Federation idea it has been quite a revelation.

To one familiar with Roman affairs, the accusation of these English and American critics have an amusing naïveté. It would be interesting to know what these retrograde tendencies are? What foreign policy has been dictated by French Nationalists? What is this mediæval reaction? What liberal institutions have incurred the hatred of the Roman Curia?

Mgr. Mery del Val is a great favorite with Leo XIII. He is a young prelate of excellent qualities, but to say that he controls the ear and shapes the policy of the present Pontiff is to display gross ignorance concerning Leo and the Vatican.

Here is another oft-repeated accusation: "The shortsightedness of the Vatican is, in recent years, scarcely conceivable." Do you know why? Poor Vatican! Instead of keeping both eyes on the almighty dollar, it threw in its lot with Spain, favored the cause of the Boers, and in consequence suffered a considerable diminution of Peter's pence. Looking at the policy

of Rome from a merely financial view-point, it is not only shortsighted; it is blind and stupid. What foolishness, for instance, on the part of the Pope and Vatican not to accept the appropriation set aside by the Quirinal every year as compensation (?) for the usurped temporal possessions and prerogatives of the Papacy!

The enemies of the church abroad love to dwell frequently on what they consider a diminution of the church's prestige in social and political spheres, but they rarely have levelled their standards of appreciation so low as to accuse the Vatican of sacrificing principles to a sordid greed for filthy lucre.

Catholics should not forget some recent leaders in the New York *Times*. "The United States has acted in the matter (of the Friars) with the utmost liberality. It was willing to pay far more for the friars' lands than they were commercially worth *for the purpose of getting rid of the friars*. . . . For the Vatican to accept the extravagant offer and at the same time to refuse to use its influence toward giving the main consideration in view of which we made it, is neither business-like nor honorable, as these terms are understood among men of the world."

Exactly. The Vatican does not understand the terms "*business*" and "*honor*" as men of this world understand them. The expulsion of the friars is not a matter of "*business*" nor of mere "*policy*." All the money in America could not buy the expulsion of the friars. It is one thing to negotiate for the purchase of the friars' lands. That is business. To negotiate for the expulsion of the friars is quite a different matter. To make the purchase of the friars' lands and the expulsion of the friars correlative terms of a contract, and to consider such a contract as merely "*business*" or "*policy*," is something conceivable only in the most unprincipled and unscrupulous men of the world.

A solution of the vexed problem will be reached, and a solution honorable in the highest sense of the word. Rome is an incomparable vantage-ground. Its vision of the world is the widest, the truest, the best. The successor of St. Peter occupies the most conspicuous place in the world's affairs. "He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for nineteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has

shaped himself for all emergencies; if ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of the ages who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church" (Newman, "Idea of Univ.," p. 13).

These lines are strikingly true of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII., whom Providence raised up to govern the church in these perilous times. Justin McCarthy, a writer of rare discretion, who has had unusual opportunities for studying the influence of the Papacy on the problems of the day, pays this tribute to the great shepherd of Christendom: "Pope Leo XIII. has been careful beyond almost any of his predecessors not to let anything escape him which concerns the interests of human beings all over the earth. . . . Philanthropy seems to be with him a passion. Some of the great social movements which came up during his time might well have intimidated a less heroic spirit."

Despite his abnormal position in the city of the Peters, despite the anti-clerical persecutions so notorious in the declining years of the nineteenth century, Leo XIII. crossed the threshold of the new century with firm hope and unflinching courage, inaugurating the new era with a universal jubilee wherein he gathered his millions of children around him and consecrated them to the Divine Redeemer.

The paternal call for a reunion of Christendom, the impetus given to higher education in the colleges and universities of the world, the wonderful progress and consolidation of the Catholic Hierarchy, the magnificent encyclicals, "Rerum Novarum," "Quod Apostolici muneris," "Graves de Communi," which, with various discourses to labor pilgrimages, form Leo's "Summa Sociologica," the timely warning to different countries and fatherly appeals for peace and justice—all these are but a few of the great labors of Leo and his learned Curia, which command the admiration of all those whose minds are not blinded by prejudices, whose eyes are not to the noon-day sun "sicut oculus vespertilionis."

Well might Leo turn to his critics and say: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou me?"

UNITARIANISM AND RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

BY J. S.

TWO matters of deeper concern to Catholics can be named than Religious Missions and Religion in Education, and to have them brought forward by two prominent and influential Unitarians is gratifying, for, ordinarily, Catholics and Unitarians are relatively polar. The Reverend Doctor Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, has elicited from us copious information about Catholic missions, for the benefit of his young friends, who, but for his thoughtfulness, might never have known aught of these glorious records. And now Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, also of Boston, utters an eloquent and powerful appeal for the Christian education of American children. Than this appeal nothing could be more apropos, and we will second her effort and give to her words the widest possible circulation. They should be generally read, for their force and candor and their appropriateness to the present conditions of American life.

Regretting that we cannot give her paper * entire, we must brief it, thus:

A century ago religion was still old-fashioned; but it was time for a simple and child-like Christianity. The fight for this had to come; but, it being now over and the victory won, let us save from the débris whatever of value may remain. The necessary negations of the conflict alluded to left their impress in scepticism, and carefully educated families have been reared without habit of prayer, knowledge of Scripture, custom of public worship. But when, to young people thus reared, life-trials shall come, when even prosperity may cause weariness and distaste of life itself, where then shall these dear ones seek comfort and spiritual guidance? Why, either in the Catholic Church or in blank negation. It is painful to find church-attendance of no importance, and, still worse, ignorance of the Bible (of which Mrs. Howe regards portions as still valuable), Prophets, David, Solomon, and the later Gospel which has changed the face of the world. Faith, Hope, and Love are still as essential as when St. Paul commended them (and these are now freed from clouds), and aspiration and service, God's

* *Boston Christian Register*, August 28, 1902.

love, and all men for all men, are added. The necessity for religious institutions is deep; only in reconstruction let us profit by experience, and make the Unitarian Church a temple towards which the hearts of all the world may turn with longing.

Although Mrs. Howe's plea is addressed ostensibly to Unitarians, her vision is national in scope; she loves her whole country, and would gladly benefit every American in it. And all should welcome her and heed her advice, for Unitarians have no monopoly of contempt for religion, neglect for children, and deterioration from the high ideals of our forefathers.

For American children the outlook may well cause anxiety. Germs of character should be implanted and fostered during their youth. "Train up a child," and "as the twig is bent," etc. Crimes of grown people multiply until they become commonplace and uninteresting, and the escapades and offences of young people, hardly out of their teens, grow more numerous and more grave. Young Americans seem unconscious of higher ideals than wealth, pleasure, and athletics. The press brings the world daily before us, and, together with much that is excellent and useful, carries into our families much that is baneful for our children. How best can we shield them? How inculcate reverence, modesty, respect for parents? By good example, of course; but how, beside that?

Mrs. Howe thinks firstly, perhaps chiefly, of home-training, and no one will deny that a home of practical Christians may be the best field for rearing Christian young people. But for the vast majority of American children this favorable condition does not exist; home-training with religious influences is for them impracticable. Surely, Mrs. Howe must feel for the families of laboring people as well as for those of people in easy circumstances. In the great majority of American families the bread-winner toils daily (and his woman slaves to help him) to make both ends meet, and by night-time both parents have reached utter fatigue. What a blessing for such families to have their children daily cared for by teachers solicitous for their souls and characters as well as for their minds! And children so trained often edify and improve their parents. Catholics maintain parochial schools, at great and onerous expense, because of their conviction of the absolute necessity of religion in education and of the wild absurdity of hoping to raise Christian citizens from infidel youths or youths ignorant of all religion.

Some people have an impression that Sunday-schools are of modern invention and suffice for the religious education of young people, while the simple truth is that the church is and has ever been solicitous about her children on all seven days of the week instead of on only one day. American children need training in reverence (almost a lost trait), in temperance, in love and fear of God, in purity, charity, truth, and fortitude, and for these symbol and example are often more efficacious than mere precept. Wisdom would prescribe the use of all means: no homes and no schools without their crucifixes, statues, and pictures. Virtues: purity, obedience, faith, and truth, kept constantly before the young gradually impress their minds and become bases of character.

If one will say, time cannot be spared from secular studies for moral and religious themes, the answer, constantly backed by evidence, is, that scholars so taught will excel, even in studies wholly secular, others to whom religion is never mentioned. This fact has been demonstrated over and over again.

Does not this cry of Mrs. Howe's recall Jefferson's striking metaphor of a fire-bell in the night?

"Do we wish our children to enter this field of practical life without religion? What other power will guide them among the pitfalls of temptation? What other agency will redeem them after repeated offence and failure? What will console them when the heart is bursting with sorrow? What will reconcile them to suffering, and even to death itself? If our children grow up with no habit of devout thought, with no reliance on prayer, with no outlook toward immortality, what will be their attitude in view of the troubles of life?"

To these searching questions we must respond: Why not consult the church that for so many centuries has directed the training of Christian children? Has she not produced enough of holy men and women, of heroes and saints, of the great and good in every rank of life, to be able to give good counsel? She would prescribe thus to Christian parents: Dedicate children while yet in the womb to faith and fidelity; as soon as born make them Christians by baptism; in adolescence familiarize them with the life of our Lord as babe, youth, and man; also, of his saints; drill them in the catechism, habituate them to confession, and let them approach Holy Communion and confirmation as early in life as they are judged to be duly prepared; have them, under pain of sin, assist at Mass on Sundays and holydays.

This mode of rearing Christians has long been tried and found to work well. Does Mrs. Howe think it can be improved upon? It is true that in later years these Christian children, then adults, may fall away and yield under temptation; but their parents will have done their duty by them, and the offspring will always know how to repent and save their souls, and this will be knowing a very great deal.

Catholic children wear over their hearts scapulars of brown —Our Lady's color—like the crimson or blue worn by so many enthusiasts for Harvard or Yale. Also medals, effigies of the saints in glory, whom we ask to pray for us. They and we also make use of the rosary (an epitome of our Lord's life and death), whose simplicity is such that it is the same, word for word, for the Pope and for the humblest laborer. If there be Philistines who look sourly upon the Catholic use of emblems, Mrs. Howe will not be one, when we assure her upon honor that those symbols and practices are powerful in exercising our faith (chiefest of human treasures) and in strengthening us against sin (the only thing that ever offends God). We are grateful to her for her aid in this most important matter of the Christian education of American children, and hope she may continue her efforts in the same direction.

Mrs. Howe points to the rapid decadence of Unitarians from all revealed truth during their seventy-five years' record, and seems to feel some regret, though she does not exactly say so. As we have before remarked, Unitarians have arrived safely at nothing, and any indication of their spiritual discomfort, from whatever direction it may come, must be a welcome sign.

Emerson and Parker in their day shocked their brethren by negations and bold free-thinking, yet both are considered antiquated fossils by Unitarians of our time. The founders of Unitarianism chafed under Puritan orthodoxy and wanted more of religious freedom, yet clung affectionately to much of Christian revelation—professed it and lived by it—while their successors have discarded all of it and now believe actually in nothing, save themselves.

Channing should ever remain the real representative of Unitarianism. We remember him well. He lifted us upon his knee and caressed us. We were bred to revere him, and we know his works, their devoutness, their reverence, his loving friendship for Bishop Cheverus, and his decent respect and even tenderness for the faith of all Christians. Although he lived amid

transcendentalism and had some inkling and much dread of changes to come, the present status of Unitarianism would have been utterly beyond his power of belief; and we doubt not, if he could have heard repeated the last Radcliffe address of the president of Harvard (an institution then as now Unitarian) he would have been bitterly distressed and have hastened to Cambridge, spite of his delicate health, to express his shame and disgust.

Yet, after all, President Eliot's advice to 113 New England young women (not to try to save their souls) should shock us less than their silence under it. Was there not one among them to rise and protest? This fact pains us more than the silly counsel itself. However, there will be other opportunities for resentment, if Radcliffe women shall choose. To the graduates of 1903 the President will probably say: "You have not got any souls. After this life, is simply oblivion." If that shall be calmly endured, we must wait again for the graduates of 1904, who will be told: "There is no God. The notion of God is an invention of theologians." We will not try to go any further into the future; but if such stuff suits American young women, then the outlook is dreadful for the coming generation of Americans, and Mrs. Howe's appeal has been made none too soon.

As for her wish that a new church, of simple and child-like Christianity, and retaining portions of the Bible, may be built by Unitarians from the débris of their conflict with Orthodoxy and may draw all the world to itself, we can only say we wish we could second it. With us a lady's wish has the force of an imperial edict, and yet in the present case we cannot even be encouraging. Unitarians are skilled in the destruction of religion, but they will find construction of it a different matter, and we do not believe they have forecasted all its difficulties. At the outset trouble will come, over a title for their world-church: Neo-Christian, Quasi-Buddhist, Pseudo-Hebraic, or some other conglomerate; and other troubles will follow. Human beings are unreasonable. Some will retain a penchant for real Christianity, or real something or other. Some will want worship of God, with affirmative and stable faith, while the Unitarian cult is self-worship and views. Unitarian doses of religion are homeopathic, almost undiscernible, while by some people allopathic quantities will be preferred. Any faith more tangible than views should seem to Unitarians to savor of

dogma; but as they hate miracles so they detest dogma. We cannot help them about miracles, for Catholic ones will provokingly continue to be authentic; but as for dogma, we can perhaps assuage their pain. For what, after all, is dogma? Why, merely Amber. Unitarians have seen a fly in amber, its legs, wings, its eyes, its very down, distinctly preserved, and for ever? Well, what amber is to the fly that dogma is to truth. Catholics, who have eternal, unchanging truths, are glad to have them embalmed in the amber of dogma, secure from the vagaries of the human intellect, and whenever Unitarians shall get beyond doubt and denial and shall attain to any truth they will no longer hate dogma, but will love it and use it as Catholics do. Of course amber would be wasted upon Unitarian religious views; for these, indeed, soap-bubbles would be sufficiently preservative.

The colossal Catholic and the tiny Unitarian Churches are antipodal, the former proffering to mankind all revealed truth, the latter dissuading from every particle of it. Between these extremes stand the non-Catholic denominations, each professing or rejecting, as the case may be, whatever of revelation commends itself or fails to please. At the great political upheaval of the sixteenth century, miscalled the Reformation, some Christian truths were abandoned and some were retained, and of the former some have since been regained. The Catholic Church, receiving from God all revealed truth, has never added to it nor ever can do so, and has never abandoned any of it nor ever will do so. Religious confusion has reigned increasingly among non-Catholic Christians, and a majority has long regretted that reform of the church in the sixteenth century, if needed at all, was not effected from within rather than by an outside fracture of unity.

Far from needing any new churches, Americans already have too many, and the wish is growing for a blending of several in one by uniting on their agreements and dropping their differences. The sum of Protestant affirmation includes nearly all of revealed truth, and the sum of Protestant denial rejects nearly all of it. Unitarians alone among Christians reject it in toto.

Which principle is calculated to attract Americans?—affirmation or denial? all of revealed truth, or the denial of all of faith that Christendom has ever prized? We do not feel in doubt about the answer that time will bring, and we fear Uni-

tarians must submit to consisting of agreeable local coteries of real nice people, whose loftiest ideal is judicious prosperity, with intent to "make the most of and the best of this life, for itself."* To this end an income is essential; it may be considered a *sine qua non.* What indeed could a man do without one? He might have to toil, to drudge, to sweat, instead of musing, dreaming, soaring after new views. Just try once to imagine a sweaty Unitarian! The idea is simply absurd; not less so than the idea of a Unitarian Catechism. Not one human being in a thousand has now, or ever will have, an income; then why talk of inviting the masses to become Unitarian? Neither Unitarians, nor the masses if their neophytes, would be able to endure association. No, leave the masses their motive of faith, and their consolation, the church.

A far better way for Unitarians, if they really wish to accomplish anything, would be to cast in their lot with the church that Almighty God promised and founded, and in which He is ever Really Present; that, receiving all revealed truth, was commissioned to convey it to the whole world, and alone has converted to Christianity all peoples that ever have been converted at all, and that speaks from nineteen centuries of wisdom and practical experience.

It is not as if Unitarians were asked to make an alarming sacrifice. Their only loss would be that of doubt. And is doubt, in their esteem, to be sedulously cultivated for its own inherent beauty, rather than the transient and passing phase of a soul unsettled and unhappy? Catholics, from their cradles to their graves, never know a doubt in religion. Why should they, indeed, when their faith is based upon the word of Almighty God? And even if doubt be so cruel a loss to Unitarians, they might in time feel quite weaned from it, and come actually to prefer faith! We wish they would consider this matter seriously. Much must be unlearned and prejudices must be overcome, but in pursuit of truth the most cherished prejudices may well be sacrificed, and Americans should be willing to follow truth wherever she may lead. We repeat that the best of anything, even of religion, is none too good for Americans; that many of them are looking in the Catholic direction, and that we had rather see Unitarians lead than form the tail-end of a procession.

* Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke.

THE SAINT OF LINDISFARNE

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

"A saint of gentleness and kindness,
Cheerful in penance and in precept winning,
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness
Souls that are sinning."

WHEN the people of Northumberland, ruled by Oswald, had embraced Christianity, Bishop Saint Aidan founded two monasteries. The holy house of Mailros, on the river Tweed, is now but the ruined Melrose, beloved of all lovers of Sir Walter Scott; but the other monastery was in the island of Lindisfarne, a small island four miles from the coast, where

"King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock looks down, down
Upon the swelling ocean's frown."

This ancient abbey, in its pristine beauty, is the stately pile described in "Marmion":

"In Saxon strength the Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate row and row,
And ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the careful art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.

"On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,

Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and Northern pirate's hand."

Strong as was the ancient abbey, it gave way before the inroads of the great leveller Time, and in the eleventh century

THE PICTURESQUE RUIN OF LINDISFARNE.

was replaced by a beautiful building which is to-day but a picturesque ruin, moss-covered, lichen-grown, the trailing vines which hide its crumbling stones swaying in the breezes which sweep through shattered arch and whisper heaven's vespers where once was heard the chanting of the holy men of Lindisfarne.

Both Melrose and Lindisfarne are closely linked with saintly lives, and lovely memories twine about them of Cuthbert, Saint of God, a gentle soul, yet great with all the valorous virtues which mark the truly great.

A "Border-man" was Cuthbert, born in 687, in a humble border cottage, son of a border shepherd, and upon the bracken, furze, and heather-covered hills he kept his father's sheep. Here there was

"A world at rest—
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy bield,
And the smooth green of many a pendent field";

a scene wild, yet peaceful with the restfulness of Nature, untrammelled by man's conventionalities.

In the silence and the mighty stillness of the moorland fens, with their solemnity and grand aloofness, strange thoughts came to the shepherd boy,—thoughts akin to the pure heavens above which smiled down upon him in clear and cloudless azure.

Impressed by the holy lives of the monks of Melrose, the boy prayed much and thought deeply, and when he watched his sheep one fair and starry night—fair as the silent night of Bethlehem, when other shepherds watched their flocks—he saw the soul of St. Aidan carried by angels to heaven.

Much impressed by this vision, the impression was deepened when he learned that it was at that very time that St. Aidan had died at Lindisfarne, and the boy determined to seek the monastic habit at Mailros. In the simple habit of the monks of St. Columba he lived the quiet life of a novice, earnest, zealous, devoted, a favorite with all. Finally, his vows taken, he went with Abbot Eata, when that good man went to govern the new monastery of Rippon.

To Cuthbert the abbot entrusted the care of the strangers who visited the priory; and no matter how poor the guest, the saint saw in him our Lord. Remembering that "inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," he greeted each with loving words, washing his feet, waiting upon him, and showing his love for the Creator by his care of the creature.

A pretty legend of this time is told of him. One cold, frosty morning he saw outside the monastery the figure of a young man, cold and poorly clad. Hastening to greet him, Cuthbert brought him to the warm hearth of the guest hall, washed his hands and feet, and hastened to prepare for the stranger food and raiment. With a lovely smile the strange guest thanked his entertainer; but when Cuthbert returned with his own breakfast to give to his visitor, he had disappeared, leaving upon the table three loaves of bread,—"whyte as ye lilye faire, scented as ye rose of June, and sweet as ye honey of ye clover bloome." When Cuthbert hurried to the casement

he saw fresh snow upon the pathway, but not a single footstep to mar its whiteness.

As a monk Cuthbert was zealous, but when he was made prior of Mailros he was none the less a simple, earnest servant of God. Not content with the mere work of keeping in peace and piety his monastery, he went out in the country round about and instructed the people, who everywhere flocked to hear his words. The name Cuthbert is from Yuthbertus—meaning worthy of God—and an old chronicle says: "He excelled all others by a most persuasive eloquence, while such a brightness appeared in his angelical face in delivering the word of God to the people that none of them durst conceal from him any part of their misbehavior, but all laid their consciences open before him, and endeavored by his injunctions and counsels to expiate the sins they had confessed by worthy fruits of penance."

A VIEW OF ST. CUTHBERT'S CITY.

After the saint had lived in Mailros some years the abbot removed him to Lindisfarne, upon the Holy Isle, making him prior of the large monastery. Here, upon the fair, calm isle, he could spend long days in work, and longer nights in prayer; and he grew to seem more like an angel than a man. One

THE VISION OF ST. CUTHBERT.—FROM A TRIPTYCH IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

day, hearing one complain that he had been aroused from sleep, Cuthbert replied: "I deem myself obliged to any one who awakes me out of sleep, that I may rise to sing the praises of my dear God and labor for his honor." This spirit he carried into everything, never tiring in his labors and never tiring in his devotions. A brother monk, hearing him leave the monastery one night, stole after him and found the saint upon the sea-shore calling upon the wind and waves to praise their Creator, and singing praises himself until the morning broke.

"Never wearied, never fretted,
Always gentle was the saint,"

and all the legends and tales anent him but bring him closer to our hearts.

Once there came a storm of snow and wind fiercer than winter's fiercest blasts, and Cuthbert was in a boat beside the rocky cliffs of his island home.

"By land the snow bars our way, by sea the wind," grumbled a young monk.

"But the way to Heaven is always open," cheerily laughed

the saint; and in this cheersome humor he met all the ills and trials of life.

To such a soul as his special devotions seem necessary, and St. Cuthbert felt the need of a close union with his God. With the consent of his abbot, he retired to the tiny isle of Farne, nine miles from Lindisfarne, to lead the life of a hermit. Here he built for himself a little hut, into which miraculously gushed a spring of fresh water. He sowed barley and wheat, reaped a plentiful crop which even the birds of the air never destroyed, and spent his life in prayer and praise. Very precious was the stillness and the solitude of nature to the holy man, for

"There is in stillness oft a magic power,
To calm the breast when struggling tempests lower;
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred to the skies.
For this the hermit seeks the thickest grove,
To catch the inspiring glow of heavenly love.
There is a spirit singing high in air
That lifts us high above all mortal care;
No mortal measure swells its mystic sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around;
The Angels hymn—the sovereign harmony,
That guides the rolling orbs along the sky."

But the saint was not long to be left in his beloved solitude. The fame of his counsels had spread too far abroad, and people flocked to his cell from far and near. Even the holy abbess and royal virgin Elfreda, of Whitby, came to seek spiritual advice, and all found him one who could lead

"By holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls and sinful souls forgiven,
Toward the bright palace where our God is present,
Throned in high heaven."

So useful a man could not be left in obscurity, and when the synod of bishops met at Twiford, on the Alne, presided over by St. Theodorus, the ecclesiastics offered Cuthbert the episcopal see of Lindisfarne. But such a dignity was unwished for by the humble hermit of Farne. Neither letters nor messengers

availed, for he refused the perferment, choosing rather the hard toil and solitude of his island home. At last, King Egfrid and Bishop Thumwin, with many other dignitaries, sailed over to Farne and besought him not to refuse an honor which

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE RELICS OF ST. CUTHBERT LIE.

would so greatly aid in the work of God's kingdom. To this the saint yielded, though with reluctance, and was consecrated Bishop at York by St. Theodorus.

Of his life as a bishop many wonderful things are related, but in spirit he remained as simple and child-like as the quiet monk of Lindisfarne. Miracles are attributed to him, and he is called the Thaumaturgus of Britain.

When death approached he saw the strange visitor to be near, resigned his bishopric and retired to his old solitude at Farne. Here he fell ill and, attended by two monks from Lindisfarne, and receiving the viaticum from Abbot Herefrid, at midnight March 20, 687, he died as calmly and sweetly as he had lived.

He was buried in the monastery of Lindisfarne, and at his tomb the Venerable Bede says that many miracles were per-

formed. Eleven years after his death his devoted monks raised his body to give it a fairer shrine, and found it still uncorrupt. The joints were pliable, the clothes fresh, the Venerable Bede relates, and placing the body in a new coffin, they made a shrine which rapidly became the favorite place of pilgrimage for all the countryside.

In 875 the Danes invaded Lindisfarne, and the monks, fearing that the saint's body might fall into the sacrilegious hands of the cruel barbarians, took it secretly away to the mainland. Here they concealed it first in one spot and then another, until many were the saint's wanderings.

"O'er northern mountains, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But, though alive he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hailed him with joy and fear.
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear;
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid."

An old narrative quaintly words an account of the interring of the uncorrupted body of St. Cuthbert in the present cathedral of Durham:

"In 1104 it was determined to remove his remains to a shrine within the new church. Some doubts had been inconti-

DURHAM CATHEDRAL (FROM THE WALK).

nently expressed as to the permanence of his incorruptibility; and to silence all such misgivings, the clergy, having met in conclave beside the saint's coffin the night before its intended removal, resolved to satisfy themselves by an actual inspection.

"After preparing themselves for the task by prayer, they removed with trembling hands the external fastenings, and opened the first coffin, within which a second was found covered with rough hides, and enclosing a third box, enveloped in folds of linen. On removing the lid of this last receptacle a second lid appeared, which upon being raised, with much fear and agitation, the swathed body of the saint lay before them in a perfect state. The monks fell flat on the ground, awed, well-nigh appalled, repeating amid a deluge of tears the Seven Penitential Psalms, and prayed the Lord not to correct them in his anger nor chasten them in his displeasure."

The shrine of St. Cuthbert was one of the most splendid in England. It blazed with gold, with silver and gems, and the

corporal he had used was enclosed in a silken banner and carried to the wars by the kings of England. It turned the fate of the day at Neville's Cross, 1346, when King David of Scotland was defeated, and it was displayed when Edward III. took Berwick. No sight so inspired the soldiery with courage as the silken banner of the Holy Man of Lindisfarne. The quaintly carven golden cross found upon his breast when his coffin was opened was an object of great reverence, and is to-day preserved at Durham, a beautiful specimen of early British workmanship.

The cathedral which contained the saint's shrine is one of the handsomest in England. The town was an ancient British station, but not prominent until the relics of St. Cuthbert were brought thither. Thereafter it was famous. Its Bishop, Walcher, was created Earl of Northumberland, and for four hundred years his successors exercised an almost independent sway over the Palatinate of Durham, though later the town suffered severely from the raids of the Scotch Borderers.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Andrew, is still one of the most famous of England's architectural beauties. In proportion it is rather too long for its width, being five hundred feet in length by eighty feet in width, though this singularity of outline is broken by the transepts. In situation the cathedral has every natural advantage. Upon the River Wear, its base shrouded in foliage, about it

> "The hawthorn and the chestnut fling
> Their willing arms of vernal blossoms, full
> And light green leaves";

while above tower the walls of the old castle, famous for many a siege and fray.

The building of the cathedral has been slow, and its Norman architecture is somewhat marred by restorations and additions, from its inception in 1095 till its recent restoration by Scott.

The interior is solemn and beautiful. Entering by a curious portal, upon which is the grotesque iron knocker sounded by fugitives seeking sanctuary at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, one fully realizes the grandeur of the building when viewing the spacious nave.

Dr. Johnson says it gave him "an impression of rocky solidarity and undeterminate duration," and the effect is one of solemnity and grandeur. The wonderful arches are upborne by massive circular piers with zigzag and lattice-work mouldings

THE INTERIOR IS MOST SOLEMN AND BEAUTIFUL.

and square piers in subordinate shafts. In the pavement, at one end, is set a blue marble cross which marked the point beyond which women were not allowed to pass.

Many are the famous dead who rest within these sacred walls. Here lie the remains of the Venerable Bede, and an inscription reads:

"Hac sunt in fossa Baedae,
Venerabilis Ossae."

The vandals of the so-called "Reformation" defaced the cathedral, but even these worthy descendants of the marauding Danes respected the body of the saint, for his coffin was left closed and buried beneath the ruined shrine.

Tradition says that none knew the exact place of his burial; the secret being entrusted to but three monks at a time, and

by them transmitted to other trusty successors; hence Scott's lines:

> "And none may know the place
> Save of his holiest servants three,
> Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
> Who share the wondrous grace."

Safe hidden, here lay the Holy Man of Lindisfarne for three hundred years, until in May, 1827, his remains were again exhumed, in the presence of a number of dignitaries, and his skeleton found entire, wrapped in linen, his cross upon his breast.

His shrine at Durham is a marvel of white marble carving and traceries, bas-relief and sculpture, and one of the gems of that fairest of cathedrals upon the wooded banks of the winding River Wear.

THE "ALFRED JEWEL," WITH PORTRAIT OF ST. CUTHBERT.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

(For Noeltide.)

BY MARIE RYLMAN.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

I AM grateful for the friendship
Of a loyal-hearted friend;
I am grateful for the loving
Of the Love which knows no end.

I am grateful for the daisies
Which ope their eyes at morn,
And for Robin Redbreast's piping,
And the springing of the corn.

I am grateful for the Summer
With its perfume and its breeze,
For the lilacs and the roses,
And the oaks and linden trees.

I am grateful to the Giver
For the soft and shining grass,
For the clover and the blossoms,
Which give greeting as we pass.

I am grateful for the Autumn,
With its many-tinted leaves,
With its crimson fruit, and purple,
And its garnered yellow sheaves.

I am grateful for the Winter,
With its pleasant Christmas cheer,
And sweet words of consolation
From the friends, both far and near.

I am grateful for the loved ones
Who have filled the vacant chairs;
I am grateful for the angels,
Who my joy and gladness share.

THE BASIS OF A CATHOLIC NOVEL

BY ROSE F. EGAN.

CUI bono? Half despairing, half expectant is the tone of the Catholic literary critics asking the question concerning the anomaly known as the Catholic novel. There is small wonder that they, having arrived in our history at a period of criticism and destruction, and looking back upon a past that is well marked by utter artistic failures, should be tempted to thus cry out.

The Catholic novel is of an origin slightly more recent than that of the class, and it has since pretty closely maintained its strict independence of spirit and individuality of thought. Brought into existence in the first half of the nineteenth century, in the days when, religious reaction having set in, many noble souls were finding true peace in the Catholic faith, it caught the polemical spirit of the age, and so transmitted it with increasing vigor as the promulgation of doctrines and the spread of religion added heat to the discussions.

In England, the theme was most often the trials of the high-born convert; in Ireland, the misfortunes of the evicted Catholic tenant, and in America, either the same as the first or the struggles of the emigrant to keep his faith in the New World. But always present, in whatever form the story might take, was the evident aim of the writer to glorify his church as the Protector of Truth. Discussion after discussion filled the pages most monotonously, and the adventures of impossible heroes and heroines, who possessed but two qualities, those of noble purity and intense love of faith, drew copious tears. But who, whose youth has been nourished by such literary pabulum, has not felt in later years how vital and how abiding must be the power of that faith that led many of its sons and daughters to give up all prospects of national fame and pecuniary reward, that they might teach the truth and beauty of their holy church?

That this sort of novel, at present, utterly fails to satisfy our Catholic people is not surprising for many obvious reasons; but the fact that several of our most prominent littérateurs are

questioning whether it be worth the while to spend our energies on creating a Catholic school of fiction is, to say the least, worthy of our consideration.

The production of an artistic novel, as of any other work of fiction, however, can never depend solely on the will of man, whether critic or writer; it must be the outcome of a long train of circumstances, which have inspired a genius, moulded his thought, and made ready an expectant and sympathetic world.

Consequently it is our duty, first to find out not what should enter into a Catholic novel to make it artistic, but to see if such a work of fiction can be the outcome of conditions at present existent or probable in the near future.

It is not difficult to discover the necessary conditions for the production of a literature that will live,—and that, let it be understood, is our concern at this time; for the same fundamental principles which underlay the making of the *Iliad* and the writing of Shaksperian drama will underlie the creation of a probable artistic work, which may loosely be called the Catholic novel. What sort of a novel the new one must be according to natural conditions we shall see as we progress.

On two main factors is all literature, whether great or little, dependent, and these are the race and the age. Art is a result, not a cause, and consequently only a race that has had a history that abounds in life and color, and in great historic enterprise, can possess the sources of emotional power that impel its gifted to artistic work. Further than this: art is the product of years, of centuries mayhap, not the work of an instant, and therefore it must be preceded by many tentative works that intrinsically are failures, but that historically are successes, in that they serve as models and sources of inspiration to the perfect genius.

That the germ of Shaksperian drama is to be found in the mystery plays of Coventry and York is fully apparent to the student who has traced with absorbing interest the gradual production of a stable national dramatic literature, and that the *Divina Commedia* is simply the climax of a long line of mediæval epics that carried the traveller through the supernatural regions is the evidence of literary history that no one dreams of doubting. On the other hand, America has yet to produce its great literature, because its short national and literary history has not hitherto offered to genius the essential basis of experience.

But the inspiration comes not only from the race, but from an age like that of Pericles, or that of Elizabeth, which throbs with life, which glows with high ideals, which is animated with something supernal, and which, in consequence of all these, is centred around some great idea for which men strive to live and die.

When national enthusiasm has run high, we have had an Æschylus, a Sophocles, a Shakspere, and a Calderon to write immortal dramas; and when religious feeling has waxed strong, a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, and a Milton have given expression in epic to the noblest aspirations of their souls. Nor do we have to go far to find the spirit that has produced the novel, the creation of the nineteenth century. For it is the spirit of a more self-centred age which regards man himself as the most fitting source of inspiration and object of glorification; the spirit which has made the novel, the chief paradox of the centuries, in its noblest form, the expression of man as keenest egotist and keenest altruist. And only such novels as manifest this deep, abiding interest in humanity have survived the storms of popularity and the abuse of critics. *Les Misérables*, *Adam Bede*, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Scarlet Letter* deal with widely varying conditions in life, but none the less do they represent human beings acting and reacting upon each other, with all the elements of good and evil mingled in their nature, with man's proneness to sin and his ability to rise from the depths.

But all great literature is the outcome of an age that not only centred itself around one great cause, but that also in its vision of power both felt the tremendous moral responsibility of life and was ever conscious of the existence of a supreme, guiding Power.

Hence the novel, from the very fact that it is the result of man's interest in man and, therefore, a transcription of men in relation to each other, necessitates the presence and the influence of these two factors in the form of a higher, determining Power and a basis or standard of morality. Even the flashiest dime novel requires these elements; unconsciously present they may be, but the greatness of any work may be gauged by them.

The novelist cannot mentally create either of these and make his work an artistic success, for in order that his ideas may be clearly understood, he must explain them and thus give to his writing the character of exposition rather than of artistic narration. Nor can he for like reason revive the bygone beliefs of the past, as many have done who have tried to make

the Greek view of life predominant once more. To make his work one that will be universal, and therefore artistic in its scope, he must base it on beliefs that are within the reach of the understanding and the appreciation of his age.

But this is not all; the age gives to the novelist much, but he has the right and the power to give expression to that only which he recognizes with something akin to poetic vision as the absolute truth. Unless the underlying spiritual and moral principles be eternally true, his work lacks the second essential element of universality which will make it applicable to several centuries hence quite as forcibly as to the present.

The dramas of Wycherly and Congreve are models of literary finish, but they are unnoticed by all save the student of literary history simply because they are the productions of an age in which the spiritual nature was crushed in order that the physical might reign undisturbed, and in which, therefore, no satisfying view of life was evolved. And, likewise, there are novels being written to-day which cannot exist, although actuated by the deepest and most passionate love of humanity. Tolstoi may cause the cultured of nations to shudder and weep, he may rouse men to a deeper sense of their duty, but his work, because it is based upon principles which are abnormal, and therefore not eternally true, cannot exist.

The fallibility of man and the natural bent of an age will prevent us from ever expecting the whole truth in any one work, but artistic selection—a power that is given to every great genius—must at all times be clearly evidenced. The age may give false covering to the truth—as, for instance, the Greek Nemesis—but the foundation of fact must be there, in order that the work can arouse and satisfy the coming generations.

And who is the genius but that man in whom are harmoniously blended the radiating forces of the moment?—but he who, because of unsurpassed, native capacities, largeness of intellect, greatness of heart and depth of soul, is able to grasp most securely the inspirations of his daily life, and who, because of the impelling influences of cultivated talent, is able to give noblest expression to the animating ideals of his race and age? It is only he who can live in spirit the life of the race, and who is in keenest touch with the ideals of his age, that can produce a great literary work. Many other things are necessary before he can write, but these are the indispensable forces without which he cannot create lasting work.

Among many persons it is evident that a doubt exists concerning the continuance of the spirit which has produced the novel as an actuating force in our daily life. Man can no longer be the centre of interest, they say, in the midst of the present reaction from the extreme individualism of the past century.

It certainly does not take an extraordinarily keen observer to note that increased centralization of power is the movement which is affecting nearly every phase of human life at present. The formation of huge industrial trusts, the efforts to promote religious unity, and the increasing power of the world's rulers are only a few of the many signs of the times.

But let us look at the other side. The industries of the country are practically coming into the control of a few men, yet only a short time ago one of the largest of these trusts offered shares to all of its employees in order that they might be directly benefited by the accruing capital, and thereby set an example which, it is said, is expected to be followed soon by many others.

It is quite apparent that governmental power is becoming strongly centralized, yet it is quite as evident that this power is becoming more than ever an influence in affairs which concern not the state but man most intimately, such as education, charities, and the like. And what cause is inducing so many brilliant men and women to centre all their energies in an attempt to bring about religious unity? It is certainly not a unity of religious doctrines that they desire—they see only futility in that—but the unity of effort in the promotion of human good.

A glance at every other phase of life reveals the same condition of affairs. Organization and combination are the cries of the age, whose manifest aim is to reach the individual most effectively by concentration of power, and in bringing about this change of point of view, the method is necessarily altered, although the spirit is still regnant. For this spirit, however, to inspire great artistic work it must, as we have seen, have in addition the propelling force of strong emotional power which is based upon what is most spiritual in life—the conceptions of Deity and of moral law. The institution from which this power must be originally derived must, therefore, be that one which works most beneficently for the spiritual uplifting of humanity. Then comes the question, Whence is this to be derived?

Certainly it cannot come from the industrial trust, which

endeavors solely to build man up materially; neither can it come from the government, which is based upon the utilitarian principle of the greatest good for the greatest number, nor from that modern education which seeks to divorce the spiritual and the intellectual man.

But two other institutions, the social and religious, remain for our consideration, and in reaching them we have to come to the heart of the present conflict, which is the result of efforts to discover in one or the other of these institutions the means of social salvation.

The thinkers of half a century ago hoped to save society by the scientific application of forces within itself which would conduce to man's material and intellectual uplifting. Fourierism and many other forms of communism are examples of this. The utter fruitlessness of these schemes soon became apparent, because in the moral nature of man lay forces which had not been taken deeply into account and which, therefore, made success impossible.

Mrs. Browning's protest in "Aurora Leigh"—"The soul develops from within"—was but the utterance of a feeling that was gradually taking hold of the more intelligent classes, and that soon manifested itself in the form of the Christian socialism of Kingsley and others. But even this union of social and religious forces failed to give desired results. There was still lacking one essential element, and man has been groping for it for several years. And, it seems good to say, according to present tendencies, that groping has not been in vain. For even this movement toward social salvation is gradually coming under the dominant influence of the age, centralization of power, and men are, in consequence, searching with all the force of their being for that law which shall make it possible for man to attain his ideal state.

It is at once evident that such a law cannot be found in the sects of Protestantism, which, ever at war among themselves, seem only to have survived until the present day that the world might view their mighty failure with unimpaired vision. Nor can it be found among that devoted body of men and women who have learned from the bitter experiences of Protestantism, during its nearly four centuries of existence, the stultifying power of theological unrest, and who in consequence have cast aside all concern for spiritual authority that they could devote their whole time to the promotion of human good.

The only possible conclusion is so surprising that we shall quote it first in the words of Miss Scudder, a Protestant, who in her scholarly work, *Social Ideals in English Letters*, has carefully traced present tendencies in social reform. In one place she says:

"Consciously or unconsciously, men have been reverting from the revolutionary idea of freedom, which regards it as the natural birthright of humanity and each individual, to the Christian ideal so magnificently set forth in Dante's *Divina Commedia*, which views it as the great gift to be won, either by society or by the man, as the result of long discipline and willing acceptance of righteous law."

And to quote another passage, in which she discusses the Oxford Movement: "But looking back in the light of the striking social development in its recent phase, we can clearly see that it carried with it social implications of the most radical order. The organism of which the Oxford leaders were supremely conscious was not society at large, but the Catholic Church; yet that church was dear to them only as the ideal expression of the human race, the fellowship which realized the will of God for all his children. Their belief in a church visible, a mighty association of men actuated by unworldly motives and avowedly indifferent to fleshly good, had a deep social impressiveness, and the longing for coherence, for unity, for authority, which we have found so potently at work in the thought of all men of the future, was the chief intellectual feature of the Oxford Movement."

Although it must be understood, Miss Scudder does not say explicitly that the direction of modern thought is toward Catholicism *per se*, she does acknowledge that the movement is toward a condition of affairs, stability of authority, comprehensiveness of aim and unity of spirit, that has been and can now be found in the Catholic Church. And we, in the spirit of faith, can logically go further, and say that in no other institution can this condition ever be found, for it is the divinely endowed possession of our church. But further, these attributes are results, not causes, as many modern thinkers seem to believe; they are but the links between faith and action, the direct results alike of the Divine revelation of the truths of our Faith, and of the beneficence of the application of these beliefs in our daily life; in many ways it is evident, the ideal aspects of our church are a potent factor in life.

It is not, however, in the nature of thought long to remain superficial. Now that the world is fast coming to a realization of the fact that it is searching for unity, comprehensiveness of aim, and authority, the thought must inevitably turn downward instead of onward, and "In what?" become the vital question instead of "How?"

The process will more naturally be selective rather than progressive, and the view of life thus evolved be, in its highest form, the combination of conceptions and beliefs that have the strongest and most beneficent motive power in action because of their intimate connection with the problems in hand.

That such a process has already a beginning in the minds of thought leaders is slowly becoming manifest, particularly in regard to the idea of that which has previously been called the higher determining Power.

In the literature of the nineteenth century we may find expressed at least four distinct conceptions of this nature. One, that of a blind Chance determining the fate of man; another, a fixed heredity and environment which unalternably shapes a man's career; still another, which makes man's destiny lie in his own inborn power to rise to better things; and the last, that of a loving Providence which guides, which uplifts, and which punishes a humanity that in its strongest moments is most vulnerable.

Of these blind Chance is, undoubtedly, the weakest, for it is the result of a narrow view of life, bred in the author by his not being pregnated with a feeling for and insight into the underlying laws of life. His work is merely a juxtaposition of events, arranged so as to bring all to a satisfactory conclusion. Strange to say, we may see this in many of the Catholic novels of the past to be the means of bringing about the conversion of one or more prominent characters. It is not, however, a result of beliefs, but of limited imagination and intellect. The second and third conceptions are at the antipodes of thought, one representing the overpowering influence of forces without, and the other of forces within man. But, like the radii of a circle, they are directed to the one point, which is, undoubtedly, Atheism. Not that the chief expositors of these ideas, George Eliot or Victor Hugo, ever certainly reached that point, but they did much to vitalize the theories which had that tendency.

And now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, nothing seems to be so clearly and so potently proved as that

Atheism is utterly irrational and illogical. Multitudes, it is unfortunately true, are taking refuge in the mazes of agnosticism, while other multitudes, it is wonderfully good to relate, undaunted, are pushing forward impetuously, certain that truth will come. For scientists have been forced to declare the necessary existence of an Omnipotent First Cause, and the psychologists likewise, baffled in their search to locate materially the higher processes of the intellect, are gradually being compelled to admit the existence of an Infinite Governing and Inspiring Mind. Further than this, a third conception, that of the Fatherhood of God, is gaining a footing in the minds of the more religious men of all creeds. It is an idea that has been evolved in close connection with the other beliefs of the age, the brotherhood of man and the need of authority. Altogether, there seems little reason to doubt that the trend of thought is toward a reaffirmation of the truth of the God who has ever been the inspiring force of Catholicity.

With these two facts as a basis, that the movement of thought is directed toward Catholic ideals and toward Catholic conception of the Infinite, we may be able to realize how potent must be the influence of Catholic belief in evolving the age's standard of morality. What this will be no one can accurately say, but it is certain that it will be determined both by the ideals of the age and by the duties of the time necessitated by the solution of the social problem.

A few observations on the present tendency of moral ideas will therefore suffice. We have seen how the present dominant love of humanity is gradually arousing in men a deeper love for God, a more compelling recognition of their dependence upon him. It was in entire sympathy with this feeling that Tennyson penned that noble line, "Our wills are ours to make them Thine," which is judged by many as one of the most potent expressions in nineteenth century poetry—an expression that touches the very keynote of Catholic morality, the nature of man's relations to his Maker.

Secondly comes the question of man's relation to man, and we find thinkers from Carlyle and Ruskin down to the multitude of the present day, proclaiming the beneficent and saving influence of work, the very dogma of Catholic morality, to which the leaders of the Protestant revolution in the sixteenth century thought they had given the death-blow. And what need is there to reflect upon these and a hundred other facts

of like nature? The doubter may ask, as Luke Delmege, our newest hero in Catholic fiction, what shall be the saving force? To which we can do no better than to give Father Cussen's answer, "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob!" with but this slight reminder, "In His good time!"

Such, then, being the bent of the age, it is next necessary for us to consider the question of race as a factor in the production of a great literature. But our treatment of this subject shall be limited, considering, for obvious reasons, only the English-speaking peoples.

At the outset it should be clear that it is not the longest lived race that produces literature, but that one which, with sufficient basis of experience, has reached the climax of its power and its influence. Decadence has not yet appeared, else literature cannot be produced.

For this reason one is tempted to erase England from the list. It is undoubtedly most true that in this country social problems have been most widely discussed in masterly works that have indelibly impressed like thought in other nations, and particularly in our own. But it is further true that these large principles for the uplifting of humanity have not been put into active use by her government. The misrule of Ireland and the gradual destruction of the Boers are the most striking testimonies of this fact.

On the other hand, the history of the last half-century in America shows a different state of affairs. The underlying cause of both Civil and Spanish-American wars, although hidden from sight at times, was the ever-present, onward urging motive of a great love for humanity—a motive that was eminently more characteristic of the race than of the individual.

Also the national division, which, during the years following the Civil War, prevented the full glow of enthusiasm necessary to produce great literature, can now no longer be called a fact. For to-day North and South are at last united in spirit as they have never been before, and East and West are being gradually brought together by the consciousness of interests that lie beyond them.

As to the outlook in Ireland, one cannot speak with assurance. Deprived of Home Rule, she still maintains her national existence and her racial ideals. No longer broken up into factions, her people, now united under the guidance of born leaders and noble men, are demanding not pleading for their natural,

God-given rights. There is the strength of a master now in the Emerald Isle that bodes good; good to country, to religion, and to art. And even in the midst of her own tremendous labors, it is worthy to note, her people have not forgotten those suffering more terribly than they—a sure proof of true philanthropy.

National enthusiasm and racial love of humanity, together with definite ideals and definite spiritual conceptions, are bound to produce, in time, the artistic novel, provided one thing more be at hand, and that concerns both the setting and the incidents which make up the work.

There has been in all literature a marked difference in this regard between the average literary worker and the great artist. The energies of the former have been spent in fashioning the character, the setting, and the details, which united shall seem to him to produce the ideal novel. But the latter, eager to express himself, has subserved to his uses all the rich lore of the past or the present, whether gathered from legend, from literature, from history, or from life, selecting with one single thought only those materials which are in thorough accord with his own ideals. Where then, we may ask, can the coming genius find a richer mine whence to draw golden illustrations of his noble theme than in the resplendent history of our own Church—an institution divinely established and consecrated to the work of uplifting mankind? Other than an affirmative answer seems impossible, when we consider that it was the church that nourished and inspired, among countless others, such men as Paul, as Hildebrand, as Bernard of Clairvaux, as Francis of Assisi, and as Ignatius of Loyola—men whose lives of self-sacrifice are replete with glowing incident, tragic sorrows, and transcendent hope. The mists of error and of ignorance which have long clouded these names are gradually being dispelled, with the happy result that we are now able to see them as men like ourselves, who raised themselves to God by means within the reach of us all.

That this adaption of Catholic life is the trend of the present day novel is evidenced by the avidity with which such works as *Quo Vadis*, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, *The Right of Way*, *The Eternal City*, *Eleanor*, and many others, have been perused and accepted or rejected, it would seem, according to how far they gave sympathetic coloring to that life. And at this point recurs the question which first interested us, "Is it worth our

while to spend our energies on creating a Catholic school of fiction?" On the other hand, the recently revived tendencies of thought and ideals force us to ask another question: "Is it worth while to think only of ourselves when those separated from us are working toward a point where they will soon receive, not only sympathetically but eagerly, what we may have to say in illumination of the problem in hand?"

There can be no doubt that in our church resides in full those ideals and conceptions toward which the world is moving, and in the acceptance of which, sooner or later, man will find his social salvation. To vitalize these truths, to make them potent in influence, seems the duty of the moment. In his deep-reaching essays Bishop Spalding gives us a glimpse of the vast possibilities of an educated Catholic people. He is doing more to enliven the Catholic truth, and to show its application to modern life, than any writer since this era has begun.

"We have a combat to sustain," once said St. Basil. "To prepare ourselves for it we must seek the company of the poets, the historians, and the orators." And, had he lived in our time, he might add the novelists, in whose hands seem largely to be the literary possibilities of the day. Granting that we do our duty, it seems inevitable that there will come the expression of our ideals in literature, growing more spontaneous and invigorating as the artistic feeling develops.

Already two novels which have appeared give us assurance of what is to come. For in *My New Curate* and in *Luke Delmege*, the works of an Irish priest, published in America, we can mark the beginning of new things in fiction. Father Sheehan has shown us Catholic life in such a manner as to touch the responsive chords in every human heart. He has portrayed our religion as a living, breathing, vital force, that searches into the very depths of life, that awakens man to a sense of good and evil, and that gives to him an explanation of all life's sorest trials and most galling temptations. They are books that are the result of influences that have long been at work, but that likewise mark a turn in a new direction. They show us the power and far-reaching influence of novels based on Catholic truth, and illumined by Catholic ideals. They strengthen us with the sense of our present responsibilities, they rejoice us by giving rise to thoughts of what, in God's goodness, seems yet to come.

THE VOYAGEUR'S STORY.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

T was cold, ah, very cold,
M'sieu; good Pere La Brosse was old
And worn; and there beside his fire
He told us that the mission bell
At midnight would ring out his knell
To Tadousac, from yonder spire.

He was so calm, *M'sieu*, so bright of eye,
We thought he spoke our hearts to try,
And merely smiled at all he said;
But when the midnight brought the sound
We hurried back, *mon Dieu*, and found
That at the altar he was dead.

Then we recalled each dying word:
How we should let him lie unstirred
Till when the break of day allowed
We could to *Isle-aux-Coudres* away
To fetch the Pere Campain to lay
His body in the priestly shroud.

We *voyageurs* knew little fear,
M'sieu; but not for many a year
Such winds had swept St. Lawrence' shore;
The lightning raked the skies with fire,
The mountains shook with echoes dire,
As from the wave-lashed beach we bore.

All day we battled; round the boat,
Like wolves upon a jaguar's throat,
The waters lashed and curled;
We tacked and tacked our battered skiff
Past *Point-au-Bouleau's* dismal cliff,
Till darkness swallowed up the world.

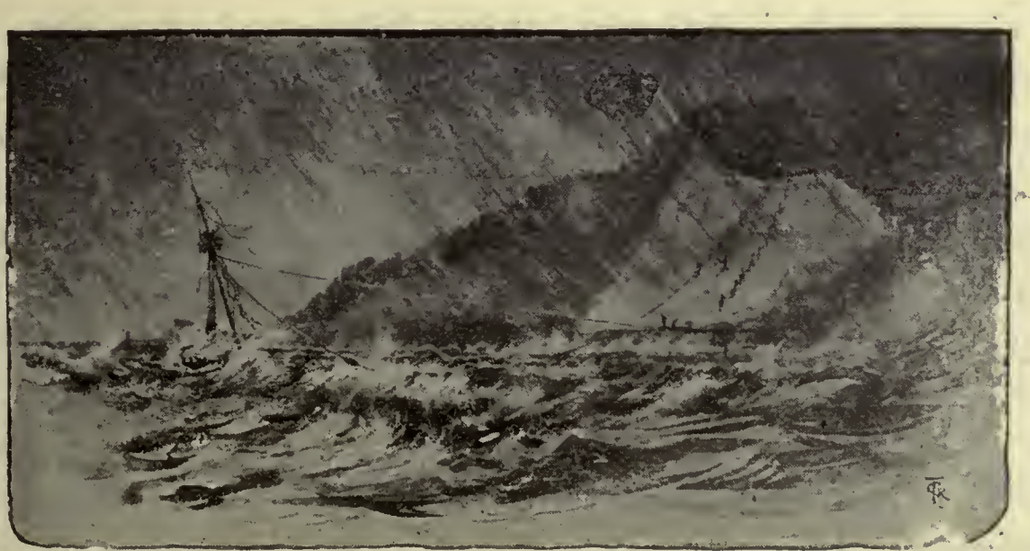
But God, *M'sieu*, must win at last;
By *Mont Eboulements* we got past
With aid of many a vow and prayer;
We saw on Isle-aux-Coudres stand
The Pere Campain with book in hand
At daylight, waiting for us there.

And as we homeward bore again
He told us how at midnight, when
He slept, some ghostly hand had tolled
His bell, and, visioned o'er his head,
He saw that Pere La Brosse was dead
Within his lonely chapel old.

Ah! it's a tale this many a year,
M'sieu, the whirlwind's mad career
That swept our little vessel back;
For Pere La Brosse that very day
We buried where his body lay,
Before the shrine at Tadousac.

Since then no *voyageur* would fare
Past *l'Anse-a-l'Eau* without a prayer
To *bonne Sainte Anne;* or fail to say
His *Ave* when he hears the bell
Of Pere La Brosse like music swell
Across the roads to Hudson Bay.

Mount Arlington, N. J.



ONE MIDNIGHT MASS.

BY JAMES M. KEATING.

I HAD been sitting for some time in the shelter of a dismantled fishing smack that was lying on the shore, its days of usefulness past, watching an old man who was trimming his boat and making ready for departure. I wondered how one so old could venture alone on the bay in such weather, for quite a gale was blowing. Out beyond the protected harbor the billows rolled and tossed in a most threatening manner. Something in the garb and movements of the old gentleman made me think that I had seen him before, and that he was not an ordinary fisherman, though he went about his work in quite a sailor-like fashion.

When his sail was ready for hoisting he gave a tug at the halyards and then, without turning, called me by name and said, "If you are not too tired you might give an old friend a pull on this rope." I recognized the voice, and in less time than it takes to mention it I was in the boat giving and receiving in return a warm hand-clasp, not from a fisherman in the usual sense of the word but from Father Hoyle, who is known and revered from one end of the peninsula to the other.

"Why, father, what in the world brought you over here? I mistook you for a fisherman."

"Young man," he said, "the Prince of Apostles was a fisherman. So also am I; I fish for souls, and it is just for that purpose I am here. My old friend Father Gardner is sick; he is getting most too old for active duty anyway. He wrote me that if I had a foot under me to come and help him over the holidays. A young man lately from Rome, whom the bishop is breaking in, will take care of my people while I am away. A passing boat left a message here this morning that a priest was wanted at the old Mansell plantation across the bay. The Mansells were decent people. I said Mass in their house many a time twenty-five years ago. I hear it is sadly

altered since. Father Gardner is sick, so I arrived just in time.

"All the men of the village are off with the fishing fleet or in the lumber camps; otherwise some of them would accompany me. Not that I have any fear, as I am a pretty fair sailor. It is some one to be in the boat with me that I would like. Maybe you would come along?"

He looked at me quizzically. I looked out over the threatening waters. He saw my hesitation. "Never mind, my son; I was only joking. Sure I have made many longer trips than this by myself."

That decided me. "I am with you," I said. "How far is it?"

"Well, it is not quite to Cuba, so you can compose your face and not look so frightened."

I gave a tug at the halyards and said, "Hoist away; I am willing to follow Father Hoyle to Patagonia."

"I thought you would n't let me go alone. To tell you the truth, I was very lonesome, and if the case was not really urgent I would hardly venture to make the trip by myself. It is now ten o'clock. I hope to reach Mansell's place by sundown. As for this breeze, it is nothing to be afraid of; it will only rush us through that much quicker. I saw the time that I liked nothing better than a day in a boat, and the stiffer the breeze the better; but of late years—" Here he paused and looked wistfully out over the bay; looking back, perhaps, to the time when, full of the ardor of youth and zeal for religion, he volunteered for the then wild Florida mission; and, truth to tell, parts of it are little better to-day. He roused himself with a "Well, well! it is childish I am getting. I fear the bishop will soon be retiring me; though God knows when we are retired in this country it is generally in a wooden box we go."

Poor Soggarth! And there are many such among the blistering sands and malarious swamps of the South, and parching plains of the West, toiling along uncomplainingly in the cause of Christ for the souls of men.

After hoisting the sail, and examining closely to see that everything was in good condition and working properly, he left me in the boat while he went back to see Father Gardner. When he returned I inferred from his actions and studious

avoidance of conversation that he had fetched the Blessed Sacrament.

As he was about to shove off he paused and said: "Have you still courage enough for the trip, my son? It may be six o'clock to-morrow morning by the time we get back here again."

I hesitated as I compared my comfortable room at the hotel, and the lazy loiterings about the sleepy little town which I had contemplated, with a day and night spent in an open boat on the treacherous gulf. Father Hoyle looked at me questioningly. I noted his gray hair and spare figure. Surely, I thought, if one so old and seemingly frail can make such a journey I can also. Then, could I refuse the offer of escort to the Sacred Presence that I knew was concealed in the pyx, the string of whose case I saw peeping above Father Hoyle's collar? I answered, "I am with you, father." He smiled in a pleased way; then with a "Mind yourself!" gave the boat a vigorous push, leaping aboard at the same time. In another moment our boat was speeding across the white-capped waters of the bay on its errand of mercy.

The trip had more of excitement than comfort in it. Many times I trembled for our safety, and once, when the deck was almost perpendicular and the lee rail under water, I suggested, in a voice whose anxiety I could not conceal, the advisability of shortening sail. Father Hoyle shook his head and replied: "There 's some one dying across the bay; we can get there none too soon. I pray God we may arrive in time."

It was exactly four o'clock when Father Hoyle dropped sail at the mouth of Rattlesnake Bayou, which, from its narrow and serpentine windings, well deserved its name. An hour's poling and rowing brought us to the Mansell place. An old colored man who all his life had been a faithful son of the church was dying. Father Hoyle immediately prepared him for the end. After administering the Sacraments he repeated the prayers for the dying. The faithful old black passed away a few minutes later, clasping the crucifix in one hand, the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to

me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. I also promised Father Gardner that I would surely be back in the morning to say Mass for him, as he is not able to leave his bed. God help us! I never thought I would see the time that a bit of wind like this would make me hesitate; and, while I am not really afraid, I can't deny feeling a strange quiver—old age, perhaps, running through me. A man going on seventy years has n't the heart he had at thirty."

His large, beaming eyes, undimned by age, had now a very thoughtful expression. "My son, I must make this trip alone, as there may be some danger, and I do not wish you to share it. You can go back to Mansell's for the night. In the morning make your way over to St. Andrew's. From there you will have no trouble in getting across, as there will be many leaving to spend Christmas in town. Help me to close reef the sail and I 'll be off."

"I will not budge an inch, father; nor you either, if I can prevent. The idea of our risking our lives for that bunch of dagoes over there!"

He was stooping over the tackle in the boat, and before I could say more he straightened like a flash. I thought he grew several inches taller, and his eyes shot a look at me I had never seen in them before—a look that a mother might have when her child was assailed.

"Young man, I am ashamed of you! I thought you were made of better stuff. I did not ask you to risk your life; and as for the people whom you designate as a 'bunch of dagoes,' there is not a better or braver or more Christian set of people in the country to-day than is contained in that village across the bay. They are plain fisher-folk, to be sure, but I would not give them, with their honest hearts and simple ways, for the richest congregation of kid-glove Catholics in the country; and, if God spares me, I will bring our Blessed Lord to them in the morning."

He stooped again over the tackle. I was thoroughly abashed

for my hasty words, as I well knew that he spoke truly, and knew also that had he so desired he could long ago have had his "kid-glove" congregation, and, perhaps, much higher honors; but he preferred to spend his life on the mission among the simple, honest people who looked upon him as a saint, and who asked his advice on all matters, whether spiritual or otherwise.

In a moment I was in the boat helping him with the sail. His rebuke had knocked all thought of fear out of my mind. I would face a much greater and more immediate danger to be reinstated in his good opinion.

After fastening a small jibsail he reached his hand to me and said: "Jump out." Instead I threw off the fastening and poled the boat from the shore.

"No, no, young man!" he said. "You must not venture. You will be of little help except for company. I will not have you take the risk."

"Well, father, I am going for company's sake, if you will forgive me for my hasty words."

"You were forgiven before you asked; but I would rather you'd not go. If it blows no harder than now there is no fear; but if it grows much worse, which it may at any moment, then I will have very grave fears."

"Were it blowing a hurricane, father, I would not let you go alone."

"Bless you, my son. We will put off in God's name."

When we got beyond the shelter of the land we felt how really bad the storm was. A fierce gale was blowing from the west. At about ten o'clock it changed to the north-west, bringing with it lightning flashes and rumblings of thunder.

This shift of wind was blowing us out of our course, as we could make no head against it. Father Hoyle lowered the mainsail, but with jib still up was running before the wind. It looked bad enough now, and if it grew any worse I felt nothing but a miracle would save us. Each wave that rushed upon us from out the darkness appeared a mountain in height and must inevitably send us to the bottom. There was a steady hand at the tiller, however, and at each flash of lightning a pair of watchful eyes could be seen peering anxiously ahead.

The boat plunged and tossed through the heavy seas, one particularly large wave almost knocking me overboard. Father

Hoyle saw my fear and spoke encouragingly, telling me to hold fast; that the boat was a staunch one and that God was in the storm as well as in the calm. He said that he thought we were heading towards Point San Blas, and that he would risk beaching the boat if he got a chance. A short time later, during a flash of lightning, I was startled by an alarmed cry from Father Hoyle to "Stand clear and be ready to jump!"

"It is all up with us now," I thought. As I turned to look ahead a huge wave picked up the boat and tossed it high upon the shore. Father Hoyle landed safely, grasping his mission case containing his vestments and other articles necessary in the celebration of Mass, and which he had brought along in case something unforeseen should prevent his returning to Apalachicola Christmas morning.

I was thrown on my head and partly stunned, but quickly recovered. After looking about, we found we were on a little island, or key, but a few acres in extent. We had escaped from the dangers of the deep. For so much we were thankful; but it did not take us very long to realize that there were new dangers assailing us. The sea was slowly swallowing the bit of land upon which we were thrown.

Father Hoyle returned to the boat and began taking everything movable out—pole, oars, a loose seat, and some strong fishing twine, remarking: "We may have to swim for it yet, and an oar or so will come in handy." Shortly after a tremendous wave rushed in, picked up the boat, then rushed back into the darkness with it.

Father Hoyle made a trip around the small circle of sand, and returning, said:

"This is very serious; an hour from now this spot may be under water, and we battling for our lives. My son, I am now very sorry that I brought you on this trip." Here I tried to check him, but he continued: "I expected it to be rough, but not dangerous; and as it would be a long trip I wanted you to keep me company. If it comes to the worst will ye forgive me?"

I grasped his hand and told him, as well as my emotion would allow—for I loved Father Hoyle very dearly; as, indeed, who would n't?—his kindly nature and heroic unselfishness endearing him to all—that had I let him go alone and anything had happened to him, I would all my life have felt myself a murderer.

And now, let the end come as soon as it may, I thanked God that I was with him. A gentle pressure of my arm was his answer.

He picked up the pole that he had taken from the boat and cut a notch about four feet below the smaller end. Into the notch he set an oar which he lashed fast with the fishing twine; the oar and pole forming a cross. He then directed me to take the other oar and with the blade to dig a hole in the sand, which was soon accomplished, and into this he dropped the end of the pole. I packed the sand tightly about it, and made it more secure by heaping it around the base. From the arms of the cross with several wrappings of twine he suspended, shelf-like, the boat-seat, forming as it were a table; above this he fastened a crucifix. The wind had ceased blowing, but overhead it was as dark and threatening as ever. The waters were steadily creeping nearer and spray from an occasional heavy sea fell about us. Father Hoyle lit the lantern which he always had on these watery journeys and hung it from an arm of the cross; then turned to me and said:

"It is now midnight. We have the privilege in this diocese of saying Mass at that hour on Christmas morning. In a short time the waves may be dashing over the spot where we are now standing. I am going to celebrate Mass—it may be for the last time. While I am getting ready you kneel down and prepare for confession and the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. If the end comes we will meet it as Christians should."

Father Hoyle then proceeded to dress his impromptu altar. Taking the heavy oil-cloth from around the case he carefully laid it, wet side down, over the boat-seat, which it completely covered, forming at the same time a rude antependium; next his altar linens were displayed, and before I was aware of it he had an altar "dressed" for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

When through his preparations he heard my confession, and then, finishing vesting, began the Mass whose ending we might not live to see. After receiving Communion I felt strangely calm; fear gave place to peace; if it was God's will that this should be the end, I was resigned.

At the Elevation a succession of blinding flashes and terrific peals of thunder, followed by a dash of cold spray about my knees, made me think our time had come. I thought of Mass

at home: the well-trained choir, the incense and soft-toned bells warning the kneeling worshippers that the sacrificial moment was at hand. Here, the improvised altar on a speck of sand, midst a seething cauldron of angry waves; the deafening thunder and dazzling lightning; an old, gray-haired priest with a look of profound exaltation upon his face, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, reading Mass by the dim light of a lantern.

When Father Hoyle turned to give his blessing at the conclusion of the Mass a huge wave, that seemed a mountain in height, rushed towards us. Father Hoyle stood with hands outstretched, his lips moving in prayer, looking toward but not seeming to see the avalanche of rushing water. Perhaps behind that wall of water he saw the reward of his years of faithful and uncomplaining ministrations. The wave paused an instant within a few yards of the altar, then sank back, leaving its crest to topple over at our feet.

And who will say that that blessing, made so impressively over the warring elements, did not bring peace? Yet so it was; the tremendous billows disappeared, the thunder rumbled faintly in the distance, and the sound of the waves died down into a solemn requiem at the blessing of that humble priest. Was it not the voice of God in his representative whispering to the mighty waves, "Peace, be still"; and they, recognizing the Authority, obeyed as on a former occasion?

The Mass was ended. Father Hoyle knelt in grateful thanksgiving. I joined him for a few minutes; then, being completely exhausted, I stretched myself upon the sand, and in a moment was sound asleep.

When I awoke two hours later the scene was comparatively peaceful, only the great long swells of the sea giving evidence of the recent storm. Father Hoyle had placed his coat over me while I slept; he was still kneeling before the cross, his gray head encircled in an aureole of moonlight, for the moon was now shining brightly and lending much beauty to the scene. As I watched him kneeling there with eyes fixed upon the crucifix, I could not but think that God's holy angels were not far away.

He arose when he heard me moving. When I spoke of our escape and the likelihood of our spending this Christmas Day on earth after all, a look which I took to be resignation

came upon his face as he replied: "Well, my son, our work is not yet done."

During the remaining hours of the night Father Hoyle spoke of his work on the mission, of his vexations through the hard-heartedness of some who remained deaf to his call to come to the Sacraments, and his rewards in the shape of an occasional stray sheep brought back to the fold. He had ambitions once, he said; he gave them up—that was his hardest trial—for his humble and scattered flock.

At the first glint of the morning sun upon our humble Calvary he began a Mass of thanksgiving. About ten o'clock boats were seen approaching from different points. Soon about two dozen men were gathered around Father Hoyle, offering such sincere expressions of joy at his safety as brought tears to the old priest's eyes. He thanked them for their interest and affection, and said: "It will be too late to say Mass when we get back to town. I have already said two Masses this morning; but on this day we have the privilege of celebrating three. I will offer up this for the repose of the souls of those lost at sea."

I will venture to say that throughout the broad land there were few more fervent worshippers than were these humble fishermen kneeling before Father Hoyle's simple altar that Christmas morning. And since then I never hear the bells at the Elevation but my thoughts involuntarily go back to one Midnight Mass on the Gulf coast some years ago.

QUIMPER, WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL.

THE RECENT EVICTIONS IN BRITTANY.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

DURING the last weeks of August the inhabitants of Brittany proved themselves worthy of their ancient reputation.

For days and weeks together, unmindful of their own interests, the true-hearted Breton peasants gave themselves up heart and soul to what was in their eyes a sacred duty: the defence of the nuns against whom the iniquitous French government is waging war.

Our American readers have surely followed this disgraceful campaign. They know how, in defiance of all justice and legality, M. Combes, an ex-abbé, brutally closed over 150 schools directed by nuns. Most of these schools were established in houses belonging to private individuals, whose rights were shamefully ignored. The most elementary rules of justice have been trampled under foot, and the iniquity of the whole proceeding is aggravated by the fact that the situation of the evicted religious was, judicially and legally, perfectly regular; also that, as official statistics prove, the government

schools in France are full to overflowing; it is therefore materially impossible for them to receive the thousands of children whose teachers have been thrown upon the world.

So great indeed is the injustice, brutality, and tyranny of the whole proceeding that even semi-official papers like the *Temps* are obliged to reprove M. Combes' line of action. But, alas! the destiny of France is at the present moment in the hands of a handful of Freemasons and free-thinkers—men utterly unscrupulous, who have resolved to stamp out religion in the country.

PEASANTS DESERTED THE FIELDS.

It would take us too long to examine the causes that have, by slow degrees, led to this result. One of them is doubtless the lack of energy of the Catholic and Conservative party, its petty quarrels and unworthy differences, when a common peril should have banded together the souls of all true believers. Be the cause what it may, the result is only too clear and, in the eyes of even the most optimistic of her children, France is going through a political and religious crisis whose gravity it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Happily, however, the violent evictions that have taken place this last summer seem to have moved a class of people who, unless their personal interests are at stake, are inclined to

condone the worst acts of the government. In the Vosges, in Savoy, in the west and centre of France—nay, in Paris itself—an indignant protest has arisen from the peasantry and working classes, from those in fact who, absorbed by a dreary round of daily labor, have neither the leisure nor the desire to study politics. These ignorant but honest souls realized at last, perhaps for the first time, the sectarian tendencies of the men who govern the country, and their indignation was swift and deep.

It was more particularly so in Brittany, where religion still keeps a firm hold over natures as rugged and as strong as their own rock-bound coast, and the scenes that have lately taken place in Breton villages are worth recording. For many weeks the country seemed in a state of siege; the peasants deserted their fields and left the harvest to take care of itself. "Our crops may be lost for all we care," they said; "we have another and more important duty to perform." Armed with sticks, they stolidly kept guard, for days and weeks, night and day, round the schools, whose inmates were threatened with eviction at the hands of the government.

The scheme of resistance was organized in a manner that proved the twentieth century Breton peasants to be the worthy descendants of the "Chouans" of old; scouts were sent in every direction to watch the movements of the police, and it was arranged that, on the approach of the enemy, an alarm bell should ring from every village steeple to summon the defenders of the nuns to their post. The excitement was greatest in the "département" of Finistère, at the very extremity of the Breton peninsula, around Roscoff, a small sea-side place, where Mary Stuart, then a mere child, landed when she came to France to marry the Dauphin. In thanksgiving for her safe passage the young Scottish queen erected a chapel, which is now only a ruin, on the Roscoff coast. Here, nearly two centuries later, in 1746 her hapless descendant, Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, landed on October 10, after his disastrous attempt to recover his ancestral throne.

A few miles out at sea, in sight of Roscoff, is the island of Batz; it has about eleven hundred inhabitants. The men being exclusively employed in fishing, the women cultivate the soil.

For many weeks the good people of Roscoff had been in a state of violent excitement; for it was well known that the

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN, "DÉPUTÉ" FOR ROSCOFF.

government intended to close the school where the children of the poor were educated, and to expel the nuns. Count Albert de Mun, who is "député" for Roscoff, was among them; using his influence and eloquence to encourage their just and legitimate indignation, and at the same time endeavoring to prevent any useless acts of violence. His task was no easy one; he filled it with a tact, courage, and disinterestedness that must add to the honor in which he is held by friends and foes.

On the 11th of August a grand demonstration took place before the convent; many strangers and visitors, who were staying at Roscoff for the bathing season, joined in it. It was generally felt that a crisis was at hand, a universal feeling of excitement prevailed, vague rumors were abroad, predicting that the authorities had decided that the eviction of the nuns should take place next day.

On the evening of that memorable day the quaint Breton town presented an unusual appearance. A large number of women of all ranks and ages; ladies from the neighboring "châteaux"; peasants with the snow-white Roscoff "coiffe" framing their sunburnt faces, assembled near the convent. Some entered and spent the night on their knees with the nuns who the next day were to be turned out of their home; others remained outside, sitting, standing, or kneeling, as the case might be, under the starlit sky. A number of young men, with their bicycles, kept guard in the neighborhood, carefully watching the roads where the enemy might appear.

Towards three in the morning, on the 12th, the Roscoff railway station was lighted up and the watchers learnt that a special train was expected to arrive, bringing a detachment of troops, while, at the same time, a number of "gendarmes" approached the convent by the country roads.

Immediately the sound of trumpets, horns, whistles was heard in every direction; at a given signal the islanders of Batz crossed the narrow strait that separates them from the mainland, and soon over three thousand persons, forming a compact mass, assembled in front of the convent school.

The women were nearest the wall, pale, resolute, with a strange light in their blue eyes; then the men, with bent brows and clinched hands; in front stood Monsieur Albert de Mun, the champion of justice, his tricolor sash well in view; close to him the Comte de Guébriant, a leading landowner of the district; and behind them a few other friends.

The enemy came forward: first two "commissaires de police," by whose side walked a man with downcast eyes and the demeanor of a condemned criminal; it was the locksmith who was to force open the door. Behind these were the troops from Morlaix, under the command of two captains; officers and men being evidently ill at ease, hating the work they were compelled to do; then followed the "gendarmes."

WATCHING FOR THE COMING OF THE "GENDARMES."

There was something ludicrous as well as tragic in this imposing display of forces arrayed against a few harmless women.

In a loud voice the Count de Mun protested against the iniquity and injustice of the proceedings; the crowd behind him answering by a loud cry: "Vive la liberté! Vivent les Sœurs!" that rang through the chill morning air.

The "commissaire" then requested Monsieur de Mun to open the door of the school; this he refused to do. "We will only yield to violence."

Three times, according to the provisions of French law, the summons was repeated, but the answer was an eloquent and conclusive one as it burst from the loyal Breton hearts: "Vive la liberté! Vivent les Sœurs!"

Then came a moment of intense suspense. The crowd stood absolutely still; not a sign of yielding could be detected on the resolute faces of those Breton Catholics; the "commissaires" looked at each other helplessly; the soldiers, bound to their post by military discipline, evidently sympathized with the defenders of the nuns.

Suddenly the "sous préfet" of Morlaix made his appearance. He took in at a glance the gravity of the situation, and approached the Comte de Mun to entreat him to use his influence to prevent a collision that might cause bloodshed and even loss of life.

As Monsieur de Mun justly observed, when relating this episode, what respect can be felt for a government whose representative is reduced to implore the mediation of its own opponents?

The attitude of the crowd was such that the Catholic leader felt that his task was no easy one. He realized that a collision must take place should the situation be prolonged; yet it hurt him to check the ardor of those whose cause, after all, was that of right and justice.

From a sense of duty, however, he addressed the crowd and pointed out the terrible dilemma in which the soldiers would be placed if ordered to advance: "We will never move; we will resist to the end; we want liberty, we want to keep the Sisters!" answered three thousand voices. Monsieur de Guébriant spoke to enforce his friend's meaning. "We will not move," replied the crowd.

At last the Comte de Mun persuaded the "sous préfet" to send away the "gendarmes," whose presence had an irritating effect upon the people; whereas the soldiers, as he well knew, would, even in this case, appeal to the sympathy of the crowd.

When, instead of the objectionable "gendarmes," the peasants found themselves close to the pale, troubled faces of the soldiers, a cry of "Vive l'armée!" arose. With sad eyes the soldiers, some of them mere lads, watched the people whose feelings were one with theirs, although the stern necessities of military discipline brought them face to face as enemies.

Monsieur de Mun afterwards confessed that the moment was one of extreme tension. The excitement of the crowd was on the increase; the women, clinging frantically to the door, cried: "We will not open; we wish to die here, we are ready to die."

At last he contrived to send a message to the superioress inside the convent, advising her to open, for the sake of the women whose lives were in peril, and also of the government agents, whose safety it became every moment more difficult to insure.

The good nun bowed to his advice, and, accompanied by Monsieur de Mun, the "commissaire" was permitted to enter. To the decree expelling her from her convent home the superioress replied by a dignified protest, stipulating that she yielded to violence, and that neither she nor her nuns had ever in any way violated the laws of the country.

THE LEANING NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF QUIMPER.

Then the convent door opened; supported by the Comtesse de Guébriant, the superioress appeared, followed by her community and surrounded by her friends. The shriek that went up from the crowd was such that even the government official instinctively bared his head: "Vivent les Sœurs! Vive la liberté!" A peasant woman, seizing a tricolor flag with a crèpe streamer, led the way; after her came the nuns, their defenders, their pupils, gentlemen and peasants, old people and little children, weeping and crying "Vive la liberté! Vivent les Sœurs."

The procession passed along the quaint streets, in sight of the blue sea, under the glorious sunshine of that August day, rending the air with shouts of protestation against the tyranny of the God-hating government that is crushing the real heart of France.

On reaching the church the people sang the "Miserere" and the "Parce Domine"; after which the Comte de Mun, standing on the cemetery wall, implored his hearers to keep the faith alive in spite of oppression and violence. His last words were words of hope as he bade the sisters, not adieu but "Au revoir."

Scenes no less stirring and impressive took place, a few days later, in the same département of Finistère. Within a short distance from each other are three localities: Le Folgoët, Plondaniel, and St. Meén, each of which possesses a school directed by nuns. It was well known in the district that the authorities intended to expel the nuns; and here also, for many weeks, peasants armed with thick sticks kept watch night and day.

Le Folgoët boasts of a fine church, to which is attached a touching legend. In mediæval times a poor idiot named Salaun lived on the spot where the Gothic steeples now rise against the blue sky. He was a harmless, innocent-minded man, who, says the old legend, "never offended any one." During forty years he lived on alms; the only words that were heard to pass his lips were those of the Ave Maria, which he recited day and night. He died close to the tree under which his life had been spent, and was buried there by his neighbors. A few days later an extraordinary piece of news spread through the country: a fair lily had grown upon the idiot's grave, and on its broad green leaves were written, in letters of gold, Ave Maria.

Such was the origin of the famous pilgrimage Church of Nôtre Dame du Folgoët, and, judging from the demeanor of the inhabitants during recent events, Our Lady's blessing rests in a special manner on her faithful Breton children.

Like the peasants near Roscoff, those of Le Folgoët forgot their own interests in their desire to defend the sisters. Across the roads they built barricades, which were made of carts, attached together by wire work; round the convent of Plondaniel they dug deep trenches filled with water. The fields were deserted, the crops uncared for; at the entrance of every village were men armed with heavy sticks, whose iron spikes made them formidable weapons. Peasant boys acted as scouts, and either on horseback or on their bicycles kept a sharp lookout on the roads; in some cases even the women were employed in the same work.

THE PILGRIMAGE CHURCH OF LE FOLGOËT.

When any suspicious character, resembling a spy, a "gendarme," or an official in disguise, made his appearance, a cry of alarm was raised; it echoed from one village to another, and nothing, says a witness, "can describe the weird effect of the sound in the darkness of the night."

The month of August was cold and wet, and at night the peasants kindled large fires in the open; around these they gathered, ever resolute and watchful, but when the Angelus sounded from the neighboring church it was touching to see them bare their heads, their dark faces suddenly softening as the words of prayer passed their lips.

At last the end came. On the 18th of August three hun-

dred soldiers and twenty "gendarmes" laid siege to the convent school of Plondaniel. Over a thousand Breton Catholics were there. They had watched over the nuns during sixteen hours without a moment's rest; it had rained heavily, and all, delicate women, young girls, children, were drenched to the skin. After a brave defence the convent opened its doors, but not until the infuriated peasants had poured pails of muddy water upon the "gendarmes" and other officials.

At Le Folgoët the door of the convent was broken to pieces;

THE WATER FRONT OF LANDERNEAU.

the Bretons were on their knees before it, and thus kneeling they formed an impenetrable wall; the expulsion here lasted three hours.

At St. Meén, a neighboring village, blood was shed. The women and children were clinging to the gateway, and to the summons addressed to them they replied by the cry: "Vivent les Sœurs! Vive la liberté!" The "sous préfet" seems to have lost all self-control, and ordered the mounted "gendarmes" to charge against the human barrier that opposed their progress. In the fray many young girls and women were roughly handled; the peasants attacked the "gendarmes" with their pointed sticks; several fell to the ground and were trampled under

foot. At last, a portion of the wall that enclosed the convent having been thrown down, an entrance was effected.

Here, as elsewhere, the sisters were on their knees praying for their friends, and also for their foes; when they, for the last time, crossed the threshold of their convent home. It was noticed that the superioress, perceiving a "gendarme" whose hand was bleeding, promptly tore up her apron and bandaged the wounded limb—true to the last to her instincts of charity. Then, followed by the crowd, she and her sisters proceeded to the village church, the haven and home where the oppressed and afflicted find a safe shelter.

Such are the events that, during the last weeks of August, made Brittany a battle-field, where the untaught peasants bravely fought for the helpless victims of M. Combes' tyranny.

In the end, as was inevitable, might triumphed over right; but their generous effort is not wasted. In the evil days that have dawned for the church in France the protest of the faithful Bretons is a noble example, and who knows how far the influence of this example may carry? God's ways are not our ways; in his sight there are defeats more precious than victories; and who would venture to regard as useless the generous outburst of these true Catholics, whose war-cry, "Vive la liberté! Vivent les Sœurs," may rouse in many hearts slumbering feelings of loyalty to the church in her hour of peril?

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

'TWAS ever thus: on earth's green fields
That flow'r the sweetest fragrance yields
That is well dewed with rains.

So with the heart: the fairest, best
When 'tis not e'er with sunshine blest,
But often tried with pains.

FRANCIS J. ROHR.

A PEN PICTURE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

IN Yorkshire, in the year 1166, there was an estate of five thousand acres which belonged to one Geoffry de Granville. This nobleman, who was styled Lord of the Manor, had inherited it from his grandfather, who had received it from King William I., better known as William the Conqueror, as a reward for his bravery at the battle of Hastings, at which battle, as we know, the Norman invaders were victorious over the Saxons under King Harold and succeeded in founding the Norman dynasty in England. Of these five thousand acres only about one-fifth was fit for the plough; the rest of the manor was primeval forest, the haunt of wild boars and wolves and deer without number.

On the summit of a hill, which commanded a pretty good view of the domain, stood a dark stone building surrounded by a deep ditch, with the drawbridge nearly always up. Its walls were six feet thick; and there was a tower on the north end of it in which, by descending a number of winding steps, you came at length to a pitch-dark chamber under ground, and those who were imprisoned in this chamber seldom again saw the sunshine.

At the foot of the hill was a wooden edifice whose bell-tower and cross told you that it was a church, while the row of hovels on a line with yonder little river are the homes of the poor inhabitants of the manor, all of English descent, and if they have built close to the stream it is in order to be handy to the water-mill.* Their two-story dwellings are made of logs plastered with mud, the floors are of bare earth, and the upper stories are reached by a ladder. Not one of these hovels has a chimney (only the castle, or manor house, as it is called, lets out the smoke in this way); nor have they any windows, and in front of each doorway is what is called a *mixen*, namely, a foul-smelling heap of various kinds of refuse; and when it rains

* Gibbins' *Industrial History of England*, pp. 19–21.

a good deal of this filth finds its way into the well water, for the *mixens* and the wells are not far apart.

The villeins who occupy these abodes are, considering the age in which they live, not particularly unhappy. Outside the circle of land which surrounds the manor house is a plot of about twelve acres allotted to each villein, which he may cultivate for himself; nor can his lord deny him these twelve acres; they are his by customary right, and on De Granville's estate there are thirty villeins. The rent they pay is not in money, but in labor; each villein is bound to plough half an acre of his lord's land as well as to give him three days' work in harvest time, and he must also supply him with eggs and chickens, and a little grain when De Granville's own supply falls short; and the lord's bailiff—who, by the way, is sometimes a Jew—sees that the villeins do their duty in this respect. And let us add that a villein cannot leave the manor without permission; for although he is not a serf, who is bound to a master, yet he is bound to the soil, and in order to get leave to go away and make another home for himself, he must pay down a pretty good sum of money. Nor may any of his sons become a priest unless the lord's permission be first obtained by a payment of money; although sometimes a younger son is allowed to wander off to some town without asking leave, and there, if he be ambitious and fond of work, he will become a member of a craft guild. But although, as we have said, a villein was bound to the soil, was looked upon as real property,* and was obliged to do a given amount of work for his lord, nevertheless this obligation to work might be commuted into payment of a certain sum, and the villein might thus rise to become what was called a free tenant, who was not bound to the soil and whose labor had always to be paid for in money. And on many estates the bailiffs rather favored this tendency of the villeins to become free tenants, for when a laborer was hired his wage's worth of labor could more easily be reckoned and the work be gotten out of him. But then a free tenant might leave the manor if he pleased, although as long as he did not leave it he was bound—and mark this well—to do military service when his lord called for it, which service a villein did not owe, and in this respect the villein was better off than the free tenant.

On the De Granville estate, at a little distance from the

* Hallam.

thirty hovels which belonged to the villeins, stood twelve other humble dwellings, and these were the homes of twelve cottars. Now, a cottar ranked lower than a villein; he was allowed only half as much land to cultivate, and several cottars had to join together in order to have a plough and a pair of oxen between them. But lower even than the cottar was the serf or bondsman, who, as we have said, was bound to his master. Baron de Granville had only three bondsmen, and these three were destined in a few years to disappear by becoming merged with the cottars. And here let us observe that under the early Norman kings, when the population of England was probably under 2,000,000,* about 38 per cent. of the English were villeins, 32 per cent. were cottars, and 9 per cent. were bondsmen. But in the course of several generations all the bondsmen became cottars; and this advance, although not great, was nevertheless a distinct betterment of their condition.

No doubt the happiest spot on Baron de Granville's domain was the spot where the church stood; for although the nobleman looked on the building as his own property, his serfs, cottars, and villeins viewed it in a different light: it was God's sacred edifice, and here, when the day's work was ended, they loved to come and pray, and the patch of ground hard by, where the little wooden crosses marked a number of humble graves, was called God's acre. And the priest who here, as on many other estates, was of the same lowly origin as themselves, was the villeins' only friend, and he brightened their hard lives by telling them that there was a better world than this world where a good villein would go when he died.

In one of the hovels, the one which had the biggest *mixen* in front of the door, there might have been seen of a winter's evening towards the end of the year 1166 an aged man named Godmund. He was blind and had only one foot, and on the same bench on which he sat were two little flaxen-haired boys, his grandchildren. Opposite to him, squatting on the earthen floor, were three shaggy, middle-aged villeins, who were warming their hands over a peat fire which was burning in a hole scooped out of the earth. Nobody seemed to mind the smoke which filled the room, and which made its way slowly up into the chamber overhead and from there out into the frosty air through a hole cut in the thatched roof.

* Gibbins' *Industrial History of England*, p. 37.

"You have seen a good deal in your day," spoke one of the villeins, addressing Godmund, "and I am never tired of hearing you tell about what you have seen."

"Ay, I am ninety years old," said the old man, "and, by the help of what I can remember hearing my father tell, I am able to go back to that fatal day—a century ago—when our good King Harold was defeated and slain at Hastings. And as if to add to his grief, my father, along with many other Saxon bowmen, was forced to carry stones from a quarry near the battle-field and with these stones to build a monastery, which the Norman invader did name Battle Abbey."

"To think that a monster like him should wish to build an abbey!" ejaculated a second villein.

"No doubt William, styled the Conqueror, did believe himself a godly man; they say he heard Mass every day," laughed a third villein.

"Godly, indeed!" exclaimed Godmund. "Why, here in Yorkshire, where some of the towns did after a time rise up against his rule, he sent his foreign troopers, and they did so ravage the country with fire and sword that more than a hundred thousand men, women, and children perished, and to this very day, almost a hundred years afterwards, you may still see traces of their savagery." *

"Well, at any rate, he was a wise man to count all our heads and our holdings, and to mark them down in a big book, as I have heard say he did," spoke the first villein.

"Ay, I grant you he had wisdom," said Godmund, "and in that book he has marked down where every manor is situated which he gave to his Norman followers. There is written in it, too, just how much of the land is arable and how much is forest and fen; even villeins like you and me are numbered in that wonderful book. No marvel that it took six years to complete, and it bears a good name—The Domesday, or Book of Judgment." Here Godmund paused a moment, then went on: "But when he died we villeins were no better off under his redheaded son—William Rufus, as the clerics do style him. Although William Rufus did possess already sixty-eight forests for his deer, he was not satisfied; he did want more hunting ground, and he drove the inhabitants out of twenty-eight square miles of good country, and he turned this country into another forest, which he called New Forest."

* Lingard.

"Was n't it this King William Rufus who was killed by a chance shot of one of his own French knights when they were hunting together?" inquired one of the villeins.

"Ha! ha! a chance shot! So runs the story," laughed Godmund. "But I know better. 'Twas a good Saxon arrow sent from Robin Hood's bow that laid him low."

"Well, his brother Henry, who took the crown after him, was a little better king, was he not?" spoke another villein.

"A little better, as kings go, a little better," answered Godmund. "He took to wife Matilda, a princess of Saxon descent, and never was worthier spouse than she; much too good for him. His Norman knights were uncommonly bloody-handed, and my son did see one of them, the Earl of Shrewsbury, with his own hawk-like fingers tear out the eyes of his godson, who had done him no wrong; the earl punished the boy for his father's offence."*

"And 'twas King Henry who blinded you, was it not?"

"Nay, 'twas the father of our present lord of the manor who did that," replied Godmund. "He pressed a hot copper plate over my eyes and I have never seen anything since. And 'twas he too who cut off my right foot. Ay, just for shooting a roebuck I was blinded and lost one foot. And yet another villein, who was with me shooting roebucks, was made to suffer more than I suffered. He was impaled a few rods from the drawbridge, and Baron de Granville and his friends used to come out and look at him as he sat groaning upon the sharp stake; and he did live three days on that stake before he died."

At this moment the mother of the little boys sitting beside their grandfather suddenly paused at her work. She had been grinding barley in a hand-mill—an old-time contrivance, as old as the last Saxon king. It consisted of two broad, flat stones which rested on a cloth; and in the upper stone was a hole into which the grain was poured, and this upper stone had also a peg fastened to it by which to hold it up; and while one hand poured in the grain, the other hand made this upper stone turn rapidly round upon the lower one, and the rye or barley, pretty well ground, rolled out at the sides upon the cloth. But as we have said, the woman suddenly stopped grinding and hid the hand-mill under a sheepskin, for there was a

* Lingard, *Henry I.*

loud knock at the door. Presently the door opened and two men strode in. One had short-cropped, snow-white hair and a stooping back, and his long black habit betokened him a priest. His companion was young and tall and handsome; he stood straight as an arrow; over one shoulder was slung a crossbow, and on the other he carried the haunch of a deer.

"Oh, you did give me such a fright when you knocked," exclaimed the housewife, whose hand was pressing down the sheepskin.

"Ay," spoke the youthful huntsman, "you feared 'twas the bailiff who knocked, for I shrewdly guess what you've been doing: you've been trying to cheat Lord de Granville by grinding your own meal instead of toting it to his water-mill and paying him toll for grinding it."

"Shrewdly guessed," answered the woman, with a twinkle in her eye. "But pray, what carry you on your right shoulder?"

"A Christmas gift from somebody who is not a villein, but who is as free and bold, and happier, too, I trow, than many a Baron in England," replied the youth, dropping the venison at her feet.

"Oh, a thousand thanks," said the housewife. Then turning to the old priest: "And you, father—you shall say grace over it on that holy day."

"My Christmas dinner is to be eaten at Lord de Granville's table. He has invited me and I must go," answered the priest.

"Well, you'll hear him and two or three brother knights roundly cursing Robin Hood's son for thinning out his roebucks," said the youth. "But, by all that's holy, I'll continue to make the wildwoods my home and to shoot his deer while I live."

"Be not excited," spoke the priest, stroking him on the arm. "'Tis a venial fault you do be committing."

"Ay, a fault so very venial that a fly's eye could n't spy it out," answered the youthful outlaw. "And Lord de Granville little dreams what fast friends you and I do be."

"And friends we ought to be. Did I not more than once shrive Robin Hood, your father?" continued the priest. "And at this holy season I hope that his son will come to my confession box."

"Might you not rather call it *my* confession box?" returned the youth, laughing.

"Well, well, if thus you please to style the hollow oak-tree by the ravine where you say a werewolf does sometimes howl; two nights before Christmas come to me there to be shriven."

"Agreed," said young Robin Hood. "At moonrise I 'll be by the hollow oak-tree."

"But hold, why not now? A bird in the hand—" exclaimed the priest, grasping his arm as he was about to open the door.

"What! tell all my tiny faults here, and like enough while on my knees be caught by the bailiff? Have n't I run enough risk of my neck already? Nay, nay, at moonrise by the hollow oak-tree." And with this the youth flung open the door and vanished in the darkness.

"Bring you any news from the manor house?" inquired Godmund presently, when the priest had settled himself on a bench by the peat fire, and when the hand-mill was at work again cheating the lord of the manor out of his dues from the water-mill.

"I have heard," answered the priest, "that the manorial courts are to be held at the manor house shortly after the New Year; and I am always glad when these courts are opened, for they do help to instruct the serfs, cottars, and villeins in the art of managing, in a certain degree, their own affairs."*

"They do, indeed," said Godmund. "In our court-leet we villeins do form a jury in the minor criminal cases; but when my grandsons get to manhood I hope they will become free tenants, and being free tenants they will take part in the higher court, the Court Baron, where civil matters are discussed."

"Ay, and the lord of the manor, who presides over both courts, is able to learn a good deal from them; his bondsmen, cottars, villeins, and free tenants can teach him something face to face by their looks and speech," said the priest.

"But if my grandsons be wise men," pursued Godmund, "as soon as they are free tenants they will move away from the manor and go to dwell in some town."

"I am of your mind," said the priest. "Let them move to York, or Lincoln, or to Winchester. But methinks London might be the best town."

"Oh, would that I were young and had my eyes back and could see London," ejaculated Godmund. Then after a pause:

* Gibbins' *Industrial History of England*, note 4, page 227.

"But besides the holding of the manorial courts, what other news bring you from the manor house?"

"Well, I did hear Lord de Granville say that our good Archbishop Becket has been obliged to flee from the country and to take refuge in France. And, forsooth, is it not interesting to note the change that did come over the archbishop when he was elected to the See of Canterbury? Before that time, when he was merely Archdeacon Thomas Becket, he was not a little given to vanity and high living, and he was a marked favorite at court. But from the day when he became archbishop he has not once stooped to flatter King Henry; and this was the beginning of his troubles. And now the king cannot forgive him for maintaining that clerics who may be accused of breaking the law must be tried by spiritual judges in ecclesiastical courts, instead of being tried in Royal or Baronial courts. And 'tis because he is firm as a rock on this point that the archbishop has had to flee from England."

"'Twill not be wise in him to come back," said Godmund. "For if he do he may like enough meet a tragic end; our Norman rulers are not much better than pagans in dealing with churchmen. Alas! alas! when will happier times come for poor England?"

"Well, our first hundred years of Norman rule have been years of uncommon trial for the English people," returned the priest, "and they are ending in a cloud. But we must be patient, patient and pray."

"Ay, and thank the good God for Robin Hood's son who, at the risk of hanging for killing a deer, did bring us meat for our Christmas dinner," put in the mother of the sleepy little boys. And with these words she pulled them off the bench and bade them hie to bed.

"And 'tis through men of the Robin Hood stamp that barons and kings will by and by be taught that they are not our divinely appointed masters," continued Godmund.

"That day may come, it may come," said the old priest with a sad smile. Then rising up he wished them good-night.

"Good-night! good-night!" cried the two pretty, flaxen-haired brats, as they clambered up the ladder to the smoky chamber overhead, there to sleep and to dream of a beautiful, far-away spot in the forest where they were hunting the deer with Robin Hood's son.

END OF CENTURY.

THE SUCCEEDING CENTURY—1166 TO 1266.

A hundred years have passed by since the son of Robin Hood, the Saxon outlaw, bade good-night to Godmund that winter's evening, after giving him a haunch of venison for his Christmas dinner. And now we find one of Godmund's descendants comfortably settled in London. For his grandfather, by paying a pretty good sum of money to Baron de Granville—his lord of the manor—had risen from the condition of a villein bound to the soil to that of a free tenant, who might depart from the manor if he pleased; and being a free tenant, he had wisely journeyed to the biggest town in England, where he had become a member of the Weavers' Guild.

It is rushlight, the day's work is ended, and seated by the side of old Godmund's descendant is a white-haired man, whose bare feet, habit of coarse serge, and the rope fastened about his waist show that he is a preaching friar, a new order founded by the Blessed Francis of Assisi, and which had only within a few years come into England.

"Then you do maintain," spoke Godmund, "that although the past hundred years have witnessed many deeds of cruelty, the people on the whole are better off than they used to be."

"I do," answered the friar, whose name was Roger Bacon. "I even hail the murder of Archbishop Becket, at the foot of St. Bennet's altar in Canterbury Cathedral, as a mark of progress; it did show to King Henry II. that sooner than give up his belief that clerics who broke the law should be tried not in a royal but in an ecclesiastical court, this prelate of the church —at one time so fond of the court and of luxury—was ready to defy his king and to give up his life. Our masters too have discovered that while all churchmen are not what they ought to be, yet it is among them that the struggling English people have their best friends, their most outspoken defenders."

"Well, no doubt King Henry II. was over-proud and imagined that he was greater than the church; still we who dwell in London cannot forget that it is to him we owe our charter," said the weaver. "And among our other privileges a townsman may now be tried by his fellow-townsmen at the town hustings which are held once a week."

"Ay, but what is your London charter compared with the Great Charter which a few years later, in the meadow called

Runnymede, King John was made to grant to his whole kingdom?" said Friar Bacon. "And it was his own barons with Norman blood in their veins, and spurred on mayhap by their English wives, who did make him grant it."

"True enough," said Godmund. "I had forgotten about Magna Charta, as the clerics do call it, for it was signed before I was born. But it did not help the villeins on the manors. They are in about the same condition as in my great-grandfather's time, are they not?"

"Let them be patient; their day will come," answered Friar Bacon. "Only let more villeins follow the example of your family and rise to be free tenants and move into some town; for it is in the towns that the tradition of our old-time Saxon liberty is kept alive. True, in towns you have not the same fresh air and sunshine as you do have when you live on a manor. But in your narrow, dark streets ye may work at your crafts unobserved by the great and powerful, and ye may do a deal of thinking aloud while ye work, with no baron and no king a-listening to what ye say. And although 't will not be in our generation, I have faith that a day is coming when the whole of England will be one great commonwealth of free towns like London."

"There 'll be many a villein and craftsman hanged afore that commonwealth is born," laughed the weaver.

"You may be right," continued Friar Bacon. "But what good thing did ever come into the world without tears and suffering? In sooth, except for the barons and kings being so given to quarrelling among themselves and to shedding blood, not many towns to-day would have gotten charters. You see the barons and kings did need money, ready money, to carry on their quarrelling and to pay their ransoms when they were made captive and thrust into dungeons; and ye did let them have the ready money, and in return for this money the towns which gave it were granted the right to assess themselves, to choose their own mayors, and to have their own tribunals."*

"What you say is true," said Godmund.

"And you did wisely to join a craft guild," pursued Friar Bacon. "Pray which one of the Brotherhoods may it be?"

"The Weavers."

"Indeed! Well, that is the most important guild of any;

* Gibbins' *Industrial History of England*, pp. 25, 26.

for whatever happens folk must have material for clothing. Moreover, in Western Europe the weavers have been the leaders in every struggle for the rights of the workingman against the governing bodies." *

"And I have a brother in the Tanners' Guild and another one in the Bottle-makers', and a cousin in the Dyers' Guild," continued Godmund. "We craftsmen must pay something every year to the king for permission to exist as a guild. But we can well afford it. And no person, as you know, is allowed to follow a craft without he be a member of a guild. If we break a law we do have a court of our own to try us, and we do help one another in various ways; if we be sick our fellow-craftsmen bring us wine and victuals, and our daughters when they wed do have a dowry given to them."

"And a saving craftsman may raise a pretty good crop of young ones," said Friar Bacon, smiling as he looked round at seven children rolling about on the floor, all of them with red hair except the youngest, whose hair had scarcely begun to sprout.

"Well, being fairly well off, I have a mind to forswear my craft and to enter the Merchant Guild," said the weaver. "For traders do rank above craftsmen. In sooth the merchants are practically the governors of the town; one must belong to their brotherhood in order to trade outside London. And the Merchant Guild has an alderman at its head, and the merchants do journey about and see more of the world than we craftsmen. And if a merchant does be put in jail, it matters not in what remote part of England, the alderman who is at the head of the guild must go, and with the guild's money have him set free if he can." †

"Well, I hear that the trade of London is growing apace," said Friar Bacon. "But I fear its merchants do overmuch trading in things of luxury."

"Ay, our people to-day do number about thirty thousand, and we have a good trade with France in silks, gems, ivory, wine, and pigments," answered Godmund. "Ay, we are growing richer and richer and richer." Here he rubbed his hands and sighed because he was not yet a member of the Merchant Guild.

* Ashley, *English Economic History and Theory*, p. 81.
† *Ibid.*, p. 75.

"*Auri sacra fames*," murmured Friar Bacon, shaking his head. Then aloud he said: "But when you rise to be a merchant and an alderman, be not ashamed because you were at one time a weaver and because your forefathers were villeins bound to the soil."

"I'll tell nobody about that," said Godmund to himself and laughing inwardly.

At this moment angry voices were heard out in the street, and presently there was a loud thump on the door and a beseeching cry: "Let me in; let me in!"

"Nay, nay, don't open it; it may cost us our lives," exclaimed the weaver. But he spoke too late; Friar Bacon had already unbolted the massive oaken door, and in rushed a terror-stricken man with long, black beard and blood streaming down his face. Then in a trice the door was bolted again.

"Alas!" ejaculated Friar Bacon, "I fear 'tis another outbreak against the Jews. Well, here is one of the unfortunates whom I'll hide from the silly populace"; and so saying he bade the quaking Israelite to go crouch in a corner of the room; then over him he flung a big bundle of cloth.

"Ay, to be sure: they are being hunted for poisoning the wells," said Godmund. "One family in every three is down with a fever; ay, the Jews have poisoned the wells."

"Not the Jews but your own filthy selves have let horrible stuff get into your drinking water," answered Friar Bacon. "Look at the heaps of refuse by your doorways. When it rains some of that refuse does trickle into your wells, and one of these days a fever ten times worse than this fever will carry ye all off to God's acre."

"Nay, nay, the Jews have poisoned the wells, have poisoned the wells," murmured the weaver. Then aloud: "And they do mock too at our religious processions whenever we walk past the Jewry: and 'tis a fact that at Oxford not long ago the Jews did even attack a Christian procession."*

"'Tis unhappily true that poor human nature does often make us hate the ones who do hate us," continued Friar Bacon. "But think, Godmund, what the Jews have had done to them. When King Richard I. was crowned the foolish people did get it into their heads that the king had granted permission to kill all the Jews; and accordingly every Israelite who was caught

* Green's *History of the English People*.

in the streets of London was murdered. And at York five hundred of them, who had taken refuge in the governor's castle, being afraid to surrender and believing that the castle would be carried by assault, did first cut the throats of their wives and children, and then cut their own throats." *

"Well, the Jews do be overfond of money," pursued Godmund, clinching his fists.

"They no doubt have uncommon wit for making it," answered Friar Bacon. "But be we not uncommon fond of stoning them? Bear in mind that the Blessed Virgin Mary belonged to the race of Israel."

"Well, I cannot gainsay what you tell me about our Blessed Mother," said the weaver, "and I do much like to hear you talk; so do pray tarry under my roof this night, and to-morrow we shall sally forth together and see the two witches burned on the market-place."

"Alas! alas! In regard to witches the people are as childish as they ever were," said Friar Bacon. "Why, I have been to look at the two women of whom you speak, and who have been condemned for holding commerce with Beelzebub, and I am convinced they do be only sick in mind. I am told that they have known great sorrow in their lives and they are friendless and poor, and now because they do jerk their limbs about and roll their eyes around ye do imagine they are in league with the Evil One."

"Ay, ay, they have commerce with Beelzebub," continued Godmund. "They do hear strange voices and they do act uncommonly queer, and they ought to be burned."

"Well, well, you shall go to the market-place without me; I will not witness the burning of these poor women," said Friar Bacon.

"And the werewolves that do roam through the forests, and howl and chase the traders when these do be journeying from town to town—what call you the werewolves?" inquired Godmund.

"They are certainly not wild beasts that have put on human shape," answered Friar Bacon. "They are human beings like me and you, who once had happy homes, but who have been made distracted and sick in mind by the cruelty of some master who, like enough, did tear out their eyes or impale a member

* Lingard.

of their family—a child, a husband, a parent. Did not King John, when he could not lay his hands on the barons who were defying him in their strong stone castles, turn his foreign mercenaries loose upon the helpless, defenceless villeins on the manors; and, after slaughtering the men, did not his lecherous troopers preserve the women for a fate worse than death? But a few did escape, and these became what ye call werewolves."

"Well, I have indeed heard tell," said the weaver after a pause, "that one of my forefathers did have a foot cut off and his eyes put out because he shot a roebuck; and now what you do tell me about the werewolves and about these two poor women who are to be burned to-morrow may after all be true. Sorrow and the cruelty of their masters may have driven them distracted, and your wise words ought to be spoken aloud on the market-place."

"Alas! my words would fall on deaf ears," answered Friar Bacon. "Nevertheless, I have hope that a day will come—it may be a hundred years from now—when the ailments of our bodies will be studied and be better understood, and then no more women sick in mind will be burned as witches. Oh, believe me, Godmund, 'tis a woful mistake to neglect the study of nature; for God is the father of nature and He did give it to man to study. But 'tis because of my zeal for making experiments and for wishing to fathom the natural causes of things that my brethren do look at me askance, and now they have taken away my ink and my parchment and I cannot study and experiment any more."

"Well, what you have spoken to me this evening has set me a-thinking, and I do be wiser for listening to you," said Godmund. "In sooth, ye barefooted, preaching friars be a great boon to everybody—to the villeins on the manors as well as to the craftsmen who dwell in the towns. Ye be not haughty, but ye mingle with us as though ye were one of us, and we do wish ye might drive away the Italian clerics who are flocking hither. Do chase them back to Italy, if ye can."

"Ay," said Friar Bacon, "the Italian clerics are getting good livings which should be given to Englishmen. 'Tis an abuse which is rousing loud complaint, and one day what our English ecclesiastics are saying will get to the Pope's ear. In truth, I know that Bishop Grosseteste, of Lincoln, did lately write a

spirited letter on the subject to our Holy Father, Innocent IV. But 'tis a far way to Rome, and his letter will take many weeks to reach the Pope." *

"And yet despite the invasion of foreign clerics, and despite the never-ending quarrels of our barons and kings, you do maintain that the country is better off than when my forebears were villeins on the manor of Lord de Granville?" said Godmund.

"I do so maintain," replied Friar Bacon. "More and more Normans are choosing Englishwomen to be their wives, and they are learning to speak our tongue, albeit mixing it with French words; more and more towns are having charters granted to them; and King John, as we know, was made to sign a Great Charter for his whole kingdom; more and more villeins are getting to be free tenants, and the free tenants do be moving into the towns to become craftsmen like as you did; and the craftsmen are rising to be traders, and the traders in their journeys to the different parts of England do be crying out to have the old-time Roman roads put into good shape again, and there is a spirit abroad which did not exist when I was a boy. Ay, Godmund, while there be dark spots in the sky, I am hopeful of the days to come. Only"—and here Friar Bacon pressed his hand on the weaver's shoulder,—"only bear in mind that you be valiant and ready to hold fast to the good things you have gained."

"I do promise that for myself and for my children's children," answered Godmund. "And if one of these days an overstubborn king do stand up overstiffly against the people, we will teach that king a lesson; we will teach him that he has a joint in his neck."

"Nay, nay, use not such speech of one who wears the crown, albeit he wear it not by divine right," said Friar Bacon.

"Well, forgive my tongue; it does run away with me at times. But I do now swear that no man of Godmund the Weaver's blood will ever shrink from the fight to keep what he holds to be his right."

* Lingard, *Henry III.*

THE SANCTUS BELL.

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

HARK! the silver Sanctus Bell!
Heavenly sound, I love so well,
Tinkling sweet and low to tell
Christ is on the altar!
Come from Heaven again to be
Friend of poor humanity,
Angel-food for you and me,
As saith the Sacred Psalter.

Hark! again the sweet bell rings!
All the choir of Heaven sings,
Angels wave their golden wings,
While the Lord Immortal,
Veiling all His glory bright,
Laying aside His awful might,
Leaves the heavenly halls of light,
For a lowly portal!

Every head is bended low,
Every soul is pure as snow,
Faint the pulses come and go,
And the crowd is breathless:
Scarce is heard a sound or sigh,
Every heart is raised on high,
Where its richest treasures lie,
And where life is deathless.

O the blessed Sanctus Bell!
Sacred bell we love so well,
What a mystery it doth tell
Of the Unbeholden!

Him, Who's hidden 'neath the sign
Of the mystic Bread and Wine,
Christ the Kingly, the Divine,
God of Glory golden!

O my Saviour, meek and mild!
Let me be Thine humble child!
Keep my spirit undefiled,
Pious, pure, and lowly!
Give, O give me grace each day
To pursue the chosen way!
Keep, O keep me, Lord, I pray,
From all things unholy!

Gentle Jesus! from my heart
Let not faith in Thee depart!
Spite of sorrow, grief, and smart,
Spite of scorn and laughter!
But for ever let the bell
Of Thy love and goodness tell!—
Tell that they who serve Thee well
Dwell with Thee hereafter!

A PRACTICAL TALK ON CHURCH BUILDING.

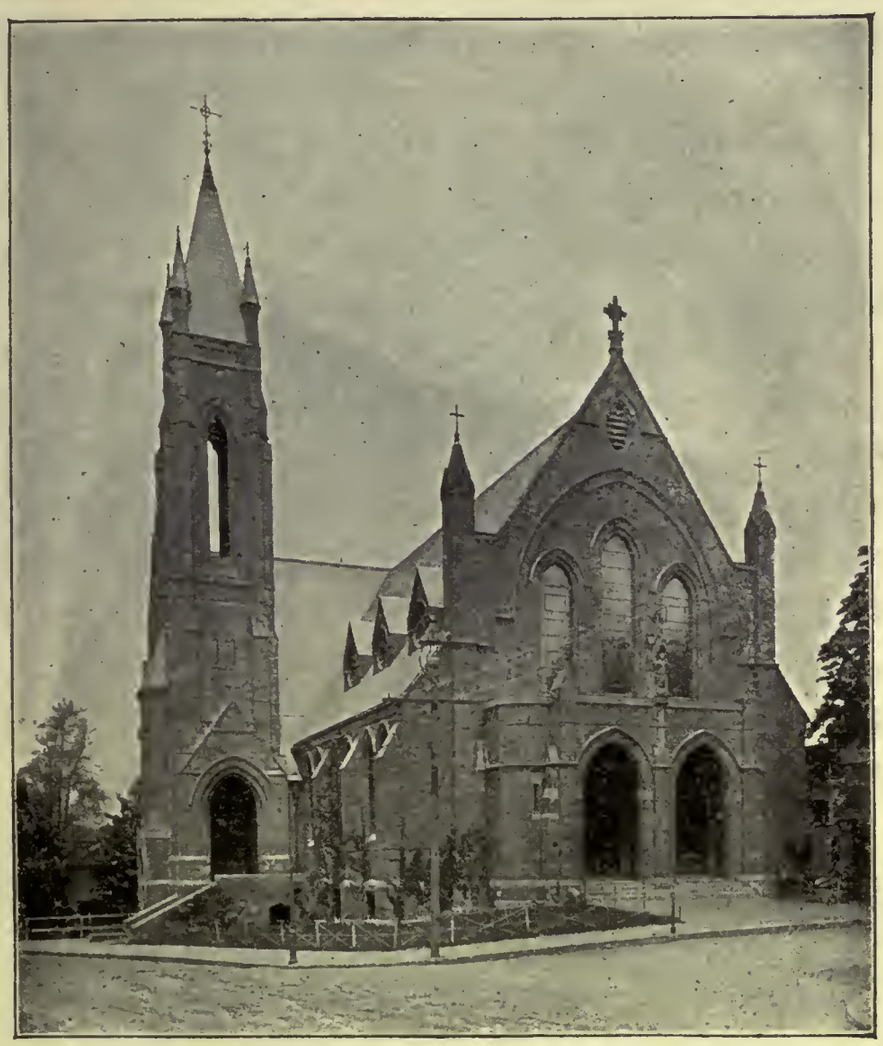
BY CHARLES D. MAGINNIS.

ATRUCE to theorizing! Let us grapple with concrete things. We have talked, perhaps, with all too vague abstraction on this vexed subject. Much has been said in disparagement of native endeavor, in extolment of the removed civilization, which has been very well. But let us for the nonce come down to every-day and test the applicability of these high-sounding principles of ecclesiastical architecture. While we indulge in glittering generalities, the pastors of every-day are building churches. And they do not build churches every day. They very much want, therefore, to know how to build well and worthily, and they want to know this, not negatively out of the pessimism of æsthetic top-loftiness, but directly and helpfully in simple practical speech. Many beautiful ideas will have naught to do with practical speech; which is a pity. But cant is barred for ever, and that's a gain where art's a topic.

TOWER OF ST. LEO'S, LEOMINSTER, MASS.
Example of a refined and dignified Gothic effect in red brick and gray terra-cotta.

In the project of erecting a church, the judgment of the pastor is first called directly into exer-

cise in the selection of the site, next in the employment of the architect, and then successively upon such questions as the architectural style, the building materials, the mural decoration, the ornamental glass and the church furniture. In the disposition of some of these matters no doubt he will rely much on the opinion of his architect. But it is valuable to have an exchange of views. No architect is an oracle and his ideas are always open to the discussion of his client, the more if the latter betrays a knowledge of his subject. And no architect can be indifferent or lax in an enterprise in which his client takes a sympathetic and intelligent interest.



CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF THE ASSUMPTION, BROOKLINE, MASS.
A fine example of the Northern Gothic artistically adjusted to brick materials.

Let us consider, then, the whole problem of the parish church under its salient heads.

The selection of the site is the first thing to be accomplished. Every one knows, including the men who have them to sell, that corner-lots furnish the most unexceptional sites for buildings of any kind. But they lend themselves with especial favor to the church building. The architectural interest of a church is not unusually confined to its façade, but ought to be more or less uniform and organic, so that the exposure on two streets is very desirable in the interests of perspective. There is the practical advantage of obtaining thereby a dignified secondary exit to the less important street from the sanctuary end of the

auditorium, where the building laws of most cities and towns now demand one. If possible, the site should be on rising ground, as this will render the structure more imposing. Where a basement church is contemplated, this will be especially advantageous, as it will be possible to so adjust the building as to give entrance to the upper and lower auditoriums from different streets with comparatively few steps.

A consideration which would seem to be a very important one in the selection of a church site is so generally ignored as to seem a great pity. This is the desirability of providing for at least such kindred institutions as the rectory and the school so as to form a group in some sort of architectural harmony. It is very common to see these parish buildings distributed on separate sites, with not even uniformity of architectural expression to confess their relationship to one another. Yet it is so easily possible to arrange beforehand for the ultimate artistic grouping of these several elements. Given a lot of the proper capacity, the architect should be required to dispose the initial building on the property with a precise regard for its prospective neighbors. Indeed, the entire scheme ought to be studied to the extent at least of determining approximately the relation of the structures both as to plan and exterior.

ST. PATRICK'S, WHITINSVILLE, MASS.
Example of the possibilities of the North Italian Gothic in the achievement of simple dignity of effect.

The choosing of the architect is the crucial point in the enterprise, and demands nice judgment. On the score of professional ability, one architect is not necessarily as good as another. One may have excellent mechanical ability with no

All Saints', Madison Avenue, New York.
Elaborate example of Italian Gothic, executed in gray brick and terra-cotta.

artistic cultivation. Such an one can build a church according to rigid specifications, and the walls will not crack nor the roof leak (but this is exaggeration). He will apply the usual perfunctory ornamentation in the usual perfunctory spots, but there will not be a square inch of fine art in the structure. How can there possibly be? Buildings are not designed by mathematical formulas. An artistically successful building cannot be conceived in the mind of a mechanical architect. On the other hand, there is little to be said for the architect who has the art to design a graceful building but not the ingenuity to carry it into execution, though he has the rarer and higher gift, the art without which no architect may claim the right to build such a noble monument as a church. When we realize that a thousand people may be made habitable in a building costing ten thousand dollars, but that, instead, our parish churches of this capacity cost from fifty to ninety thousand

dollars, it will be seen how much margin is devoted, and wisely devoted, to the end of making the church worthy of its religious destiny. These many thousands are to make for architectural grace and dignity. Manifestly, the mechanical architect can wisely control the expenditure of only a portion of his appropriation, and after this his influence, as a factor in the project, becomes pernicious. For he cannot have any reasonably true conception of grace and dignity. Thousands of dollars have then been given for Art, and there is no Art. The roof is tight and the walls are sound, and everything is done according to specifications, but those are doubtful virtues in an ugly building which make for its permanence.

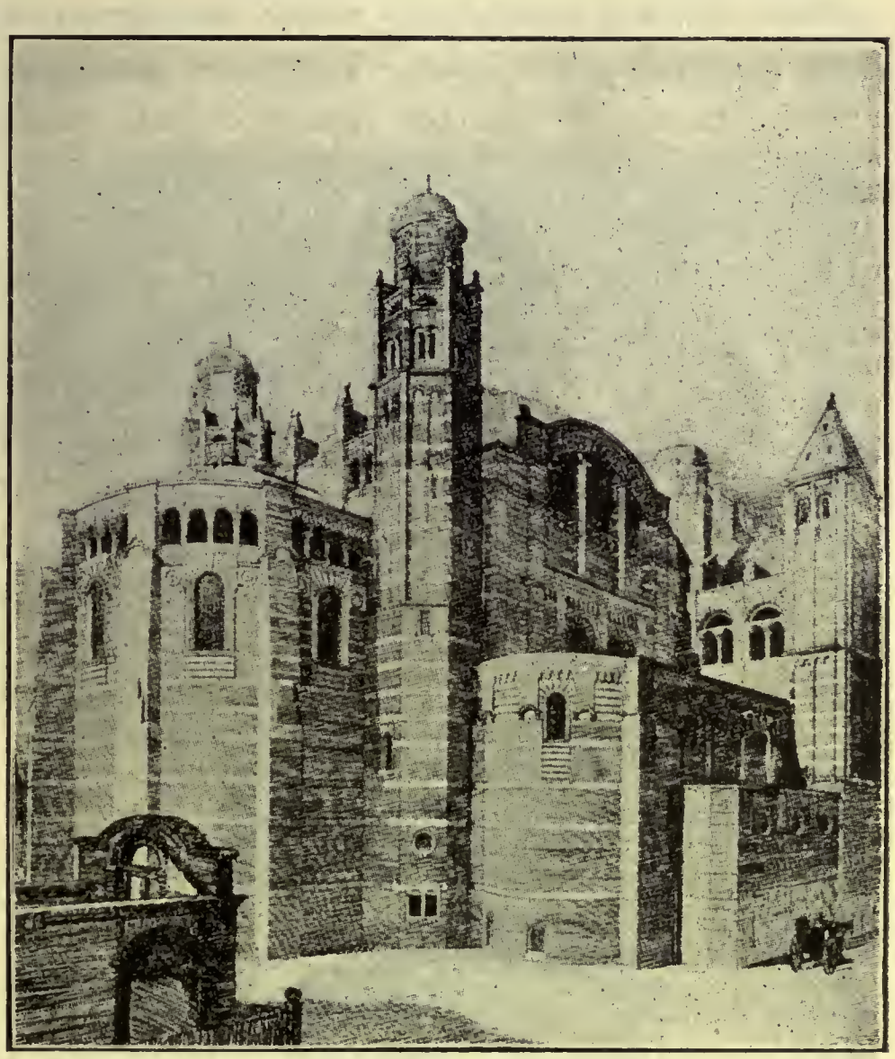
In an architect we ought to look first for integrity. He is to be entrusted with large responsibilities, and many opportunities come to him which could readily be turned to his personal advantage. Let it be said, however, that as a class architects are most honorable men. The profession, however, has its black sheep. He must be equipped by sound artistic training, and by a scholarly acquaintance with ecclesiastical art. That he has besides the necessary mechanical ability will be evident by his previous works. The best and final test of such a man is, after all, the judgment of his own profession. And if we would know how he stands in his profession, let us question those who stand high in it.

BENEDICTINE ARCH-ABBEY OF ST. VINCENT, WESTMORELAND CO., PA.

AN elaborate example of Romanesque executed in brick and terra-cotta.

The architectural style.—The architect having been selected, he will proceed to get the conditions of the problem, the

amount of money to be expended, the seating capacity required, the character of the site, and so forth. He is likely to inquire if the pastor have a bias in favor of the employment of a particular style for the new building. And this will probably develop an interesting discussion. Any one or several of the conditions may, in the opinion of the architect, render some one type, of a style which the pastor had not hitherto considered, particularly adaptable.

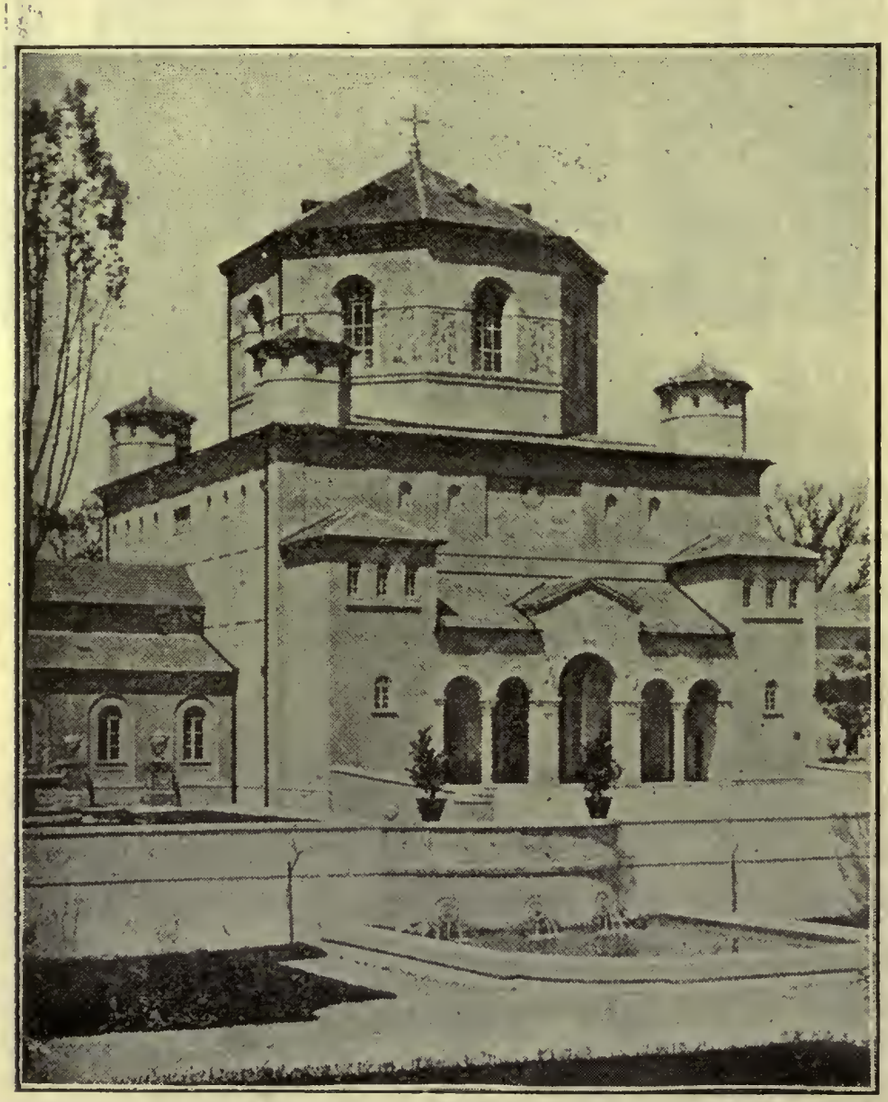


The New Cathedral at Westminster, England.
Illustrating a modern adaptation of Byzantine on a large scale.

While we may not, therefore, unqualifiedly recommend a particular style or type for universal employment, it is possible to discuss in a general way the merits of the more available styles. It ought to be clearly understood that certain styles of architecture are congruous and admirable only amidst the conditions which evolved them. Climate is one of the great determining conditions. Contrast the typical Spanish building with its small windows, its great wall-surfaces, its heavy eaves, and its flat roof with the buildings of northern Europe. Large windows in a warm climate would admit too much heat, and every traveller knows how cool are the interiors of Spain and Italy. Small openings, therefore, are characteristic of Spanish architecture, and consequently large exterior wall-surfaces, which are not frittered away with columns, but left to contrast with the great shadow from the overhanging eaves. No climatic necessity calls for a high roof, and so a gentle-sloped red tile covering of doubtful impermeability generally makes the crowning.

In a northern latitude, with the inconstant visitations of the sun, and the chronic pluviality, such a building would be an absurdity. There, instead, we observe the high-pitched roof which quickly sheds the water, the great windows which let in the sluggish gray light. Thus we can see how the decorative requirements of the big interior wall-spaces of southern European churches developed the great schools of fresco, and, on the other hand, how the large window areas of the churches of England and France developed there the beautiful art of stained glass.

The climate of the United States is so very diversified that a style which may very properly be employed in the South would be something of an exotic if transported to the Northern States. It seems a pity, by the way, that the beautiful churches of Mexico and the missions of California have not inspired the architects of the South. The climate of the North is characterized by extremes of heat and cold which work the mischief with all sorts of building, for the continual expansion and contraction of the metals employed, especially in roofing, make it difficult to insure any fairly permanent defence against the assaults of the weather. The brilliancy of our atmosphere renders very large windows, such as those in certain of the English cathedrals, quite unnecessary, while the extreme temperatures make them absolutely



In Northern Cemetery, Munich.
An effect of great refinement and dignity in a modified and simple Byzantine.

objectionable. The larger the window, the less capacity has the structure for resisting the outdoor temperature.

The economic condition has an important bearing on the selection of style. No fabulous purse is available for the building of the average parish church. The exuberances of the Gothic cathedral ought, therefore, to be carefully eschewed, as they can only be had in a sort of scenic construction—mere meaningless things without vitality. It is a great but popular mistake, however, to assume that the Gothic style is not available when the means at hand are limited. The charm of this beautiful style is not dependent on flying buttresses and elaborately-carved finials and richly-sculptured doorways. Its wonderful elasticity is evidenced by the grace with which it lends itself to the simplest expressions. Such picturesqueness as distinguishes the little church at Northampton, Mass., was achieved most inexpensively. There are no fripperies about it, but an air of refined simplicity. The tower is oblong in plan, permitting a gabled treatment of the top which suggests the quaint towers about Zurich. The church at Leominster (Fig. 1) illustrates a more formal treatment of the Northern Gothic and, by reason of the great tower, of course a more costly one. But a simple treatment of this feature would have reduced the expense to a very moderate sum. Another excellent example is the Church of St. Mary of the Assumption, Brookline, Mass. (Fig. 2).

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CHILD, SHARON HILL, PA.
A very pleasing example of vital interior architecture.

A kindred style which deserves to be better known and more widely employed in this country is the North Italian Gothic, because of its beautiful adaptability to brick, the material

which we find best suited to our pockets. It is distinguished from the Northern Gothic by the absence of the projecting buttresses, by the more heavily-accented cornices and the smaller window openings, as well as by the detached tower. It offers opportunity for interesting color effects by the employment of brick of different shades. The Church of St. Patrick at Whitinsville, Mass., is an example of this style (Fig. 3). A more ornate example of this same style, but less characteristic (in that it is modified by the introduction of some features of Northern Gothic), is the excellent Church of All Saints' on Madison Avenue and 119th Street, New York (Fig. 4). But this latter type is not to be recommended for any but a prosperous metropolitan parish.

INTERIOR OF ST. LEO'S, LEOMINSTER, MASS., LOOKING TOWARDS ORGAN LOFT.

Example of architectural vitality in an interior gained by the employment of moulded brick and lime-stone for columns and arches.

Of the round-arched styles, always keeping in mind parochial conditions, the oldest are the worthiest. The Roman Renaissance never developed a satisfactory ecclesiastical model unless we except the very monumental type illustrated by St. Peter's of Rome, St. Paul's of London, and the Pantheon of Paris. The façades of the smaller churches of Rome, however, with their great volutes somewhat unfrankly masking the aisle roofs, illustrate the immobility of this style when required to adapt itself to the clerestory. Flanking towers over-

INTERIOR OF SANT' AMBROGIO, MILAN.

An historic building which illustrates a more elaborate interior use of masonry.

come the technical difficulty, but this is a costly expedient. Flat aisle roofs furnish another solution, satisfying enough artistically, but flat roofs are liable to cause anxiety.

Some of the phases of the Romanesque period offer excellent types for our parish churches. Lombardy is particularly rich in such artistic material, the brick and terra-cotta architecture of this district being of striking beauty and refinement. Perhaps not many actual models could be selected as epitomizing the excellence of which the style is fully capable, as most of the churches have been subjected to much alteration from time to time, but the intelligent architect can gain a great deal of inspiration from the beautiful detail which in some measure distinguishes all of them.

An unusually good building of this Romanesque style is the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in the suburbs of Providence, R. I., which is in course of completion, and therefore not yet available for illustration. Here the tower is placed in the same relation as that of Whitinsville, namely, back against the sacristy, thus permitting the façade to complete itself symmetrically. The large and imposing Benedictine Arch-abbey at St. Vincent, Pa. (Fig. 5), gives a very good idea of the possibilities of

this brick Romanesque, though this particular design is more in sympathy with German models.

The Byzantine is a style which has a large adaptability to ecclesiastical needs. In its fullest expression, of course, it is a most elaborate system, as illustrated in S. Sophia of Constantinople and in the new cathedral now building in Westminster, England (Fig. 6). That it is capable, however, of very simple expressions may be observed in a charming little building recently erected in Germany, of which we give an illustration (Fig. 7). This style offers opportunities for beautiful effects of color pattern in brick and marble, as is well attested by the mosaics of the old churches of Ravenna and throughout Sicily.

This will suffice for a general view of the ecclesiastical styles which offer most to our enterprise. The immediate conditions will, as we said before, assist much in the determination of the particular style to be adopted in a given case. These, however, are rarely so insistent as not to leave some room for personal bias.

NEW CATHEDRAL TO BE ERECTED IN PITTSBURG, PA.

The Materials.—The next question for consideration is the matter of materials. The character of these will often depend on the style which has been adopted for the structure. It is not commonly understood that there exists any particular relation between style and material. But when it is remembered how different are the properties of stone,

of iron, and of wood, it will be easy to realize that a design which is appropriate in one must be more or less illogical when executed in any of the others. Take, for example, one of our wooden Gothic churches. The windows have the usual pointed arches, but the principle of the arch has no relation to wood. The aisle walls have the receding buttresses, but these are hollow. If one be unmasked, it will be found to conceal a direct strut, entirely at variance with the outline of the pseudo-buttress. This is, of course, meaning less architecture. Wood must have forms of its own. Likewise, but in a less marked degree, brick, stone, and marble have each its differing expression. Without going too far into the consideration of such a technical point, let us take an illustration from the peculiar properties of veined marbles. Here is a material whose charm consists in the delicacy of its surface, in the decorative play of its pattern and the beauty of its color. Manifestly the more this surface is broken up by modelling, the less effective become all these qualities. Plain unbroken areas are better. A very simple design in such a material may be extremely rich in effect which, executed in stone, would prove crude or insipid.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

For a building designed in the Gothic style stone is the most traditional material, although, as we said before, brick may be employed with splendid advantage when the design is logically and artistically adjusted to it. It is very common, however, to see Gothic churches executed in rock-face granite or marble, which is much too crude for such a style. Cut stone, laid in regular sizes, on the other hand (except in conjunction

with the most formal types), is not at all appropriate. The most artistic results are obtained where the walls are built with irregular rubble—that is, with stone of split face and of random sizes. A very charming effect is had by using a granite known as "seam-face," which has an interesting rusty stain This stone may be employed, in districts where it can be procured conveniently, at a cost even less than the better grades of brick. The brick which appears to the best advantage in conjunction with Gothic is either an expensive gray terra-cotta brick, or else a common brick known as "water-struck," laid up in Flemish bond with light mortar. When the common brick is used in this manner, the trimmings should be of Indiana lime-stone or gray terra-cotta; never of granite.

For buildings of Classic or Renaissance design stone is especially appropriate; but whether it be granite or marble or lime-stone, the surface ought invariably be tooled. This makes very expensive work. The gray brick makes an excellent substitute, however, having something of the stone quality in its effect.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

The greatest work of Catholic architecture in the United States both in point of size and artistic merit.

Romanesque churches appear happily enough in conjunction with rock face stone, as may be noticed in Trinity Church, Boston. Indeed, almost all of Richardson's designs were executed in a material of this character. It is a mistake, however, to assume that the style absolutely requires such a rude texture. On the contrary, it may be treated with as much refinement as the Classic styles.

The Byzantine positively demands a refined surface, and while this may be readily contributed by cut stone, brick has an historic association with this style, which is

New Cathedral, Covington, Ky.

explained by the facility with which the material lends itself to interesting effects of color and pattern.

In the consideration of materials we ought to plead for their frankest and most logical employment. After what has been said already concerning the insincerities of certain expedients commonly resorted to for the simulation of an elaborate architecture, it will not be necessary to say more in this respect regarding the external structure. The interiors of our churches, however, afford much opportunity for criticism by virtue of the same striving after an effect of sumptuousness which is incompatible with the financial means. Here the architect too often descends to the level of the scene-painter, representing his construction to be of rare marbles, while in reality merely plaster of paris, and in other and various ways making humble materials play pompous parts which at best create but the most temporary illusion. Both good taste and ethics revolt at these expedients when employed anywhere outside of the theatre. The architecture of the church, at least, ought to be kept free from such shams. If real marble cannot be had, let us not be ashamed of using only that which we can afford. The use of genuine marble implies sacrifice, but the use of false implies only the pretence of it. And it is questionable whether either is essential to devotional feeling.

Our church interiors in America generally look too flimsy when compared with the churches abroad. There is seldom any masonry or any real confession of the structure. There is no vitality, no suggestion of muscle in our plaster arches and columns. Plaster is very well for a wall-covering, but cut stone or gray brick used in the vital lines of the architecture gives a splendid effect of living organism. Take the example of the little Chapel of the Holy Child at Sharon Hill, Pa. (Fig. 8). Observe how much of dignity and serenity there is in this interior by reason of the stone columns and arches, the paved floor and the exposed trusses. There is vitality everywhere. St. Leo's, Leominster (Fig. 9), likewise illustrates this principle. Here, however, pressed brick of different shades is employed, giving an effect of rich color, somewhat suggestive of Sant' Ambrogio, Milan (Fig. 10). Such an enduring architectural expression as marks that of St. Leo's may be had at an extra outlay comparatively insignificant.

Mural Decoration.—The architecture may easily be ruined by the decorator, and it is a prudent client who defers largely here to the judgment of his architect. The average commercial decorator knows absolutely nothing about architecture, has no sympathy whatever with its lines, and consequently cannot have any reasonable conception of what they demand from him. Surfaces interest him only in so far as they afford opportunity for the play of his irresponsible brush. Only the architect of the structure can say how to subordinate the decoration to the design so as to

CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, DUNWOODIE, N. Y.

Ursuline Convent, Cleveland, Ohio.
Illustrating the picturesque character which ought to distinguish conventual institutions.

bring out its meaning intelligently and effectively. And here it ought to be said that even with this controlling influence, not much can be achieved unless the decorator is more than ordinarily artistic; for while the architect may prevent bad work, he cannot exact good. The best advice here, as at all other stages of the enterprise, is to secure the most accomplished service possible. Better to have a simple scheme of color, artistically applied, than an elaborate mess of unrestful ornament.

It is difficult to give any practical suggestions of a sufficiently general nature concerning appropriate schemes of color. Some structural material often gives the key, such as exposed masonry; but for plaster interiors, it may be said that a mellow effect is the most pleasing. At the moment we recall an excellent scheme which will serve for suggestion, as it fits most conditions: side and end walls of a color like Spanish leather, clerestories of olive green with decorative borders around arches, chancel (up to the window level) in rich deep red, with deep olive green and gold above; the columns of old ivory done in

oil, with the capitals wiped off, allowing the sienna color to remain in the crevices of the ornament. The plaster mouldings throughout the interior were treated in a manner similar to the capitals.

Glass Decoration.—The pastor has generally to decide between the merits of two schools of glass design, the European and the American. There is much to be said on behalf of each. The foreign artist deals with glass which has a comparatively small range of color and not much natural decorative capacity except when employed in small scale. Consequently his is largely a painter's art. The smoothness of the glass as well as the evenness of tint give him an excellent field for that delicate drawing and elaborate detail which distinguish his art. The American window, on the other hand, relies largely for its decorative interest on the glass itself, which is of rich opalescent hues. No dependence is placed on painting except in the case of the heads and hands in figure work. The draperies, ornament, and accessories are composed like a mosaic, the various pieces being selected from sheets, whose accidental effects of color and pattern and texture (derived in the manufacture) hold infinite possibilities. By virtue of the peculiar qualities of this mosaic glass, it does not lend itself to such delicate design as that which does so much to popularize the foreign glass. As a consequence of its dependence on the beauty of its color and texture, it has not developed so high a school of designers. There can be no question of the superiority of the foreign designs of ecclesiastical windows, which are distinguished by a scholarliness of conception which we have not reached in the art in this country. When all this is said, it must be admitted that decoratively the foreign windows are often distinctly fussy from a broad decorative stand-point. Much of their littleness of design is irrelevant and out of scale. It is to be hoped that ecclesiastical design will become a more serious study with American glass-workers in the future, so that less dependence will be placed on the merely sensuous appeal of beautiful color. Foreign glass will scarcely then have so large a market.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER III.

IN "A YEAR AND A DAY."

"LOOK at this," exulted Joyce, indicating to Stephen a glaring advertisement representing Mr. Bull's latest and most ambitious bid for public investment. "Aren't millions a dandy prospect, Morris? I tell you this West of yours is full American measure, running over! A man has his glorious chance in it!"

Stephen studied the assertive type with tantalizing deliberation. Resenting his silence as a lack of enthusiasm, Joyce mischievously remarked in audible aside, that "the Maintown rectory had taken the fizz out of Morris."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life, and then comes the great struggle with temptation. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling.

"A BOOMING BONANZA!
THE
PIONEER MINE,
ORIGINALLY
ONE WITH THE FAMOUS SHASTA,
NEEDS ONLY THE INVESTING PUBLIC TO MAKE IT THE
GREATEST MINE IN THE WORLD!
The SHASTA'S glory has passed away,—
The PIONEER takes the lead to-day!
TO COVER THE COST OF NEW MILLS, CONVEYERS, CONCENTRATORS, ETC., THE
PIONEER MINING CO.
OFFER A LIMITED NUMBER OF SHARES TO THE PUBLIC, AT
ONLY $10 PER SHARE.
Send for Prospectus.
LOCAL CAPITAL AND PRESS ENDORSE OUR STATEMENT,
THAT WHEN NEWLY EQUIPPED, THE OUTPUT OF THE PIONEER MINE WILL BE
MILLIONS PER YEAR.
Make checks and drafts payable to Pioneer Mining Co., Goldfields, California.

"Hum!" grunted Stephen, thoughtfully refolding the paper. "How deeply are you in this thing, Joyce?"

"Only a thousand in cash; but—"

"A thousand to the bad."

"Don't croak, you old raven! Cash is the least of my stakes. But it's a game on the square, so don't be uneasy. As director-in-chief after Dicky Dawson, I tell you my mine is all right!"

"It is all wrong—for a novice like you, anyway. This is the sort of thing Mr. Raymond dreaded for you, Joyce. The West is bristling with just such bush-birds, but not one in ten thousand comes to hand."

"Yet Mr. Raymond made his millions—"

"Intelligently, not blindly; and in experienced maturity, not in inexperienced youth. To stake your own surplus is your privilege; but to risk the little all of others—"

"There is next to no risk, Morris; and in any case, *I* solicit no investors!"

"Your name on the board is a standing solicitation. Wrecked lives and violent deaths have saddened the West, before this, through just such unscrupulous chances as you are assuming so lightly."

Joyce squirmed uncomfortably. His thoughts flew to Hans Kauffman, handsome, hopeful, happy Hans, who in his implicit faith in Joyce had induced his mother and sweetheart to forward

their small savings to augment his own investment, and hasten the day when he should write the final "Come." Negotiations for the little house in Oakland were under way; and every holiday Hans crossed the bay simply to look at the pretty cottage set in its own neat plot of ground. Already he had apportioned the land with the eye of a master. Here to the rear should be the kitchen-garden, where it would please the old Mutter to plant and potter; here, flowers for Katrina,—the brilliant, riotous roses and geraniums, and sweet heliotrope of California: with a bed for shoots transplanted from the native soil, and an arbor for grapes from the Rhine's fair vinelands. It was a hideous thing for Joyce to realize, that should Hans' simple hopes indeed be blasted, the guilt must lie at his door. But there was a strain of moral irresponsibility in him which gaily waived sense of duty to others; and, in truth, his optimism covered his sins of hazard, since who could censure a young enthusiast for championing "dead-sure things"? Yet Stephen, misjudging Joyce's fearless confidence as callousness to any appeal not touching personal interests, persisted in his attack, though changing his tactics. Joyce smiled at the transparent manœuvre.

"You know that to be a director makes you legally liable, in case of disaster," he warned Joyce, solemnly. "Be advised in good time, and resign while the bubble floats. Then take a run home to your mother."

But Joyce would not be advised, nor did his mother's loving summons, as transmitted by Stephen, command his filial response. Once upon a time,—and a time not so very long ago,—he could not have resisted it; but the success that fans ambition had changed all that; and now, considering the matter practically, he decided that his mining and journalistic affairs must be served at the cost of sentiment.

Yet Stephen found Joyce far from indifferent to native news, even the flotsam and jetsam of Maintown's social gossip proving of touching interest to him. It amused him vastly to hear that his quondam rivals, Jim Blakely and Harrison Jones, were flourishing young townsmen now building bridal dove-cots; that Mandy Johnson, as Mrs. Lemuel Waters, was Maintown's social leader, as well as the proud young mother of bouncing twins; and that when the news of Joyce Josselyn's legacy excited Maintown, she had tossed her head and remarked depre-

ciatingly that "live men's earnings were more to *her* taste than legacies, any day; and that she guessed 'Waters' Department Store,' taking up the best block on Main Street, was worth *twice* ten thousand, at *least!*'"

But it was when Stephen described the Maintown farmhouse under its mildly transformed aspect, and the active old couple under bettered conditions, that Joyce's bright eyes grew tender, and his gay smile softened. That Hiram Josselyn still farmed, though now with adequate aid against which he protested upon principle, while his mother pursued her domestic routine with the transfiguring difference that she was now a practical Catholic, Joyce already knew through letters from his mother and Father Martin; but Stephen's verbatim account was more realistic and intimate, and stimulated filial memories.

To Joyce's affectionate inquiries for Father Martin, however, Stephen responded only perfunctorily, fearing to betray his own soul-struggle by free speech of one so intimately associated with it. But in his ignorance of its justification, this reserve baffled and pained Joyce, intensifying the mystery of Stephen's incomprehensible affinity for the Maintown rectory. It was incredible, if Gladys had favored his suit, that Stephen could have submitted so patiently to her prolonged absence. The surprising possibility that Gladys was still free of heart and hand,—

> "*A woman, therefore to be wooed,*
> *A woman, therefore to be won,*"—

thrilled him with youth's vague dreams. As Joyce, with all his sins, was nothing if not ingenuous, his face and voice, as he mentioned Gladys, betrayed to Stephen at least that her vision had abided with him: and even such superficial knowledge of a heart-deep truth startled the man of rigorous standards, since the rapid conditions obtaining with the progressive Joyce had appalled him, upon arrival.

"It seems to me that you look super-resplendent around here," was his first remark, as he entered Joyce's newly-appointed rooms. With the Maintown homestead fresh in his memory, the present environment of Hiram Josselyn's son suggested too sudden departure from the simplicity of natal traditions.

"Well, the best foot foremost is the rule of ascent," explained Joyce, uncandidly. "The world prospers the prosperous, and *vice versa.*"

"Nonsense!" refuted Stephen, scanning the languorous divans and glowing hangings, the artistic statuettes and seductive color-bits of Joyce's transformed atmosphere, with frank disapproval. "Men don't care a rap for purple and fine linen. They like sterling nature,—not veneer."

Joyce's blue eyes clouded under a sense of injustice. He seemed to stand convicted of pretence and affectation, of snobbish assumption and effeminate luxury, while, in fact, not demoralization but redemptive aspiration had inspired his plunge into elegance. In his revulsion from bohemia, and his emancipation,—inevitable in one of his nature,—from the phase of indifference to feminine society which had been the transitory after-gloom of Pearl Ripley's glowing day, he had confused superficial with intrinsic values, and straining towards Belgravia, adjusted himself materially, rather than spiritually, to the finer conditions of life.

It was the natural mistake of the first generation,—of the social aspirant,—of the man young in success and new in fortune; and as such, pathetic in its crude simplicity, and lovable for good-will, though the deed innocently failed it. But Stephen, when he divined the motive redeeming the material ostentation, was more dismayed in his wisdom than he had been in his ignorance; foreseeing complications, should the feminine trio realizing Joyce's "dreams of fair women" return to the Pacific Avenue house. Only recently, his whimsical cousin had renewed its lease by cable; and now Stephen almost dreaded the announcement of Imogen's and Gladys' return to America. Reports rushing in upon him were not in Joyce's favor, even as evil news always "rides post."

The Colonel, whose shining virtue was not long-suffering charity, exploded a whole volley of general complaint, which was less of definite blame of Joyce than of indefinite doubt of him. On the street, he found the Josselyn name already identified with questionable speculations of the wild-cat order. At the Club, Joyce was popular as a brilliant young fellow whose audacities gave his beauty and talents dash and piquancy; but in the more conservative social circles beyond them, his position was less assured, exaggerated accounts of his too intimate association with the Comedy Girls having aroused conservative feminine prejudice.

Formerly, the man of the world would have dismissed simi-

lar rumors,—not in light mood, indeed; yet with such cynical resignation to the inevitable, as is the prevailing sentiment of even the most fastidiously moral of merely natural men, when youth's springtime madness is mentioned. But the spiritual man cannot echo the too generally accepted sophism that "whatever is, is right." On the contrary, the piteous wrong of much that is, makes him mourn for the human world, even as Christ wept for Jerusalem; and the convert's quickened moral sense discovered in the too successful Joyce a brand to be plucked from the fire. Therefore, in conscientious and zealous charity, he affected Joyce's society with flattering persistency, haunting his rooms till Dick Dawson and his lively set retreated in resentful confusion from the grave, pale, silent censor, whom they nicknamed "Banquo's ghost"!

Yet the last evening of Stephen's stay in the West came full quickly, for the spiritual attraction his return to temporal grooves had tested, had survived triumphantly; and the pride of life palled upon him,—the weariness and emptiness of worldly vanity oppressed his vivified soul. There is no homesickness like the nostalgia of the spirit,—no yearning so intense and insatiable as the yearning to drain the cup of grace, once its sweets are tasted; and since the problem of Joyce seemed a possible menace to his hopes for the future, his return to the rectory was impatiently anticipated. The present, at least, was his own!

His gray eyes were melancholy, his mood sorrowful and depressed; for he had spent a lonely afternoon pacing the sands of Golden Gate Ranch; and the pain of Mina's tragedy had revived acutely. Yet sadness failed to banish the new-born strength and peace of his face, which were the outward signs of interior regeneration. Spiritual development and experience leave a subtly visible physiological impress, and Joyce, whose grace was not dead, but only resisted, was conscious of a wistful heart-pang as he realized that while Stephen had been living nobly, his own finer side had stagnated.

"Are you going abroad, Morris?" he insinuated, as time passed, and no confidence from the reticent Stephen seemed forthcoming. By beating about the bush, Joyce hoped to come upon his bird unawares. But Stephen eluded his cleverness.

"My present Mecca is your native Maintown," he temporized. "Once more, Joyce, pull out of the mine, beg the

Colonel for a furlough, and take the run back with me. Why not?"

"Maintown again, Morris? What's the attraction?"

"My Young Men's Guild," smiled Stephen.

"Oh, pshaw! Of course I know there is something invisible to the naked eye under all this Maintown business. Be friendly, and speak out to a fellow, can't you?"

But Stephen not unnaturally found it hard to speak out. There is a delicacy about the spiritual life, a reserve not always nobly simple about the masculine nature, which makes frank speech regarding the unseen things of faith almost impossible between man and man.

They had dined in the café in which Joyce had entertained Pearl Ripley; and now the glowing lights of the beautiful suite were turned on, and the smoking-table set sociably between them. Outside, in the darkness, the forces of city-life groaned as they grappled; but within the lighted room the vital contest was silent, as the two men wrestled in spirit.

Stephen was the capitulator, with large reserves. It had flashed upon him that to confide in Joyce was his last hope of influencing him spiritually. His experience must hold its lesson for Joyce, as that of a man of his own world and generation.

"Joyce," he said, earnestly, as he leaned across the little table, "I was a coward to evade your question as to Maintown's attraction for me. Frankly, it is the attraction of what Father Martin named to us both, at Carruthdale, as the 'Divine Ideal.' I am absorbing as a man what you absorbed as a boy,—the atmosphere of the rectory!"

"Yes," mused Joyce, with sudden gentle gravity. "Father Martin did his best by me. Poor Father Martin!"

"Why 'poor,' Joyce?"

"Because his best was wasted on me. Oh, I know it all better than you can tell me,—the difference between his ideals for me, and my own realities! But, hang it, a man's got to live his human life! We can't all be theological students."

"No, but between the theological student and the soulless worldling there is the noble medium of Christian manhood. That is what I am learning at the Maintown rectory. Come and share the good lesson with me."

"Oh, I lack your incentive," ventured Joyce, significantly. "My time to turn saint has not come."

"What do you mean?"

"That every fellow turns an ecstatic, in his time,—*pro tem.*"

The challenge was bold, but Joyce could not resist it. He had assured himself repeatedly that Gladys' engagement or non-engagement really mattered to him not at all; yet deep in his heart, he knew that it might matter,—since maid and man are never negative poles.

Stephen ignored the tender impeachment. As he pulled at his cigar in dignified silence, Joyce rose restlessly, and seating himself on the window's upholstered sill, betrayed his embarrassment by mistaking his broadcloth knee for the fire-proof ash-tray.

"So you are going back to Father Martin," he remarked, at last; as Stephen's taciturnity became oppressive. "Don't give me a bad reputation, Morris. It would only pain Father Martin!"

"Since you care for his pain, why not live up to his ideal for you?"

"Oh, 'life is real,'" quoted Joyce, though his eyes fell guiltily. "The rectory's ideals are for priests, women and men whose fortunes are not making, but made."

"A false proposition, Joyce. Divine Philosophy asks, '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?*' I think that man's own soul answers,—'Nothing!'"

"It profits this much," differed Joyce, unconsciously revealing hidden thoughts as he spoke from his heart, "that if one must needs love the highest when he sees it,—and love is a pretty big item of life, Morris,—he can count on a fair chance of reciprocation not so dissembled that he is kicked downstairs, if 'the gain of the world' stands behind him! Humble circumstances limit a man to humble society; and humble society means real women in a man's life; not the ideal women who redeem his materialism. It is one of life's discrepancies that its idealities are attained by material means."

"More is behind what you have said, Joyce. Go on."

Stephen was right. There was more in Joyce's heart than even out of its fulness he had spoken. With the unconscious pitilessness of young blood and sensitive temperament, he had developed, under the goad of memory, a resentful distaste, a proud disdain, for the woman evolved emotionally, rather than socially. Adam ate; then accused the woman of tempting him. The first Father has many sons!

"All right," he said, hotly. "I 'll speak out, since you say so, Morris. If you don't like it, just remember you asked me, will you? Well, then, I 've had my fling with the style of girl whom wealth and position have not set apart from,—above us; and I tell you, a fellow like me misses his heights with her,—though through no fault of hers! Soul and intellect are there, like diamonds in the rough; but they have n't been refined and super-refined by generations of all-round culture, any more than her womanly,—not gentlewomanly—physique and manners. She can't exhale the atmosphere that shames a fellow's clay, and makes him sprout wings, any more than the best-meaning hollyhock can impress us like a lily. Well, now, what stands between any mother's son of us and the adorable women who can make, instead of mar us, at our best? Money, my son! Base, sordid money! So you see it '*doth* profit' me to gain it!"

"There is justice in your view," faltered Stephen, after a moment of silence. He was surprised by Joyce's earnestness, and perplexed by the social problem presented. "As the world is arranged, wealth may be the key to almost all things; as the soul-life of humanity is constituted, even the key to heaven! But what you forget is, that the golden key to spiritual development and highest human evolution, is by no means their one and only key. For instance, the truer the gentlewoman, the less she will value material credentials, in comparison with moral integrity and honor. I don't want to preach, on the strength of my recent initiations,—but Joyce, my boy, Joyce, Joyce,—"

"Oh, forge ahead," flushed Joyce. "You were always a perfect fellow, Morris. Of course I know that yours is conviction made honorable by practice,—not hypocritical cant!"

"I wish only to remind you that it is the man and his life that really count, even in the short run," said Stephen, speaking with diffidence. "Externals, at their best, only frame us transparently, for we are known for what we are at soul and heart, however fortune and fashion and fame may strive to transfigure us. Now your worldly ascent is all right enough in its way, but your nobler progression should have kept pace with it. There should have been no 'fling' with the lower type of woman, since you aspired to the higher. You have mocked and profaned your own aspirations, and proclaimed yourself unworthy to attain the star of your desire. 'God's best gift, woman,' is a sacred trust to us men; and our irreverence betrays,

in desecrating it. A clean life, an open record, an undefiled heart, make up the equipment of the worthy lover. Lacking these, what is his love but a profanation,—his plea of wealth and eminence but an insult implying that woman has her price? While life lasts nothing is beyond redemption, and God forbid that I should brand your future with the mistakes of a repented past; but the man with a past, Joyce, carries the penalty with him. Love is only a dishonor, a torture to him, till the secret of his guilt is honorably unburdened;—and then, he dooms the innocent to suffer for him!"

"Oh, woman forgives!" asserted Joyce, with the conviction of vast experience. "Don't be too far-fetched, Morris. If her ideals knew no compromise, where under heaven would be all the wives?"

"She forgives; but the punishment of the sin abides with her. Illusion is lost, and perfect faith blighted. The peace of innocence, too, is for ever over. Any day, any hour, the past may rise up—"

"Not a dead past, thank heaven!" interrupted Joyce, with confidence.

"Even dead pasts have their ghosts: and, all too often, their resurrections! Joyce, *has a man the right* to expose an innocent, tender woman, who loves him, to even the menace of these?"

It was Stephen's last word with Joyce, for he left the West on the following day; and it haunted the wilful young heart which, in spite of its weakness, had the seed of future good in it.

The vision of Father Martin and Stephen in congenial communion in the familiar rectory lingered with Joyce, and became his safeguard in hours of temptation. Even as individual memories, each had been as a guardian angel to him; and associated, their strength was increased and multiplied. Thoughts began to throng upon Joyce that made life more "earnest" even though less "real," in the sense of unspirituality:—vital thoughts of the life-within-life which men forget,—of the immortality that puts on brief mortality for Divine, eternal ends. His face grew more serious, his manner graver. He was entering the Advent of unrest which precedes the birth of the spirit. Stephen's return to the West had had its providence for Joyce:—but for Stephen,—ah, what for Stephen?

The peace of vocative conviction, yes;—which but intensi-

fied the pain of new obstacles to fulfilment; since distrust of Joyce was a new bond to Gladys,—a seeming call back to the world! By grace of the inspired Exercises of St. Ignatius, and the inspiring call-to-arms of the apostolically-zealous Father Hecker, his second novitiate under Father Martin, while duplicating his first, surpassed it alike in spiritual revelation and in the active good work without which faith is barren. Yet the problem which, since it involved Joyce's betrayal, he refrained from confiding to Father Martin, was as an overwhelming temptation, a seductive sophism, rifting the lute of his peaceful life. Never is Lucifer so speciously the angel of light, as when he sets up an illusion of human duty in opposition to the Divine call. It is a snare reserved for the souls of the godly,—a dazzling vision of wings of light that conceal the cloven hoof!

Little by little, however, the darkness lifted. It had been but the desolation counterbalancing spiritual sweetness,—the cross upon which the crown of vocative conviction was poised. Joyce's letters showed reformation; Imogen's return to America was doubtful, considering her Continental predilections. Gladys was one for whom he need not fear,—God carried her in His Hand! Yet, as the second summer of her absence waned, a strong unrest, an impulsion towards irrevocable decision, possessed Stephen. The spirit of autumn was in his pulses;—for Nature is Mother to Man.

All the world has corroborated the poet's legend of springtime; but it is equally true that the season of falling leaves spurs laggard maturity to resolution and deed. The presage of death makes brief life more precious. As summer mounts the colors that prove its shroud, the idler regrets lost time; the vacillator realizes that an overlong truce entails lost glory of battle; and the empty-handed gaze enviously at their thrifty neighbors' sheaves. Thus, it was in the glowing month of harvest, nearly two years after his first coming to Maintown, that Stephen realized his long-tried patience to be on exhaustion's verge. "*How long, O God, how long?*" cried his soul, in its anguish. And God, who heard his cry, answered.

The most momentous events of our lives are seldom those casting shadows before. While the soul is clad in the garments of flesh, it is in more sensible touch with natural than supernatural ordinances; and direct interpositions of Providence less commonly grant forewarnings, than flash like lightning upon

humanity's way. Therefore Stephen felt no presentiment that his hour of destiny was come at last, when one evening, ruddy with the blended rays of lingering sunset and early moon, he quitted the rectory library with a restless sigh, and turned into the empty church. Still less did Father Martin, walking down to the Josselyn farm with a letter from Joyce open in his hand, anticipate the surprise speeding towards him in the shape of his cousin Imogen, with the audacious dash of Paris in her eyes. Of late, even Gladys' letters had been irregular, and her mention of return infrequent and indefinite. Meditatively pacing the familiar road, the conviction flashed upon Father Martin that Stephen's probation was prolonged unnecessarily, and that upon his return he must urge upon him his duty to join Gladys, rather than defer to her too slow pleasure. Even as he took his customary seat by the Josselyn window, the station carryall passed the farmhouse at a spirited pace; but his eyes did not glance through the pane towards it. He had no intuition that it was bound for the rectory; nor of the trio of fair passengers in whose honor the proud driver had taken Main Street in dashing style.

It had been Imogen's wilful and persistent whim to surprise her kinsmen by an unannounced return; and she felt somewhat discomfited as the housekeeper opened the rectory door only to stand inhospitably in the gap, as she announced with due curtness that Father Martin was "down to the Josselyn farm, and like to be out all the evening." Later, relaxing from the aggressive attitude instinctively assumed towards feminine strangers by the guardians of bachelors in and out of the cloth, she admitted that "Mr. Morris might maybe in the library, or elseways, as like in the church"; whereupon Mam'selle, followed by Gladys, entered the rectory as a matter of course. Imogen, however, with a laughing word over her shoulder, flashed back to the carriage, and was driven to the Josselyn farm. The impulse inspiring her action was sudden, yet it seemed to her, as she yielded to it, that it was old as her widowhood. She had returned to America bent upon a daring experiment. Her mood was perilous to herself, doubly perilous to any one who should stand between her and the achievement of her desire; most perilous of all to unsuspecting Joyce Josselyn, with whose wheel of life Lachesis was toying mischievously, in mere wantonness of mood.

Stephen was not in the library, but his presence and Father Martin's pervaded the room for Gladys, for Stephen's vivid letters had made her a sharer of the rectory-life; and the library seemed as her own familiar and beloved retreat. The peaceful light of the student-lamp illumined the desk, and shone softly upon the tiers of books whose duplicates Gladys had studied in Europe, following Stephen spiritually and intellectually, as his letters recorded his reading. Through a mist of tender tears, she seemed to see priest and student in peaceful communion through the evening hours: Father Martin preparing his noble sermons, Stephen glancing up from his book to question and meditate; earnest speech followed by long silence, reverent, contemplative, illuminating, while the bronze clock ticked and chimed on the mantel, and the light burned lower, with fitful flickerings, as spiritual vibrations thrilled the air, like the beat of invisible wings. A wave of exquisite warmth flooded her heart,—the indescribable glow that no earth-flame gives, but that is life's premonition of heaven. It pulsed in her throat and quivered on her lips, and shimmered lustrously in her eyes; yet a chastened joy, a sweet awe akin to sorrow only in exterior sign, possessed her. Human response to the deep things, the grand things, the fine and beautiful things of life, verges upon sadness only because the exalted is never allied to laughter. The tender earnestness, the gentle gravity of "the Man Who never smiled," always characterizes the spiritual atmosphere.

"Shall we not hie to the chapel for our infallible first petition, Mam'selle?" smiled Gladys, referring to a pretty tradition obtaining with Mother Church's "little children,"—the convent-bred women whom no years can age spiritually, because their souls, in youth, absorbed heaven.

Mam'selle, with a tired smile, sank into the single easy-chair. "Go you, *chèrie*," she said. "The young have always some dear desire at heart. I shall follow you, *oui*; but a little later, when I rest me from this first fatigue."

The tactful half-truth was Mam'selle's little charity. Lacking absolute knowledge of any romantic relations between Gladys and Stephen, her tender intuitions yet suspected their existence; and she felt that if Stephen indeed knelt in prayer, it was Gladys alone who should join him.

The church was in semi-darkness, brightened only by the

moonbeams filtering through the pictorial windows, and the radiations of the lamp of vigil, pulsing like visible heart-beats. At the railing Stephen knelt in perfect stillness, his face screened by his hand. He did not know he was praying the rapt soul's prayer of quiet. If questioned, he would have said that he was only thinking,—thinking. There was a suggestion of weariness not physical, but reacting physically. In truth, Stephen had entered the church tired almost unto death of conflicting convictions and crucial spiritual suspense. Simultaneously with Father Martin, by the telepathy of souls akin, he too had determined that his wait by the wayside must give place to life on the road.

At the sound of light footfalls, his startled eyes lifted; and then, neither stirring nor speaking, he gazed stilly at the vision his soul-cry had summoned,—the Lord's handmaid, Gladys, gliding towards him through the shadows, with shy, sweet eyes fluttering, and parted lips trembling on the verge of speech.

"Stephen," she whispered, as she reached him. Then her hand stole into his and she knelt by his side. The Tabernacle light flickered towards them.

Man and woman,—perfect complements,—worthy in mind and soul of each other,—and between their human hearts, their mortal lives, only the Mystery of the Altar! Nature, or grace,—which would be victor? Between them, conflict must be!

Gladys' spiritual surrender of Stephen had been light enough originally, since at that time her love had not responded; but now as she renewed sight and touch of him she realized that her heart had grown fonder in absence. The memory of his love-words had glowed in her girlish dreams; his letters had stimulated her intellect while satisfying her spiritually; and judging all new suitors by his splendid standard, she had dismissed them as mannikins rather than men, and returned as she went,—with the fateful feminine difference that she was a year and a long day older! The free heart of girlhood is the void of maturity; and Gladys' home-coming had seemed lonely and desolate in the human sense, until now when she knelt beside Stephen!

Under her lashes she stole a side-glance at him. How grave he was, how stern, how purely pale, how self-poised and manly! She liked his calm strength, his proud reserve, his passive power. She felt at peace in his presence,—protectively

cherished, reverently cared for! She was tired of life without tenderness,—without natural womanly dependence. She wearied to lean, as she had leaned on her father. The blank of the future dismayed and affrighted her. Oh, if Stephen might but retain her hand!

Her unconscious sob betrayed her. Stephen shrank as the soft sound smote his heart with the strength that only tender things wield. For an instant he was bewildered,—his thought, his impulse alike chaotic. Then, as the mist cleared, the most subtle of all temptations stole upon him,—the temptation of spiritual delusion. Once again the Divine was shadowed by the usurping human. Was not man's highest duty the duty nearest his hand? Was it virtue, or criminal cruelty, to loose this white dove to the snares of the fowlers? Was it doing by Gladys as he would have another do by his little Mina? The Golden Rule was the creed of Christ;—and such a woman as Gladys was in direct need of his protection. Her mission of wealth was a vocative service. What save a false light could have decoyed him to desertion of the life-work he had volunteered to share? Of a sudden, renunciation of the world and its wearisome pomps, its satiating vanities, seemed no sacrificial response to the call to perfection, but only mere selfish indulgence of solitary and simple personal taste! His keen sense of the soul-life was benumbed and blunted; his recent aspirations became in memory but vague, intangible, unreal things,—ideally high and pure, indeed,—satisfying self-esteem, and sustaining vainglory;—yet visions and dreams, ecstatical fancies, disproved by the challenge of life!

Then, as was inevitable, since the incarnate soul must be swayed by the human, the warmth of the woman-hand still nestling in his hold burned its way to his manly heart. Temptation grew less subtle, less spiritual, less impersonal. It suggested boldly that duty Divine and human,—chivalrous obligation,—were much, but not all of masculine life:—that man's inalienable right, his sacred privilege, was the life of his heart,—his love-life! Tender courtship, sacramental marriage,—what human possibility could be more pure, more noble, since unselfish in service, and immortal in issue? Suddenly he recognized long loneliness, long heart-hunger. The social apostolate, the philanthropical mission of great fortune,—marital honor, the sweet dignity of paternity, was vividly his vision. To stand

aside from full and perfect life's opportunities and perpetuity no longer seemed holiness, but sheerest fanaticism,—barren egoism! True religion was the sane union of nature and grace; humble acceptance, not presumptuous selection, of God's ordinances!

Unnoticed by the two absorbed in self and each other, the door at the rear of the church had opened, and a woman mounted the choir-stairs. She turned on the gas, but its feeble light lost itself in the nave's deep gloom; and she failed to discern the kneeling figures. She was the organist, who came almost nightly for practice; but the service of song was her heart's desire, and her sweet but untrained voice often lifted its petition when she believed herself quite alone.

Her fingers skimmed the keys in a haunting voluntary which floated on the silence like a ripple on still waters; then, improvising, modulating, preluding, she drifted into a free translation, an impromptu rendering of the divine invocation,—

"VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

"Holy Spirit! Lord of Light,
From Thy clear celestial height,
Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

Come with grace and heav'nly aid,
Fill the hearts that Thou hast made,—
Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

Paraclete, to Thee we cry,
Highest Gift of God Most High,—
Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

Light Immortal! Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,—
Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

Above them, around them, the pleading notes pulsed like ecstatic sobs. The singer sang better than she knew. The Spirit had inspired her.

Sometimes as the prayer for self ascends, its descending answer is the grace of others. Thus the Divine Light that the singer asked flashed clearly, then and there, upon Stephen. On the wings of the art echoing heaven's hosannas, the Dove sought

the soul called to follow the Lamb, and set the white seal of choice upon it! Doubt, desolation, temptation, fled before apocalypse, even as shadows flee before the morning. Stephen no longer knew that doubt had existed,—that temptation ever had been!

For even as the organ still thrilled with music, and the sweet voice lingered amid the echoes, Stephen "*heard a voice from heaven as the noise of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder, and the voice . . . was as the voice of harpers, harping on their harps. And they sung as it were a new canticle, before the throne. . . . These are they who . . . were virgins. These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These are purchased from among men, the first-fruits to God and to the Lamb.*"

And Gladys?

The woman's allotted part is renunciation. God, man, love, the world,—even her own nearest and dearest,—all, sooner or later, grind renunciation's sacrificial iron into her shrinking soul. But even as God claims, He consoles and substitutes; and knowing, as the message of the song reached her responsive spirit, that Stephen was called to the palms of victory, Gladys' surrender was sweet in its tender pain, and exultant beneath its sorrow. In the fluctuating life-flame of the faithful lamp, the white Christ of the Tabernacle faced the eyes of faith; and in His patient captivity He looked so wistful, so lonely, that to yield Him the soul that could serve and comfort Him seemed the office of ministering love!

On common impulse both arose, and left the church together. The library was empty. Mam'selle, at the first soft note of the organ, had stolen noiselessly into the church.

By the gentle light of the student-lamp Stephen saw that time had strengthened and ennobled Gladys' beauty. Her eyes had a deeper light; she was more the woman, though no less maidenly; her expression had matured from excessive mildness to a gentleness veiling latent resolution. Her dove-gray attire, perhaps, accounted for her luminous pallor. Yet, no! The white flame of the soul is *sui generis*. It is an inner, not an external radiance,—its virginal glory approximated by nothing in the human order, and in the natural, only by the warm white bloom on the heart of an annunciation lily, steeped in the Springtime sun.

"You are altered," he said, softly; "and yet the same. Let my eyes look their fill, my Gladys!"

She did not remind him that her hand was still the captive of his strong, close clasp. She knew that it was for the last time.

"You, too, are altered,—and vastly for the better, Stephen. My advice was good? Father Martin has agreed with you? You have been well, and peaceful, and—happy?"

"I have been all that you wished,—all that you prayed I might be, Gladys! And you?"

As he released her, she sunk into the chair Mam'selle had deserted, unconsciously grasping its arms for support. She trembled emotionally as she glanced up at him,—standing before her, towering above her, bending towards her,—a reverent, chivalrous man whose love and life-service were hers to claim even at this final hour.

"All my news is old news," she reminded him. "My letters reserved only our date of return, which Mrs. Raymond wished to be a surprise to you. And yours—yours were wonderful letters, Stephen! You wrote—looking into your soul."

"Yes," he admitted. "You sped me upon my soul-life, Gladys; so I sent you my notes by the way."

Then a silence fell between them,—a silence broken only by their audible heart-beats. The blood surged to Gladys' face, but Stephen's eyes did not leave it. Her soul must be his open book to-night!

"So 'the year and a day,'—a long day, dear,—are ended," he murmured. "And after?"

"And after, for me," she forced her quivering lips to answer, "the active ministry of my wealth-in-trust, for which these passive years have been my probation."

"Yes. And for me?"

"That is not for you to ask me, but to tell me, Stephen," she protested, faintly. "But no! I am selfish, cruel. Words are unnecessary. Already, of course, I know!"

She had seen his face blanch, and with true woman-instinct, sought to spare and save him. That it was hard for him to fail her, she knew full well: even though her own prophecy was but verified.

She was not conscious that her tears were falling, or that the man's touched heart ached and pleaded for her, even against

the Te Deum of his detached soul. She knew only that the Christ of the Tabernacle had deigned to appeal to her. Should she fail His need and trust? Oh, no, no!

"For you, Stephen," she faltered,—"the grand heights and depths of life of which I once spoke to you,—where only my soul can follow you! The vision I foresaw has beckoned you—above me. Then, you doubted my insight, my presentiment, my prophecy; but reading your letters, I knew that light was dawning for you; and to-night—in the church—I think an angel sang to us both—the song of the Divine Will! O Stephen, Stephen, yours is the perfect, the supreme destiny! Gaining all, you lose nothing,—nothing!"

"And you, Gladys?"

His tense face, his stern voice, told her that evasion was useless. He was not a man to be deceived lightly. In her truth lay his chance of peace.

"My Stephen," she said with a sob in her voice, "I am—only a woman—a young woman,—a lonely woman, and awed by the responsibility that lies before me. When we parted, I left you without one heart-pang. When we part to-night, I cannot say as much; for I have learned day by day, letter by letter, experience by experience, all that your strong, good manhood might mean—to my woman-life. But what am I—beside Christ? What is marriage—beside the priesthood? Would I love you if I called you from the great to the lesser? Could I be happy as the defrauder of the gentle Christ? If a word of mine could turn you from your beautiful vocation, I would die rather than utter it. 'The better part shall not be taken from you,'—God forbid! And Stephen, do not suffer. He will not let me—miss you too sorely! Your prayers for me shall be your better substitute,—enfolding me—all my life!"

For answer he lifted her hand to his lips. They trembled against it, forbidding utterance. That pure kiss was Stephen's farewell to the love of woman. If the kiss was tear-wet, it was not his shame but his glory. Christ wept tears of love, and of pain of loss,—tears of tenderest human mourning! The most Christ-like hearts in the Christian priesthood are the hearts that have offered love's white sacrifice; and Stephen lived to bless the day when human love came to him,—love, the key to humanity's heart!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Views and Reviews.

1. **Belser**: *Einleitung in das Neue Testament;* 2. **Keating**: *The Agapé and the Eucharist in the Early Church;* **Batiffol**: *Études d'Histoire et de Théologie Positive;* 3. **Vaschalde**: *Three Letters of Philoxenus, Bishop of Mabbogh (485-519);* 4. **Cross**: *The Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies;* 5. **Adams**: *Lee at Appomattox, and other Papers;* 6. **Prudhomme-Richet**: *Le Problème des Causes Finales;* 7. **Forbes**: *L'Évangélisation des Hommes en France et Quelques Réformes Nécessaires;* 8. **Nirdlinger**: *Althea, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation;* 9. **Gay**: *Correspondance de Mgr. Gay;* 10. **Guerber**: *Yourself;* 11. **Mann**: *Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages;* 12. **Robbins**: *A Christian Apologetic;* **Robinson**: *The Study of the Gospels;* **Swete**: *Patristic Study;* 13. **Bruneau**: *The Day of an Invalid.*

1.—Dr. Belser* of Tübingen has contributed to Biblical literature a work of profound importance. His Introduction to the New Testament is occupied with a range of investigations which bear upon matters of supreme concern not only to critical scholarship but also to the Christian religion. The genuineness, the authenticity, and the integrity of the New Testament writings—for these three studies form the subject of the higher criticism of the Christian Scriptures—certainly are the most vital questions of modern apologetic. Even in the field of philosophy, in the discussions concerning a personal God, the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul, it is doubtful whether there is anything to equal in practical and immediate importance the issue of the fierce debate which is agitated about the august Person of Christ as He is revealed to us in Matthew and Mark, in Luke and John, in Paul and Peter, James and Jude. And in no field of inquiry are there names of more illustrious scholars: Michaelis, Eichhorn, Hilgenfeld, Mayer, Haltzmann; and on the Catholic side, Richard Simon—greatest of all—Hug, Scholz, Langen, whose Introduction was written before the Vatican Council, and Kaulen form a corps of tireless students and brilliant investigators who have raised the science of New Testament introduction to a position of unsurpassed influence and dignity. To these great names Dr. Belser's is not unworthy of being added. His work is marked by the cautious judgment and deep scholarship which befit his theme. He has fully explored all the results of criticism, and

* *Einleitung in das Neue Testament.* Von Dr. Johannes Belser, Professor der Theologie an der Universität zu Tübingen. Freiburg: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1901.

while his positions are nearly always conservative, he implicitly gives credit on every page to the eminent leaders from whom he is frequently obliged to differ.

Some of the more important conclusions reached by Dr. Belser are as follows: 1. St. Matthew wrote his Gospel originally in the pure Hebrew, not in the popular Aramaic. The date of this *Urevangelium* is about the year 40. 2. St. Mark wrote a first draught of his Gospel in Rome in 44, but the work was gone over and placed in the public use of the faithful only in 63 or 64. 3. St. Luke's Gospel was written between 44 and 64. The Acts were composed before the year 70. 4. The fourth Gospel must be dated between 92–96. The Apocalypse goes back to 95. 5. As to the great Synoptic problem, the conclusions are: St. Matthew is the earliest of the Evangelists. St. Mark drew upon the Hebrew Matthew, and also upon St. Peter's oral account. St. Luke drew upon St. Matthew, both the Hebrew and the Greek; also upon St. Mark, and finally upon oral tradition. As to St. John's Gospel, it is entirely the composition of the beloved disciple, though the twenty-first chapter was written some time later than the rest, and the whole composition, as we now have it, was sent out from Ephesus by St. John himself, and was used even in his lifetime in the Christian Church.

In upholding his opinions Dr. Belser, as we have said, takes into reckoning every achievement and nearly every main hypothesis of the modern critical school. His plan, too, is orderly, and he adopts the eminently useful method of summing up his conclusions at the end of each investigation. We must, however, notice one or two defects which tend to lessen the utility of a great work. There is no account of the history of New Testament science—the *Geschichte der Disciplin.* Neither is there much of that indispensable auxiliary, an adequate bibliography. We regret, too, that the author did not devote a few pages to textual criticism, a description of the chief manuscripts, etc. And as regards manner of treatment, it is surely a loss that Dr. Belser in treating the Synoptic problem did not place the parallel passages in a kind of table, so that the state of the question might be seen at a glance. Again, certain late hypotheses are quite passed over which we should like to see noticed. If Heinrici's striking contribution to the Synoptic problem in his *Bergpredigt* is too recent, at least we should have some re-

ference to Wendt's theory of the fourth Gospel, and to the Abbé Loisy's manner of accounting for the Johannine discourses Finally, we are sure a great many of Dr. Belser's readers will wonder at his treatment of the first epistle of St. John. Throughout the entire work the author shows himself especially thorough and especially conservative in questions of genuinity and integrity. The last twelve verses of St. Mark, for example, receive a very full treatment. But when we look for a similar attention given to the famous text of the Three Witnesses, in the fifth chapter of the first epistle of St. John, we find the controversy as to the genuineness or spuriousness of this text absolutely unnoticed. It will be remembered that five or six years ago the Holy Office issued a decree insisting on the genuineness of I. John v. 7. Nearly all textual critics now reject the passage; and so we naturally look for a defence of the traditional view in a book like the one we are reviewing. But neither for the disputed verse nor for the Holy Office has our learned author a single word. We repeat, many of his readers will find this more than mystifying.

Still, taken as a whole, this work is profoundly learned, and a great credit to the Catholic faculty of Tübingen.

As a piece of book-making the volume is a thing to delight the heart. The illustrious house of Herder is every day deserving more grateful attention from every Catholic student and teacher. We earnestly hope for a wide circulation for these researches of Dr. Belser. And, in concluding, the occasion seems apropos for expressing the wish that the time is near at hand when no graduate of an American seminary will be ignorant of German—unquestionably the language of the world's most accurate and thorough learning.

2.—Here is a pretty controversy. A year ago Mr. J. F. Keating presented as a dissertation for the doctorate in divinity, in Cambridge University, the greater part of the volume he has published under the title *The Agapé* and the Eucharist.* And Mgr. Batiffol, the well-known historian of dogma, and rector of the University of Toulouse, has taken the Cambridge doctor severely to task in the last of the four essays he has named *Études d'Histoire.*† The subject under discussion, the

* *The Agapé and the Eucharist in the Early Church.* Studies in the History of the Christian Love-Feasts. By J. F. Keating, D.D. London: Methuen & Co. 1901.

† *Études d'Histoire et de Théologie Positive.* Par Mgr. Pierre Batiffol. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 1902. Étude 4, *L'Agapé.*

Agapé, may seem to most readers a rather recondite one, and even the historians and antiquarians admit that the whole story of the primitive Christian love-feast is most obscure and mysterious. The matter, of course, has been treated before; there is not a manual of church history or of archæology that has not summarized the available information concerning the Agapé, but it remained for Mr. Keating to do "what has never been at all fully done before," to bring together the sources, to examine the heathen and Jewish history for analogies and possible precursors of the Christian feast, to give a full and systematic exegesis of the texts of the Fathers on the matter, and in general to collect and to comment upon whatever testimonies are to be found concerning this somewhat enigmatical phenomenon of the Early Church.

Needless to say, his work has been done thoroughly, and he has reached conclusions that most readers would think perfectly justified by his texts and discussions. He has determined that from the existence of religious repasts and "love-meals" among the pagans and Jews, there was an antecedent probability that the Christian religion, growing up in heathen and Hebraic environment, would also have its love-feast; that this probability was strengthened and developed into a certainty by the custom of our Lord's eating and drinking with his disciples, his "table-fellowship" with them, as Mr. Keating calls it; that, as a matter of fact the practice of assembling and sharing a common meal expressive of fraternal charity, *did* exist among the first Christians; that this love-meal had in the beginning a direct connection with the Holy Eucharist (though by no means identical with It); that this quasi-liturgical custom of common entertainment lasted, among the Christians, with some vicissitudes and some variation of form and meaning and purpose, down through the fourth century, when, because of abuses, it was generally prohibited by the church. Yet these data are not, strictly speaking, "conclusions" of Mr. Keating. Rather these are the positions admitted by almost all who have written on the subject, and Mr. Keating's especial work has been to examine the relations between the Holy Eucharist and the Agapé, the causes of the separation of the two, and a comparison of documents with a view to elucidating the question generally, rather than to proving any historical thesis.

But Mgr. Batiffol, in controverting Mr. Keating's work, has

not at all confined himself to the minor discussions; he has made bold to deny *in toto* almost every conclusive statement of his opponent, to undermine every position taken by him, to question every reasoning urged by him, to contradict every exegesis suggested by him—in a word, to deny not only any liturgical character of the Agapé, not only its connection with the Eucharist, but its very existence.

Evidently, in taking such a radical stand as this, Mgr. Batiffol has opposed not only Mr. Keating, but all students of the subject—and even has felt himself impelled to retract much of what he himself had previously published on the Agapé. And, as we have said, the controvery is a notable one.

We have neither time nor space in this department to follow the discussion, but we cannot close this notice without recording our firm conviction that Mr. Keating has all the better of the argument. The learned rector of Toulouse has been too learned here, the critic has let his critical sense run wild with him, the historian has so far lost his historical temper as to argue like a dogmatist for a thesis, and the erudite archæologist has spent his erudition in a most profligate way attempting to demonstrate the impossible. He has twisted and turned and wriggled away from plain texts, he has in a most unaccountable manner perverted the principles of historical criticism, he has directed all his energies, all his talents, all his undeniable skill to the accomplishment of a mere *tour de force*, and he has failed. The work of Mr. Keating remains still to be overthrown, and we see no reason why any one *should* try to overthrow it. Plainly Mgr. Batiffol considers himself obliged to combat a dissertation which he imagines has a secret insinuating tendency to invalidate the Catholic conception of the sacrifice of the Mass. In our judgment he is totally mistaken. Reading both Mr. Keating's book and Mgr. Batiffol's criticism, we fail to understand how the latter could have suspected any such tendency in the work of the former.

3—The latest doctor of philosophy to come from the Catholic University of America has written a degree-dissertation* which will at once admit its author into the company

* *Three Letters of Philoxenus, Bishop of Mabbogh (485-519).* Edited from Syriac Manuscripts in the Vatican Library, with an English translation, an Introduction to the life, works, and doctrines of Philoxenus, a Theological Glossary, and an Appendix of Bible Quotations. By Arthur Adolphe Vaschalde, member of the Society of the Priests of St. Basil. Roma: Tipografia della R. Accademia dei Lincei.

of recognized Oriental scholars. Dr. Vaschalde, in this work, edits for the first time three letters of Philoxenus, the celebrated champion of Jacobite Monophysitism in the latter part of the fifth and the first part of the sixth century. From the double point of view of Syriac literature and of the history of doctrine, it is of the highest importance that the extant unpublished works of Philoxenus should be given to the world. It is acknowledged that this ancient bishop is one of the masters of Syriac style, and it requires but a glance at the theological history of his time to discern how great a figure he was in the bitter controversies regarding the nature and the personality of Christ. It is, therefore, not merely a work of ornate scholarship which Dr. Vaschalde has achieved, but one of great scientific utility. How well he has performed his labor any reader of his dissertation, even one unversed in Syriac, may readily discover. For not only have we here the original text, with a careful and graceful translation, of three doctrinal letters of Philoxenus—the "Letter to the Monks," the "First Letter to the Monks of Beth-Gangal," and the "Letter to the Emperor Zeno"—but also a fine study of the life of Philoxenus, with a critical appreciation of sources, a clear exposition of the questions at stake in the ancient Christological disputes, and a glossary of the theological terms employed in the present documents. We commend to our readers who are interested in real university work the name of Dr. Vaschalde—a name that will surely attract the attention of the erudite everywhere; and we must add our congratulations also to Dr. Hyvernat, the eminent Orientalist who guided Dr. Vaschalde's studies at the university.

4.—Dr. Arthur Lyon Cross has written a volume of the highest utility for the student of American ecclesiastical history.* It is an extensive monograph on the relation of the American colonies to the Episcopalian bench of bishops in the mother country; on the vicissitudes attending the introduction of American bishops among the Anglicans of the colonies; and incidentally on many an obscure chapter in the early annals of Virginia, Carolina, and Massachusetts. The book is admirably "documented," as the French put it, and is clearly the work

* *The Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies.* By Arthur Lyon Cross, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of a trained student of historical problems. Those whose studies take them into matters cognate with the author's subject will find him an invaluable reference.

5.—Mr. Charles Francis Adams is a gentleman whose distinguished culture and wide reading have brought new lustre to a celebrated name. The latest volume from his pen will not diminish this merited celebrity.* The work consists of five essays, the importance of which is indicated by their titles. They are: 1. Lee at Appomattox; 2. The Treaty of Washington; 3. The British Change of Heart; 4. An Undeveloped Function; 5. A Plea for Military History. Of these papers the one which appears to us decidedly the most interesting is that on "An Undeveloped Function." It is a plea based on exhaustive examination of American history for the scholar in politics. It is a call to every student and teacher in the country to present before the people, in the course of a presidential campaign, the historical aspect of the issues to be decided by popular vote. Such a presentation made in a spirit absolutely alien to partisanship would change our quadrennial canvasses, Mr. Adams legitimately maintains, from a contest of boisterous declamation to a dignified discussion of patriotic and non-partisan policies. This is a very noble essay, and we hope it will be widely read. And we trust that Mr. Adams will continue both by his personal action and by his erudite pen to fight for the recognition of the scholar and the supremacy of independent thinking in American politics.

6.—The latest contribution to the immense philosophical question of final causes† is a little volume of boundless interest. M. Charles Richet, professor in the University of Paris, recently wrote an article on the subject in the *Revue Scientifique*. His position is, that while we must beware of ridiculous excesses in laying down a doctrine of final causes—must avoid, for example, such notions as that the whole universe, from the oyster to Sirius, has been created just to be a kind of dining-hall and picture-gallery for man,—nevertheless, within proper limits a true philosophy is constrained to adopt some

* *Lee at Appomattox, and other Papers.* By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Le Problème des Causes Finales.* Par Sully-Prudhomme et Charles Richet. Paris: Félix Alcan.

kind of finality-hypothesis. Biology and zoölogy simply thrust upon us data which clamor for this hypothesis. M. Richet, however, is very cautious in defining the scope which our final-cause doctrine should possess. He goes no farther than saying: There is in organic Nature a teleological effort—the effort to live, to create, and sustain life. Accordingly we may at least affirm that the course of things is just what we should expect if Nature designedly purposed animal life. "*Tout se passe comme si la Nature avait voulu la vie.*"

Even this cautious statement of final causes will arouse objections, of course, among all materialists, determinists, and extreme Darwinists. These objections are addressed to M. Richet in seven letters of M. Sully-Prudhomme. This gentleman writes in a tone of admirable kindliness and candor, and with an extraordinary keenness for argument and analysis. He discusses anthropomorphism, the Darwinian theory of natural selection, the conclusions and methods of modern science, free will, and finally that effort of Nature to sustain life which is the foundation of M. Richet's position. Every philosopher will find the discussion fascinating. For an exercise in our philosophy class-rooms an examination of this little work would be of incalculable value. We only regret that M. Richet is given but little space in reply to his critic's animadversions.

7.—To all who would learn, from a highly authoritative source, just what is the present state of the church in France, we urgently recommend a pamphlet* of James Forbes, which is now reprinted from the *Études* of last April.

There can be no disguising of the horrors and the dangers now confronting Catholicity among the French. Both in cities and in the peasant districts defections, backslidings, apostasies, indifference, contempt for religion and disrespect for its ministers, disclose the nation as already trembling on the brink of universal infidelity. For this condition of things, says M. Forbes, some responsibility must be laid upon Catholics themselves. They have held aloof from national life, from social work among workingmen, and from the intellectual activity of the times. The remedy, then, is in a course of action which is opposed to aloofness. They must take hold of the spirit of

* *L'Évangélisation des Hommes en France et Quelques Réformes Nécessaires.* Par James Forbes. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

the country; they must seek out the working-classes and deal with them by modern methods; and they must win for themselves a place of honor in the nation's intellectual life. This is a summary of M. Forbes' position; but it is supported with statistics and the results of personal investigation, which we cannot even indicate here, but which give to his observations the momentum of indubitable truth. We cannot too strongly recommend this little brochure to the Catholics of this country. We shall find in it much that will stimulate meditation upon our own conditions.

8.—To the latest artist to busy herself with the entertainment of our children* we extend our congratulations and our welcome. Miss Nirdlinger displays in her first story many qualities which point to more than usual merit. She is very happy in delineating the spirit of childhood; she is skilful in conducting the dialogue of the little ones; and she throws into her situations a dramatic element which will charm readers who have long left their early years. Then her narrative is inspiring and wholesome, without a suspicion of moral discoursing. Children could read few more enjoyable books than this, and we trust that the talented young author will rise rapidly to eminence.

9.—Those who enjoy spiritual reading of a hopeful and encouraging tone—and who can enjoy any other kind?—and those who would learn admirable principles of spiritual direction, will be pleased with this volume of the correspondence of Mgr. Gay.† The spirit that animates the great bishop's counsels to penitents is expressed in his own words: "*Demandez tout ce qui vous manque, et agissez comme ne manquant rien*"—"Pray for everything you need, but work as though you needed nothing." Immense trust in God, but the fullest exertion of one's own will—this is his leading principle; and there could be none better for a soul that aspires to a life that shall lie near to Heaven.

10.—Children should know something of the principles of physiology and hygiene, it is universally admitted, and

* *Althea, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation.* By D. Ella Nirdlinger. St. Louis: "1904" Publishing Company,

† *Correspondance de Mgr. Gay: Lettres de Direction Spirituelle.* Paris: H. Oudin.

even something of the sacred secrets of Nature when they arrive at an appropriate age. The difficulty is to find books that will give this teaching in a plain and delicate manner. An effort in this direction is made in a recent book of H. A. Guerber.* In the hands of careful parents it will well serve this end. In the hands of parents, we say, for it is our opinion that it is solely from them that children should learn the mysteries that take place in the fleshly temple of the Spirit of God. Accordingly, as a guide-book to parents for the teaching of physical laws and processes to their children we recommend this book.

11.—The purpose and extent of Father Mann's history have already been placed before the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. This latest publication † forms the second part of the first volume of the work. It treats of the lives of the Roman Pontiffs from Vitalian (657) to Hadrian I. (795). The pages of this second part are marked by the same careful, critical spirit, the same evidences of thorough research, the same smooth style that characterized Father Mann's first volume and caused us to pronounce it a classic of church history in its own particular field. Oftentimes events and men of whom the author writes have been much obscured, and have left little more than a name to posterity; oftentimes the civil power, antagonistic to the Papacy, seems to have overshadowed and crushed it, but the Papacy has always endured with the powers of renewed, vigorous life and action when the church demanded them, and Father Mann's volume is a most telling proof that such was the case during those Dark Ages—dark in the sense that the world had by no means as yet entirely risen above the level of barbarism.

The two most important Popes of the period under discussion were Gregory II.—a saint of the church—and Hadrian I. The former had to wage war against the Iconoclasts. The latter, to whose life the author devotes over one hundred pages, was the strong friend of Charlemagne. During his reign the temporal power of the Popes was placed upon a stronger foundation, and the power of the Lombards was broken for ever. Hadrian practically rebuilt Rome on the seven hills, and

* *Yourself.* By H. A. Guerber. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. St. Louis: B. Herder.

by counselling and materially helping Charlemagne did much to extend education and learning for all classes throughout his dominions.

12.—The three little volumes * thus far issued in the "Hand-books for the Clergy" series give us a high idea of the value of the undertaking. They summarize the latest results of critical scholarship in matters of theological and apologetic interest, and they suggest most admirable methods for the personal study of such questions. They are not of Catholic authorship, though we remember scarcely anything in them which is seriously objectionable. Dr. Swete, however, would have done well to omit or modify such a sentence as this: "Leo I. composed no great dogmatic treatises, such as we owe to Hilary and Augustine; it is perhaps fortunate that no such work has ever proceeded from the chair which now claims infallibility." Dr. Robinson's treatise on Gospel-study is especially good. He takes his reader, as it were, by the hand and introduces him with the utmost grace to the serious problems connected with New Testament study. Until hand-books as good as these come from a Catholic source, we think that a priest would do well to procure this helpful and scholarly series.

13.—We thank Father Bruneau for his translation † of Henri Perreyve's *Journée des Malades.* Our English literature is enriched by this work of a great soul—one of the greatest and the tenderest that has ever lived and suffered, the young Oratorian whom Gratry loved, and with whom he hoped to labor for the conversion of France. It tells the sick how to pray, how to sanctify suffering, how even in their affliction to be glad. It has done great good in the original French, and now that it is accessible to a wider circle of readers, we trust that it will lie on the table of many a sick-chamber among us, whence it shall speak Christ's holy message to hearts in pain and souls in sorrow.

* *A Christian Apologetic.* By Wilford L. Robbins, D.D. *The Study of the Gospels.* By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. *Patristic Study.* By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Day of an Invalid.* Translated from the French of Henri Perreyve, by Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S. New York: Christian Press Association.

14.—If it were only to illustrate the perfection of the modern science of historiography, M. Paul Allard's work* on the Emperor Julian is worthy of unstinted recommendation. Whether or not our historical studies lie in the particular field wherein the distinguished author is now engaged, one could scarcely do better than to give this work a complete investigation.

A thorough mastery of the sources of his history, a consistent observance of the passionless method and style that befit the exponent of historical truth, and a real power of narrative are among the elements that contribute to the success of this study.

The book is now completed by the publication of the second and third volumes, the first having been issued in 1900. The third volume closes with a chapter on the psychological analysis of the character of the Apostate, as evidenced by the preceding history of his life. And finally there is an appendix of extreme value to the student, giving an enumeration and critical review of the sources used in this biography.

It is needless to recommend further a work the first part of which has already introduced itself to the world of scholarship, and which has in its favor, furthermore, the prestige attaching to the name of M. Allard, once the worthy pupil, and now more and more becoming a master of perhaps the ablest historical school that modern scientific methods have created.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

Standard books of reference at the present day occupy a place in our intellectual life of much greater importance than ever before. There was a contention once as to the relative influence in shaping the ideas and sentiments of a nation between the one who made the laws for the people and the one who wrote their songs. In our modern world neither one of these persons exercises an influence that is at all comparable with the one who writes the reference books for the people. The spread of education and the consequent stores of knowl-

* *Julien l'Apostat.* Par M. Paul Allard. Vols. II. and III. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 1903.

* *The International Encyclopædia.* Editors: Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876–1901), President of Carnegie Institution; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor in Columbia University; Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late professor of Economics in New York University. Vols. I., II., III. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

edge one must possess, and the multiplicity of topics that an educated man must be conversant with, make an encyclopædia a necessity for every family library.

An encyclopædia, to be of value at all, must be a depository of truth. In its preparation the most scrupulous care should be taken to get at facts. Its budget of information should be revised in accordance with the latest researches. Its statement of points disputed in history or of contentions between scholars should be so evenly balanced that the reader may get the benefit of both sides. When the utmost regard is had for strict impartiality then only can the work be commended as a book of reference.

Concerning the *New International Encyclopædia* we are not prepared to give a final verdict. Much may be said right here of the admirable arrangement of this new work. The very highest skill has been exercised by the makers in presenting a reference work that is handy, comprehensive, scientific, and in the presentation of its vast stores of knowledge a remarkable availability that renders the work peculiarly useful. The editors have done away with the signed article, and have thus made themselves responsible for the truth of the information that they afford.

While, of course, we are interested in the creation of such a monumental work, we are particularly solicitous about its exactness in regard to things Catholic. The doctrines of the church and the topics that are peculiarly allied with Catholic teaching have not fared happily at the hands of English encyclopædia makers. Some one has said that English history has been a conspiracy against the truth. The statement might be applied with special fitness in regard to things Catholic in our standard encyclopædias. For this reason we are earnestly solicitous that this new work, which undoubtedly will be the storehouse of information for the coming generation, shall be absolutely impartial in its statement of truths concerning the Catholic Church. For this reason we shall return to the review of this encyclopædia again.

In this first criticism we are prepared to commend the work for its admirable lucidity of arrangement, for its wealth of illustration, for its exhaustive and yet comprehensive treatment of topics, and for the practical convenience with which it may be consulted.

Library Table.

The Tablet (4 Oct.): Apropos of a paper read at the Catholic Truth Society meeting, mentions Canada as "the promised land of the little waifs rescued from the London streets by Catholic charity," and points out its material and spiritual advantages. "The deflection of some of the currents of British emigration from the United States would serve at once the interests of the Empire and of the Catholic Church."

Roman Correspondent explains the action of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs in condemning the theories on ecclesiastical and social policy of Don Romolo Murri—a very clever, eloquent, energetic, and ambitious young priest—"who described Catholicism of to-day by the simile of a beautiful old building of the thirteenth century, covered all over with unsightly stucco and incongruous additions—all of which must be removed by Christian Democrats before the church could be seen in all its beauty. The stuccoes, etc., alluded to were: 'Semi-pagan customs rehashed, juridical conceptions based on Roman jurisprudence, philosophical and theological ideas elaborated in our schools, monastic institutions grown fatally degenerate with the lapse of time and incapable of rejuvenation,' and so on. Murri also declared himself in favor of the principle of 'a free church in a free state.'" The condemnation has been promptly followed by the submission of Don Romolo Murri. "It will, moreover, be observed that the movement so happily nipped in the bud has much in common with similar movements which have been condemned in recent years in England, France, and the United States."

(25 Oct.): Analyzes and comments on Canon Hunsley's paper on Home Reunion, read at the Church Congress recently held. Home Reunion excludes Roman Catholics, and is to embrace and weld together in unity Anglicans, Dissenters of all kinds, Scotch Presbyterians, and Welsh Calvinists, and the sects of each of these varieties which Ireland may contribute. *The Tablet*

remarks that the experience of Protestantism during the past three hundred years is that Protestantism and unity are self-contradictory. But Mr. Heuson does not mean the Catholic notion of unity, nor even the old Protestant notion. "Home reunion must mean such a measure of mutual recognition by the denominations as will restrain the exasperation and practical folly of overlapping, will enable the common organization of pastoral and evangelistic work, and will terminate the disastrous suspicion which now degrades the religious life of England by permitting that fellowship of Christians, as such, which seems inseparable from the notion of discipleship." But, *The Tablet* comments, this is merely a *modus vivendi* and not unity, not "one mind in Christ." Conscientious men, believing different doctrines among themselves, would feel bound to preach what they believed and could not pocket their convictions, without doing which working fellowship is unthinkable. *The Tablet* feels that it is laying itself open to the rejoinder that such fundamental and irreconcilable differences already do exist in the Anglican Church, and yet there is Anglican fellowship. If Canon Heuson's plea be based on these grounds it cannot see how the arguments addressed to his fellow-churchmen can well be refuted. But at the same time it is surely nothing less than a national calamity to debar the ideal of unity in the domain of religion from that true ideal: "That they may be one even as we also are one."

The Month (Nov.): Fr. Tyrrell contributes a philosophical discussion of "mysteries," showing that the development of higher types of consciousness and personality implies a corresponding enlargement of the "mysterious" world, and that "the rationalism which would sweep away mysteries as mere cobwebs of the mind, would cut at the very roots of all progress spiritual and temporal."

L. I. G. (a thin disguise) contributes a very beautiful appreciation of the late Lionel Johnson, poet and critic. Fanny L. Green writes on *The Monastic Library*. Fr. Gerard takes Mr. Walter Walsh to task for his method of making quotations, viz.: by quoting too little. Fr. Gerard illustrates his point from *The British Jesuits* of

the *Protestant Popular Papers* series by Mr. Walsh. John Tyve gives a sketch of Tom Steele, who was prominently associated with O'Connell, and whom he characterizes as "impulsive, eccentric, quixotic, with no sense of proportion to moderate his enthusiasm between things great and small; and suffering from a constitutional incapacity for dealing with money. . . ." "He was a high-souled, chivalrous gentleman, of much culture and many accomplishments, filled with a single-hearted patriotism, and ready at any moment to put his life to the hazard for his country or his friends." James Britten contributes a second paper on *Boy-Savers*, and writes principally on the remarkable work set on foot in 1899 in Leghorn, and which was the subject of an article by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for last February.

The Dublin Review (Oct.): In "The Power behind the French Government" Mr. J. B. Milburn traces the present anti-Catholic campaign to the concerted action of Freemasonry, whose illegal power and methods have been vainly exposed by the recent Parliamentary investigation. Mr. D. Moncrieff O'Connor compares the three dramas of "Iphigenia"—the Greek, the French, and the German—to illustrate the ennobling influence of Christian ideals. "The World Empires of Rome and Britain"—a comparison of these two polities—is founded on the recent works of Mr. James Bryce and Sir Henry Jenkyns. From many undesigned historical and geographical coincidences in various parts of the Old Testament, Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P., builds an argument in favor of its authenticity. "Contemporary Picture of the Religious Troubles in England, 1642–3" is drawn from the Sieur de Marsys' history of the trial and death of Charles I. Casartelli discusses the Gospel narrative of Matthew ii. to show that the Magi were Mazdean priests. Along with an account of the *Si-ngan-Fu* monument Mr. E. H. Parker offers his views on the early introduction of Christian influences into China.

The Hibbert Journal (Oct.): The first number of this new periodical opens with an editorial, proclaiming its scope, which is to offer a vehicle for all forms of live religious

thought. "The Basis of Christian Doctrine," by Professor Percy Gardiner, advocates an analysis of Christian doctrine from the view-point of religious psychology in order to "reconstruct" Christianity. Professor Royce discusses from a logical stand-point the concept of the infinite, as that of a collection of exactly determinate elements. The outstanding controversy between science and religion arises, contends Sir Oliver Lodge, from two opposite and hitherto unreconciled views of the universe. "Matthew Arnold" is an essay from Rev. Stopford Brooks, in which he examines Arnold's early poetry to show that Arnold missed being a great poet because he was so deeply influenced by the religious unrest of his day. Principal Drummond contributes a critical paper maintaining that the terms "righteous" and "righteousness," in both Testaments, are not to be reduced to a forensic meaning. "Catastrophes and the Moral Order" is a symposium, on the occasion of the Martinique and St. Vincent horrors, concerning the bearing of such events on belief in a benevolent Providence. "Three Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Texts of the Gospel," from the pen of F. C. Conybeare, is a critical examination into the authenticity of Matthew ch. i. v. 16; chap. xxviii. v. 19; and Matthew xix. 17, Mark x. 18, Luke xviii. 19. The journal contains lengthy reviews of several recent publications.

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): A long article on the religious conditions of Italy gives warm praise to the native piety of the Italian people and the simple goodness of a great number of the Italian clergy. It is stated, as a thing to astonish Anglicans, that in a little town of 5,000 inhabitants 3,000 people made their Easter Communion. The sense of the Lord's sacramental Presence indeed is the greatest ground for hope that Italy will for all time be a profoundly religion-loving nation. Nevertheless there are things to shock one's reverence in the popular habits. Spitting on the floor of churches, a listless attendance at Mass, blasphemous imprecations against a saint who has not granted a petition, and a style of devotion which seems to be derived from sources like "The Glories of Mary," some-

times give a hint of latent paganism. The religion of Italy, despite all trials and vicissitudes, shows little likelihood of undergoing much influence from Protestantism.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): P. Turmel concludes a study of the book of Daniel with the affirmation that recent criticism has definitely destroyed the immemorial claim of this book to go back to the time of Cyrus. It cannot be assigned to a much earlier date than 168 B. C., and Catholic exegetes who refuse all acknowledgment to the higher criticism of Daniel simply take up arms against an impregnable position and invite one more defeat for the already sadly-battered traditional position in biblical criticism.

Civiltà Cattolica (18 Oct.): Apropos of a recent letter directed by Cardinal Rampolla to the Archbishop of Milan, in which it is said that some Catholics have been using such expressions as "national unity" and the "Italian Fatherland" without enough recognition of the temporal power of the Papacy, and that this style of expression is dangerous and not to be countenanced, this magazine declares that unless the Roman See is granted temporal independence, it would become in the eyes of the world a mere department of the Italian government; and that no guarantees short of this temporal independence can be considered by the Pope. The case for the temporal power lies very close to dogma, since, morally speaking, it is only an untrammeled Papacy that can hold in perfect security the divine oneness of Catholicity.

(1 Nov.): An article on "Triumphant Immorality" takes occasion of the death of Zola to point out the criminal deeds and tendencies which are alarming students of modern society. Assassination, anarchy, and peculiarly deadly forms of immorality are spreading everywhere, overstepping even the bounds of rank and education. There must be a return to the simple wisdom of the catechism, a greater zeal in teaching, and a greater alacrity in learning the first principles of morality, and by consequence the first principles of faith.

Comment on Current Topics.

The Catholic University and its Future.

Universities are not created in a year or a dozen of years. They are often the growth of generations. In the haste of our modern life the thoughtless get impatient with great institutions because they do not grow to full maturity over night. It is not necessary, however, to say to those who have read history aright that universities particularly are institutions of slow and steady growth. They are not created by money nor are they made by magnificent buildings, but the glory of a university is in the scholarly alumni who have achieved distinction in the world of intellect. To secure notable achievements in the world of intellect it takes decades of years.

In the dozen years that the Catholic University has cast behind her she has made wonderful progress. It is a delight to come out of the noise and bustle of a restless mercantile world and enter the classic shades of university life, with its thoughtful dignity and its serious study. The institution at Washington is already the pride of the church in the United States. In the upbuilding of an intellectual centre everything has been planned on deep, broad lines. The mother institution is attracting to and locating about her seat of learning the most progressive elements in the religious life in the United States. The Franciscans, the Marists, the Sulpicians, the Paulists, and the members of the Holy Cross are already domiciled in their respective colleges. The Dominican Studentate and the Apostolic Mission House will be built during the coming year, and other religious orders are contemplating removing their scholasticates to Washington so as to be in touch with the intellectual life at the University.

It is no small compliment to the wise administration of the present Rector to say that there is abundant evidence of healthy growth in the present life of the University, and that from an intellectual, spiritual, and financial point of view the future is very bright for this renowned seat of learning.

Catholics and the Divorce Evil.

The recent country-wide discussion of the Divorce evil has focused a great deal of public sentiment on the disastrous evils of this social plague. It is a great pity that the Catholic posi-

tion was not better represented. It is a difficult, but it may not be considered a hopeless task to bring matters back to the proper standard. With most moral reforms it is usually said that things must get worse before they can be bettered. It often takes the vivid spectacle of disaster and social ruin to awaken the consciences of the masses of the people, or to arouse them from their lethargy. The deleterious influence of the Divorce abomination is that of a poisonous gas which stifles and chokes. It benumbs the moral sense. It makes the head sick and the heart faint, and it dries up at its root all love for chastity and virtue.

Again, it may be likened to a zymotic disease, the poison of which fastens on the particles of animal tissue or the primary cell of the organism, and by corrupting it corrupts the whole mass. Divorce destroys the primary unit of the social organism, and by destroying it corrupts society at large. The great need before any legislation is attempted is to bring the people to the recognition of the evil. As it is now, there is very little sentiment antagonistic to the lax divorce practices, except it be among those who still tenaciously cling to Scriptural standards. No better work can be undertaken by a lover of his country, or by any public-spirited paper, than to cry out and not cease until the American people are awakened to the social disaster that befronts them in the prevalent Divorce evil.

The Archbishops and the New Catechism.

At the recent meeting of the Archbishops such vital questions as a universal catechism and the status of the Greek Catholics were discussed. There were a number of other topics discussed, only to be put aside for further consideration, or to be referred to the Holy See for settlement—as, for example, the difficulties arising from the interpretation of the Lenten dispensations, and the prohibition against the use of fish and flesh at the same meal, and the practice of celebrating Patronal Feasts on the following Sunday.

The Catechism question, however, referred to above, is of most serious importance. It is admitted pretty generally, by those who have the care of instructing children, that the generation that has grown up under the present Baltimore Catechism know less of their religion than the previous generation. If this be true, it is a terrible indictment against the availa-

bility of the present Catechism. There is another evil now menacing us, traceable to the inferior quality of the Baltimore Catechism, and that is the multiplicity of catechisms. Not being able to use the present Catechism, educators have made catechisms of their own, so that there are at least a dozen or more catechisms clamoring for public recognition. In the meantime the faith of the children is suffering. In the midst of the vagaries of error it is needful that the minds of the children be gradually and yet fully unfolded to the knowledge of their religion. A good system of catechetical instruction will be the most useful means to this desirable end.

There is some talk of Rome itself preparing a Universal Catechism to be translated into all languages. Such a universal catechism would be of eminent service, and perhaps there is no better solution of the difficulty in this country. A universal catechism would possess many advantages. In all probability it would be prepared by the most capable men—that is, men who are not only theologians, but who have had years of training in the best methods of imparting knowledge. Such a catechism moreover, would be a bond of union between the various countries of the world. It would do more than any one other thing to perpetuate the unity of the faith. The marvel is, when one thinks of the advantages of a universal catechism and remembers the wisdom of Rome, that this idea has not been put into effect before this. The Roman Catechism did such service in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is rather a handbook of primary knowledge than a catechism, and it probably will be used as the basis of the universal catechism when the idea is made effective. What is wanted is a series of catechisms beginning with the most elementary, and finally merging into the text books of theology that are used in the seminary, each succeeding but enlarging and developing its predecessor. If this is done by capable men, with the sanction of Rome, it will be a great monument of usefulness. It should be done quickly. It cannot be done too quickly to meet the needs of the church in this country.

A. P. DOYLE.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN the presence of a distinguished gathering Mayor Low presided on November 11 at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Public Library, Astor, Tilden, and Lenox foundations, on one of New York's old landmarks, the former site of the reservoir adjoining Byrant Park, Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. The ceremony began with an invocation by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, who in the course of his prayer referred to the library as "wisdom's house," and invoked the Almighty to strengthen its seven pillars and to give sound discretion to those who will govern its affairs, and asked that the benefactors of the new library be gratefully remembered for their munificence.

John Bigelow, president of the Board of Trustees of the library, read from manuscript, and in his opening remarks said that it was fully eighteen years since the death of Samuel J. Tilden, the last of the three famous philanthropists to whom the city is indebted for the grand institution the laying of the corner-stone of which the guests were to witness.

Mayor Low was then presented for the purpose of laying the corner-stone. He received a silver trowel purchased by the architects, who stood beside the Mayor as he performed the interesting ceremony. The trowel on its face bore an inscription setting forth its purpose, and on its rear it had inscribed the fact that it was presented to the Mayor by the architects. Just before the laying of the corner-stone a large bronze box was placed in position under the big white block of marble. The box contained the usual collection of newspapers, coins, and documents and reports pertaining to the present and past history of the library.

Mayor Low then ascended the platform and read an address, in the course of which he gave a history of the development of the New York Public Library from the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. He explained how the city itself was developing the Brooklyn Public Library with suitable branches throughout that borough. But still the prospects of obtaining circulating libraries upon an adequate scale for all parts of the city in any future that could be foreseen were faint enough until Andrew Carnegie offered to supply the necessary buildings, if the city would supply the sites for them and make itself responsible for the running expenses. Mr. Carnegie's contribution for the buildings will amount to $5,200,000, the city's contribution of sites, when complete, is likely to represent more than $1,000,000; and when all the branches are in full operation the city probably will contribute about $1,000,000 a year for their support.

So far as the New York Public Library is concerned, the city's obligations and expenditures, apart from the erection of this building, are entirely in the interest of its circulating department. The Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations both provide and support the reference library.

It may safely be predicted, therefore, that in the near future the city of New York will enjoy the most adequate and effective system of free circulating libraries to be found in any city of the world; and a reference library of the very highest rank.

The library system of the City of New York, when completely developed upon the lines that have been begun, will be as nearly an ideal system as any city could wish. At the centre, in the superb building to be erected here, there will be the treasure house of the world's learning. In every quarter of the great city there will be a circulating library that will develop in many a home the taste for scholarship and learning that will result in blessing the world in ways not to be measured.

At the end of the Mayor's address President Wilcox, of the Park Department, who presided at the ceremonies, presented Archbishop Farley, who was attired in his purple episcopal cassock and beretta. To the Archbishop was reserved the honor of closing the ceremonies with a brief prayer, after which his Grace gave the benediction.

From the statement here given it appears that the taxpayers of New York will be obliged to give a much larger amount of money than the gift of Andrew Carnegie. His money will supply only the buildings. Another benefactor should contribute a fund to enable the city to secure the co-operation of all parish libraries, which have done so much to foster the love of good reading. Under the limited conditions of Mr. Carnegie's gift, philanthropists and church-workers can get no recognition or financial aid in their efforts to cultivate a love of serious reading. The volunteer service of these altruistic workers is worth more to the diffusion of good reading than the millions of any individual. It remains for the directors of the New York Public Library to formulate a plan of co-operation very much broader in its scope than the one proposed by Mr. Carnegie.

* * *

Francisco J. Montoya Lorenzano, Director of the Catechists, Council of St. Vincent de Paul, at Bogota, has sent an appeal for books, pamphlets, and other suitable publications for distribution in hospitals and prisons. A reading room has been started, where a pleasant hour may be spent by those seeking moral, religious, and intellectual improvement. Second-hand books will be acceptable, and may be sent to the director of the library, in the Carrera 9a. No. 188, Bogota, S. A.

* * *

The following communications have been received in relation to the educational work of the Catholic Summer-School, from Charles F. Wheelock, B.S., head inspector of the College and High School Departments of the University of the State New York:

REGENTS' OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y.,
September 17, 1902.

Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Secretary Catholic Summer-School.

DEAR SIR: Our Dr. Lyttle has filed a report of his visit of inspection to the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven, August 11–18. I feel that it is only just to you that you should know what impression your school has made on our inspector. I am therefore sending you the enclosed copy of his report, which is complete except as to a few matters of statistics. I beg to congratulate you on the success which is attending your efforts.

Very truly yours, CHAS. F. WHEELOCK.

Following is the report of Eugene W. Lyttle, M.A., Ph.D., Inspector:

I find that the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven is experiencing a steady growth. Somewhere from 600 to 800 people were on the grounds dur-

ing the time of my inspection. The daily attendance on lectures averaged about 400. On August 4 this attendance was thus divided:

Philosophy, . . .	35	Dramatic Art, . .	150
French Literature,	88	Principles & Methods,	31
English "	60	Psychology, . . .	18
		Total, ...	382

I attended most carefully the lectures on psychology, methods, and English literature, visited with officers, instructors, and teachers, and addressed the audience gathered for the Sunday evening concert. I thus had full opportunity for seeing the whole life and work of the school.

First, I can commend the school for its thoroughly democratic character and the wholesome influences that seem to dominate the place as an educational and recreational centre. The students and visitors are free from petty vexatious restrictions of all kinds; yet I saw no abuse of the liberty enjoyed. There were abundant material evidences of good management, but the management was out of sight.

The courses of Educational Methods and Principles, of Psychology, and of English Literature, which I particularly inspected, were very strong and helpful to teachers, and were true university courses of a high order of merit. The courses of psychology and of methods both required much daily reading, study, and writing from students. These courses will be accepted as the full equivalents of university courses in the same subjects by the school authorities of New York City.

Rev. Father Henry's lectures on English Literature were remarkable for their clearness, literary appreciation, and breadth. I regret that such excellent lectures should not have been arranged with an idea to directly helping the teachers of English in New York State.

I believe that the school will greatly strengthen its good work if, in addition to the courses of psychology and methods, other courses on a similar plan should be inaugurated as follows: (1) A course of Advanced English Grammar and Theme Writing; (2) A course of Advanced History, using sources and themes; (3) A course of English Literature for those who desire it, requiring reading, discussion, and seminars, with special reference to helping the English teachers of this State and other States in teaching the college entrance English. These courses should be planned and announced before the first of February and thoroughly advertised.

Something in the way of formal exercises on the presentation of certificates at the close of the session would be a proper encouragement to labor. It is evident that this school has a probable future of wide and ever-widening influence.

This message of approval will be appreciated by the patrons of the Summer-School on Lake Champlain. Teachers and members of Reading Circles have rendered most effective service in the work of establishing this intellectual centre on Lake Champlain, and the Trustees are now preparing to act on the suggestions of Dr. Lyttle for the coming session. Some of our wealthy Catholics could do a noble service by contributing generously to a fund for the endowment of the studies approved by the Regents. Donations may be sent to the treasurer, Rev. John F. Mullany, Syracuse, N. Y.; or to the president, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, 460 Madison Avenue, New York City. M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

The Glories of Mary. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. Arranged for popular use, with the addition of Prayers and Devotions. Pp. 526. Price $1.25. *Little Manual of St. Joseph.* Compiled by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. Pp. 192. Price 25 cts. *Political and Moral Essays.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., B. Sc. Oxon. Pp. 291. Price $1.50. *In the Days of King Hal.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Pp. 172. Price $1.25. *The Wager of Gerald O'Rourke.* A Christmas Drama in three acts. From a Story by Francis J. Finn, S.J. Transposed by M. R. Theile. Pp. 47. Price 35 cts. *Synopsis Theologia Moralis.* By A. Tanquerey, S.S. Price $1.75.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Cicero: De Amicitia. Edited by Clifton Price. With Notes and Index. Pp. 158. Price 75 cts. *Mental Arithmetic.* By I. C. McNeill. Pp. 141. Price 35 cts. *Virgil's Æneid Complete.* With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Henry S. Frieze. Revised by Walter Dennison. Pp. 542. Price $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Life the Interpreter. By Phyllis Battome. Price $1.50. *Anima Christi.* Devotional Addresses. By Rev. Jesse Brett. Pp. 93. Price 50 cts. *James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery.* By Andrew Lang. Pp. 264. Price $5. *Thoughts on Education.* By Louise Creighton.

METHUEN & CO., London:

The Agapé and the Eucharist. By J. F. Keating, D.D. Price, three shillings, sixpence.

VICTOR RETAUX, Paris:

L'Œuvre du Saint-Esprit ou la Justification des Âmes. Par l'Abbé Bellevue. Pp. 465.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Einleitung in das Neue Testament. Von Dr. J. Belser. Pp. 852. Price $4.20.

EDMUND D. BROOKS, Minneapolis, Minn.:

Westwind Songs. By Arthur Upson. Pp. 99. Price 75 cts.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Cecilia: A Story of Modern Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. Price $1.50. *Essays, Historical and Literary.* 2 vols. By John Fiske. Price $4. *The Four Feathers.* By A. E. W. Mason. Price $1.50. *How to Sing.* By Lilli Lehmann. Price $1.50. *The Quest of Happiness.* By Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D. Price $1.50. *Oldfield.* By Nancy Huston Banks. Price $1.50. *Dogtown.* By Mabel Osgood Wright. Price $1.50.

JOHN LANE, New York:

Later Lyrics. By John B. Tabb.

LIBRAIRIE ACADÉMIQUE DIDIER, Paris:

Âmes Religieuses. By Henri Bremond.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:

Socialism and Labor. By Right Rev. J. L. Spalding. Price 80 cts.

JOHN C. MCVEY, Philadelphia:

Prospectus of the Manual of Christian Doctrine; Comprising Dogma, Morals, and Worship. By a Seminary Professor. Price $1.

OAKWOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:

The Boy: how to help him succeed. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Price $1.25.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

St. Francis Manual. Containing the Rule and Ceremonial of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis. By Rev. Clementine Deymann, O.F.M. Price 75 cts. *Little Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis.* Translated, adapted, and enlarged from the German of Rev. C. Thaler, O.M.Cap. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.F.M. Price 10 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Sons of Francis. By A. MacDonell. Price $3.50.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., New York:

Heroes of Myth. By Lillian L. Price and Chas. B. Gilbert. Pp. 191. Price 50 cts.

ELLIOT STOCK, London:

Christian Heresies. By Rev. S. Claude Tickell, A.K.C. Price 50 cts.

ST. ANTHONY'S PRESS, Rome, Italy:

Between the Cubes; or, Some of the Lessons of the Mosaics in Ancient Christian Churches in Rome. By G. S. Margaret Morgan-Morgan.

THE MESSENGER PRESS, New York:

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and other Poems. By P. J. Coleman. Price $1.

OUR LADY OF FOREBODING (*Page 501*).

"My Love, my Dove, my little Son,
Pitying, held out his hand to me,
And lo! there lay thereon
A little, foam-white, wounded dove."

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. JANUARY, 1903. NO. 454.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Low at the threshold of this white new year
I kneel in prayer;
Lord, may it be
A Temple unto Thee;
Wherein each rounded day may stand
A column grand:
Grant that the walls may be
Of work for Thee,
With Faith for buttress firm:
And for the shadowing arch above
Oh, roof it with Thy love,
And on the spire of Hope
The cross of Courage set.
Lord, this were yet
An empty temple and a barren year,—
Oh, be Thou present on the altar there,
And may the incense of unceasing prayer
Make sweet the air.
Thou, Lord, the builder and the inmate be,
I but the mason under Thee.
My hours the blocks to raise
A Temple to Thy praise.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

CATHOLIC CITIZENS AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

A BRIEF STATEMENT GIVING REPORT OF ATTENDANCE AND EXPENSES OF PARISH SCHOOLS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE PARISH SCHOOL is a factor in the public educational work of the United States and should not be classified under the heading of Private Schools, in which large tuition fees are charged and social distinctions recognized to favor the children of the wealthy. No such limitations are met with in the Parish Schools, founded and supported, with few exceptions, by representatives of the common people.

According to existing laws in New York State, citizens have the unquestionable right as parents and guardians to provide for the religious and secular education of their children. This right is exercised by the educational associations, formed within parish boundaries, to establish and perpetuate Parish Schools chiefly for kindergarten training and elementary instruction. The citizens who form these societies are sincerely devoted to the public welfare, and would quickly resent any imputation against their patriotism. They demand for their children definite and dogmatic religious instruction, according to the faith professed by at least two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics throughout the world. It is well understood that the teaching of religion is not within the power of the State: neither can the public funds be used in aid or in maintenance of any particular form of religious belief.

At the present time, in New York State, the patrons of Christian Education are paying from their own hard-earned money the cost of educating about one hundred and fifty thousand children in the Catholic Parish Schools. For the defence of their conscientious convictions, they have erected in many places commodious fire-proof buildings, thus relieving their fellow-citizens of a large amount of local taxation. Another important claim is in the fact, that this arduous work of train-

ing the young in Christian virtue is an immense advantage to the State. It leads to the highest type of citizenship and supplies a most effective antidote to false socialistic theories. Surely, a public recognition of the voluntary efforts of parents to educate their own children would not demand a union of Church and State. It would require only an act of long-delayed justice to indicate grateful appreciation of the loyal citizens whose millions of dollars are spent in the support of Parish Schools. Public thanks are given to other citizens for gifts representing much less total expenditure, and of much less value to the public welfare. From the statistics given in this article, the calculation can be easily made as to the total expense on the basis of twenty-five dollars a year, as the cost of each pupil. By adding the cost of buildings and property, the figures for New York State are to be found high up in the millions.

In presenting our claim to fair-minded citizens, it is assumed as a starting point that the Parish Schools can and ought willingly to provide for the entire expense of imparting religious instruction. Among reasonable people a basis of agreement can also be made on equitable terms by which these Parish Schools —without losing their autonomy—may co-operate with any board of education in the teaching of the secular studies prescribed for citizenship. The managers, according to this plan, legally transfer the control of the secular studies to a board, authorized by the State, when they consent to accept the public standard of examination and inspection. Between Church and State the present relations could be continued without friction, by granting this equitable demand for recognition, together with payment for results, strictly limited to the teaching of the secular studies. To pay for the teaching of arithmetic or other similar studies does not bring the State outside of its bounden duty to provide for representation as well as for taxation. Phantom objections, from bygone bigots, may be placed in evidence, but it is to be hoped that sound thinkers will now give serious consideration to the real facts of the case. The American principle of fair play and no favor can be applied to remove, in part at least, the unjust burden imposed upon the patrons of Parish Schools.

The members of the undersigned Committee represent the

City of New York, which is the largest centre of Catholic population in the United States, and is under the patronage of the glorious Saint Patrick. We venture to express the hope that this appeal will have a wide circulation among Catholics and non-Catholics. It contains a frank statement of a grievance that should appeal to all who wish to advance the welfare of our beloved country, and to make the American flag a symbol of justice to all God-fearing men. The leaders in Catholic organizations seeking to promote religious zeal, civic virtue and fraternity among their members, may safely be trusted to spread abroad the figures herein given, and to insist that the editors of papers, supported by their patronage, shall give some space to discussions of their cherished convictions. A similar policy should be adopted towards every public official, responsible for the publication of educational statistics. In the past there has been evidence of a conspiracy of silence in regard to Catholic education.

During fifty years or more in New York City, large numbers were taught in the Parish Schools lessons of Christian virtue and patriotism. Thousands of these graduates are now voters, able and willing to give proof of their capacity for citizenship and success in business. To them especially it will be a labor of love to assist in the movement to remove false impressions and bring about a better understanding of the gigantic work that has been done in Catholic Schools for God and our Country.

Committee of New York Catholic School Board.

Right Rev. MONSIGNOR MOONEY, LL.D., V.G.,
Director of the Sacred Heart School.
Very Rev. DENIS PAUL O'FLYNN,
Director of St. Joseph's School.
Rev. MICHAEL J. LAVELLE, LL.D.,
Director of St. Patrick's Cathedral School.
Rev. THOMAS MCMILLAN, C.S.P.,
Director of Schools of Paulist Fathers.

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

Report of the cost of maintenance, number of pupils, number of Teachers, and the valuation of Parish School Property in the Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, and Richmond, New York City, for the year ending December 31, 1901.

MANHATTAN BOROUGH.

Name.	*Location.*	*Pupils.*	*Teachers.*	*Cost of Maintenance.*	*Property and Buildings. Value.*
Cathedral, .	111–113 E. 50th St.,	1,485	35	$19,689.84	$200,000
St. Agnes, .	152–156 E. 44th St.,	785	17	6,173.46	125,000
St. Alphonsus,	328 W. Broadway,	706	13	4,914.05	125,000
Annunciation,	West 131st St.,	590	12	979.03	25,000
St. Ann, . .	115–117 E. 11th St.,	101	3	702.44	100,000
St. Anthony,	60 McDougal St.,	887	15	950.09	30,000
Assumption,	West 49th St.,	537	11	1,054.26	50,000
St. Boniface,	312–314 E. 47th St.,	261	5	126.50	40,000
St. Brigid, .	302–304 E. 8th St.,	742	16	6,953.09	39,000
St. Cecilia, .	218–224 E. 106th St.,	1,182	20	8,452.49	160,000
St. Columba,	331 West 25th St., .	467	7	2,549.35	75,000
Epiphany, .	234–238 E. 22d St.,	732	17	6,361.60	100,000
St. Francis, .	146 West 32d St.,	154	5	1,093.11	30,000
St. Fr. Xavier,	122–126 W. 17th St.,	1,101	20	10,456.21	180,000
St. Gabriel, .	307–321 E. 36th St.,	1,694	31	12,927.71	150,000
Holy Cross, .	332–336 W. 43d St.,	1,025	22	10,865.62	125,000
H'ly Innocents,	130–132 W. 37th St.,	329	9	5,838.99	125,000
Holy Trinity,	212 West 83d St.,				60,000
St. Ignatius,	46 East 84th St.,	610	16	4,779.48	75,000
Imm. Concep.,	511–513 E. 14th St.,	1,893	37	18,658.98	150,000
St. James,	27–31 James St.,	1,008	16	9,801.41	125,000
St. Jean Bap't,	187 East 76th St.,	345	8	2,872.65	75,000
St. John Bap't,	206–208 W. 31st St.,	337	8	1,793.25	60,000
St. Joseph, .	111 Washington Pl.,	1,017	25	17,060.69	150,000
St. Joseph, .	420–422 E. 87th St.,	953	16	13,205.90	100,000
St. Joseph, .	1348 Columbus Ave.,	550	10	4,905.13	75,000
St. Margaret,	Riverdale,	80	2		
St. Mary, .	262–268 Madison St.,	640	16	5,699.43	100,000
St. Mary Magdalen,	523 East 17th St.,	195	4	1,000.00	40,000
St. Michael,	377–381 Ninth Ave.,	1,540	33	12,912.58	160,000
St. Monica, .	406–416 E. 80th St.,	1,020	21	6,631.39	160,000
H'ly Redeemer,	222–224 E. 4th St.,	829	13	4,924.05	100,000
St. Nicholas,	121–135 E. 2d St.,	420	9	5,368.64	75,000
Our Lady of Loretto, .	299–301 Eliz'beth St.,	723	10	2,476.99	60,000
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel,	443–445 E. 115th St.,	848	12	3,138.44	80,000
Our Lady of Perp. Help,	321 East 61st St.,	351	6	2,012.48	50,000
Our Lady of Angels, .	229–239 E. 112th St.,	367	11	3,791.97	50,000
Our Lady of Sorrows, .	Pitt and Stanton Sts.,	335	7	6,111.00	50,000

Name.	*Location.*	*Pupils.*	*Teachers.*	*Cost of Maintenance.*	*Property and Buildings. Value.*
St. Patrick, .	Prince St.,	2,100	33	15,708.48	150,000
St. Paul, . .	120–122 E. 118th St.,	575	10	3,252.30	75,000
St. Paul the Apostle, .	124 West 60th St.,	1,125	22	12,006.92	130,000
St. Peter, .	98–102 Trinity Pl.,	844	21	13,975.13	150,000
Sacred Heart,	450–456 W. 51st St.,	2,350	39	23,819.46	125,000
St. Stephen,	141–147 E. 28th St.,	957	29	9,427.20	150,000
St. Stanislaus,	103–107 7th St.,	95	2	207.90	10,000
St. Teresa, .	6–8 Rutgers St.,	343	8	2,837.49	80,000
Transfigurat'n,	29 Mott St.,	320	6	982.36	20,000
St. Veronica,	116–118 Le Roy St.,	480	10	4,552.14	60,000
St. Vincent Ferrer, .	Lexington Ave. and 65th St.,	875	15	8,730.76	140,000
St. Vincent de Paul, .	116 West 24th St.,	550	14	6,257.45	75,000
		37,453	747	328,989.89	4,639,000

RECAPITULATION.

Manhattan Borough, .	37,453	747	$328,989.89	$4,639,000
Bronx Borough, . . .	2,409	42	9,469.73	200,000
Richmond Borough, . .	1,287	22	5,824.98	60,000
Grand Total, . .	41,149	811	$344,284.60	$4,899,000

The figures here given indicate only the attendance at Parish Schools in the boroughs mentioned, excluding colleges, academies, and institutions containing children not living at home with their parents. It is important to make the distinction that the Parish School is in direct communication with the home influences, and is to be differentiated from institutions for destitute and homeless children. In the whole Archdiocese of New York, which extends up the Hudson River as far as Newburgh, there is a total of 49,752 pupils in the Parish Schools. This number, taken in conjunction with the reports from asylums and institutions, shows about 71,000 under Catholic care and instruction.

By a peculiar juggling of the figures in the official reports of education in New York State there has been as yet no satisfactory statement concerning the Catholic Schools, no distinct mention of the large number of volunteer workers for the uplifting of the masses. Among these workers who have been thus deprived of honorable mention are to be found representatives of many prominent families enrolled in philanthropic

and religious organizations. A census that misrepresents the work done by the people of New York State for education, or which presents only in a partial way the evidence of their generous zeal, deserves severe condemnation. It is to the glory of the Empire State that so many of its citizens do not need any compulsory law to enforce attendance at school. They take the initiative in promoting the standard of intelligent citizenship. It is to be hoped, therefore, that public officials will give adequate consideration to the following summary of attendance in the Parish Schools of New York State, and the estimate of Catholic population according to the dioceses representing all the counties:

	Pupils.	*Catholic Population.*
New York,	49,752	1,200,000
Brooklyn,*	34,161	500,000
Buffalo,	22,712	171,000
Rochester,	15,734	105,000
Albany,	15,000	145,000
Syracuse,	4,943	70,000
Ogdensburg,	3,400	79,000

* Parish schools of diocese of Brooklyn are chiefly located in boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens.

A MODERN GUILD OF ARTISTS.

BY WILLIAM LAUREL HARRIS.

THE agitation that has been carried on during the past year for the purpose of elevating the standards of religious art has met with a ready response among the many artists who are devoted to their profession. The exposure of the baneful commercial methods that have pervaded the world of art has stirred the professional men to do something practical to bring art back from the open street, where its virtue has been sold to the loudest bidder, to the studios where it is truly at home. The practical scheme that has been inaugurated is a Guild of church builders and decorators. Thus, with the object of advancing religious art there are gathered together the most eminent artists of the country. The assistance of this group of men is at the disposal of the clergy and of the laity who propose to erect public buildings for the use of church or society, and their judgment is calculated to create positive standards of artistic merit that may be relied on.

Necessarily the clergy, especially such as live in the country, have little opportunity to become acquainted with artists of good standing. As a result the general aspect of the churches particularly is far from pleasing, and in many instances it is so positively hideous as to repel people of refined taste. Not only does art suffer thereby, but what is of far greater import, Religion loses one of her most powerful agencies, and the religious spirit receives a decided set back. It is a fact no longer to be winked at, that the situation of church-builders is decidedly unsatisfactory, particularly in the United States.

The harsh commercial spirit of our time stalks through the land, and it does so unchallenged. Following after it we see vulgarity, ostentation, and the gaudy tinsel of ignoble pride. The *nouveau-riche*, the *parvenu*, show their spiritual squalor in aimless expenditures for garish pretence or tawdry sham. The spiritually minded Catholic longs for that condition suggested by the words of the Second Council of Nicæa: "The Word spoken in the churches may vanish; but when fixed upon the

wall it remains teaching us the Gospel morning, noon, and evening." What religious art might be, is indicated by the words cut in stone above the door of the Artists' Guild at Sienna: "We are they who make manifest to the ignorant the miraculous things done by virtue and in virtue of the Holy Faith."

It is no wonder that in the light of the history of Catholic Art there now comes from every part of Christendom murmurs against the modern commercial standard in church building. We have before us the words of Mgr. Paulmier, Archbishop of Besançon, in a letter on the subject of religious art: "Neglecting the fine arts the church is exposed to a double peril." These perils are immediate. His Grace the Archbishop of Munich has sent to his priests an eloquent warning in this matter. He says "that unscrupulous trading in religious art is drying up the very well-spring of pious devotion, and is corrupting a whole nation." So at this moment in all the centres of our civilization societies are being formed "to prevent our churches from being filled with machine-made goods whose ostensible cheapness is their one recommendation." There is, on the part of some, a perpetual argument against such societies—the argument of expediency. "I cannot," says the prudent pastor, "afford to employ a great artist." True he may not be able to employ one of the few men who after a hard struggle have conquered fame. But in our large cities are many younger or less fortunate men, artists of good standing, whose talents are rusting out in inactivity. Or if they are working it is for some big commercial house which is conducted on sweat-shop principles. The poor artist, if he is thus forced into commercial lines, works in some great caravansary, and he works that a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and all their relations may live in affluence. He works that a band of travelling men may harry the country-side and drive hard bargains with a confiding clergy.

Nor is it possible for the artist to be interested in his work, under the circumstances in which he is obliged to labor, for one thing passes through many hands, and there is no opportunity for individual excellence. One man makes the sketch, another man makes the drawing, still another fills in the color, and so on, the work being subdivided with the one idea of the greatest possible speed, and consequent profit.

The difficulties and commercial obligations that weigh upon the most humble artist weigh also upon the most distinguished. The painter, the sculptor, and the architect are all victims of commercial competition. When art becomes a business, the question is not, Can I do more for the church, but can I do less? In the struggle for "success," tricks and subterfuges are employed to make a profit when there is no profit in honesty.

Church building, which should be the most noble of the arts, often becomes the very meanest. This status of a great art reflects on the artist himself; and he is looked upon, and often justly so, as a rascal and a vagabond. And yet in the fine periods of church history architecture, sculpture, and painting were handmaidens to religion. At the present time a commercial world prevents the artist from offering his talents directly to the church. He is held far off, and is oppressed by many a petty tradesman and middleman. Thus the artist, deprived of his natural position, has turned as it were to make for himself the Golden Calf. Secular art has flourished, while religious art has withered away. The decoration of our churches has in no way responded to the high aspirations of the American people.

The new movement has been modelled after the ancient Guild of Artists. The Architectural League of New York was organized February 18, 1881. Its purpose was the promotion of architecture and the allied fine arts. It recognized the essential alliance of architecture, painting, and sculpture by providing that the president shall be an architect, and that of its two vice-presidents one shall be a mural painter and the other a sculptor. For many years the annual exhibition of the League has been an important event in the artistic world and has enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity. Many important movements in New York have originated in the activity of the Architectural League. So great has been its success that similar organizations, with constitutions modelled after that of the New York League, have sprung into existence in nearly all the large cities of the United States and Canada. These organizations are now combined under the name of the Architectural League of America. So it is with every prospect of success that the Architectural League of America now begins a propaganda for the betterment of Church Building and Decoration.

A special committee has been appointed, consisting of men who are eminent in their respective professions. Mr. Charles C. Haight, Mr. George L. Heins, Mr. William Laurel Harris make up the personnel of this committee. They have been instructed by the Executive Committee of the League to inquire into the present status of church building and church decoration. The object of this committee in New York is equally well set forth as the object of the Church Crafts' League, London, England, a society organized on similar lines. It is "to bring the clergy and others responsible for the construction and decoration of churches into direct relation with artists and craftsmen engaged upon work of the kind." "By this means to restore individual character to art in churches, and to remedy the evil results of commercialism in the matter." If this new movement inaugurated by the Architectural League is successful, fresh vigor may be expected in church building and decoration. And the clergy, who are in a measure responsible for the growth of religious art, will be able to come into direct contact with artists of assured merit.

The present plans of the Architectural League are very easy to explain. First, they intend to make an exposition of modern conditions regarding the erecting and the embellishing of churches. As the annual exhibitions of the League are of a miscellaneous character, the committee considered it wise to hold a special exhibition of religious art. On the evening before the opening of the galleries to the public there was a banquet given by the artists, at which some of the most eminent of the clergy were present. The exhibition of photographs promises to be the most extensive that has ever been gathered together. Not only will there be photographs from all parts of the United States and Canada but selections will be sent from various art centres of Europe. Among others Monsieur Fuga, one of the most distinguished architects of Lyons, is collecting photographs from the centre and the south of France. At Paris the Société de l'Sacré has charged itself with the duty of collecting a representative exhibit. Such names as Count Guy de la Rochefoucauld, Prince d'Arrenberg, Luc Oliver Merson, John Paul Laurens, and Gustave de Jaer assure us that the exhibit will be full of interest. In London the Church Crafts' League has taken the matter up and will send a characteristic collection of works by English artists. The names of great artists such as G. F.

Watts, R.A., and Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., guarantee the high standard of art that will be maintained.

After the exhibition in New York is over the collection will be shown in all the larger cities of the United States, and in Toronto, Canada. This has been made possible by an arrangement with the Circuit Committee of the Architectural League of America. In each city the photographs will be shown in conjunction with the annual exhibition of the local architectural clubs; thus wide publicity is assured.

Evidently a great deal has been accomplished by this banding together of over a thousand artists; the strength of the organization promises well for future work.

But in regard to church building lasting results cannot be obtained without the hearty co-operation of the clergy. There must be a process of education, and it must be well directed and constant. In France this educational movement is an established fact through the co-operation of his Eminence Cardinal Richard and the Société de l'Sacré. A school has been established under the direction of Luc Oliver Merson, and a certain number of young priests are sent to this school each year. After the course of studies prescribed for them is finished these priests will be called as instructors in the various seminaries throughout France. A separate school such as the one in Paris might not be practicable in America. In our seminaries and colleges here we have chairs established to teach botany, chemistry, and kindred sciences, but only remotely connected with the priestly calling. A priest once out of the seminary may never have great questions in chemistry to decide, but he is sure to constantly make decisions in church building and decoration. The history of the church, nay the church itself, has established principles of religious art that are constantly violated here in America.

For the artist the decorations of the catacombs are a well-spring of artistic sincerity; for the priest these same decorations are strong arguments in his missionary work. One might say of the early persecutions that the saints paused on their road to martyrdom painting pictures and drawing symbols of their faith. And through succeeding ages religious art rose and fell with the rise and fall of spiritual life in the church. When saints fired the world with impassioned eloquence there was always a Giotto or a Fra Angelico who decorated the walls of

the churches with glorious lessons of beauty and wisdom. The lives of saints were pictured from beginning to end. The very supports of the roof blossomed, as it were, with piety and devotion. Thousands of statues taught the people, and are left "by a former age commissioned as apostles to our own." Have we heeded the lessons taught us? These beautiful productions of spiritual ages stand out in startling contrast with the bad art of materialistic times. For there were periods when vulgarity and ostentation filled the churches with tawdry ornamentation. These periods are lamented by artists as periods of bad art. By the historian they are lamented as times full of disasters, and periods when discontent and revolution were rife among a miserable people. The common people, deprived of the spiritual consolation of storied windows and lofty arcades peopled with saints, were filled with envy of the vulgar rich. In the churches, instead of spiritual lessons, they saw hundreds of plaster curlycues of the latest style. There was a taste among ecclesiastics for costly marbles curiously handled and deftly wrought; but the real purpose of church decoration was lost. Marbles were brought from Nubia, and vast sums were spent for onyx and alabaster brought by the commercial houses of the day from distant lands. All this rich display but added fuel to the dull fires of social discontent.

And now America with its glorious possibilities can profit by these lessons in the history of Europe. Every man who loves his church, every man who loves his country, will be deeply interested in this awakening of the real spirit of church art. To quote from a recent letter written by a great prelate: "Whoever has a right notion of Art, and a right love for Art, must have had many a sorrowful hour in contemplating the conditions and tendencies of art, in the world at large, during recent times." Thus is voiced the lament of Catholics in all civilized countries—a lament that Religious Art has not flourished. So throughout the world a common state of mind has brought about a common endeavor for something better in church building and church decoration.

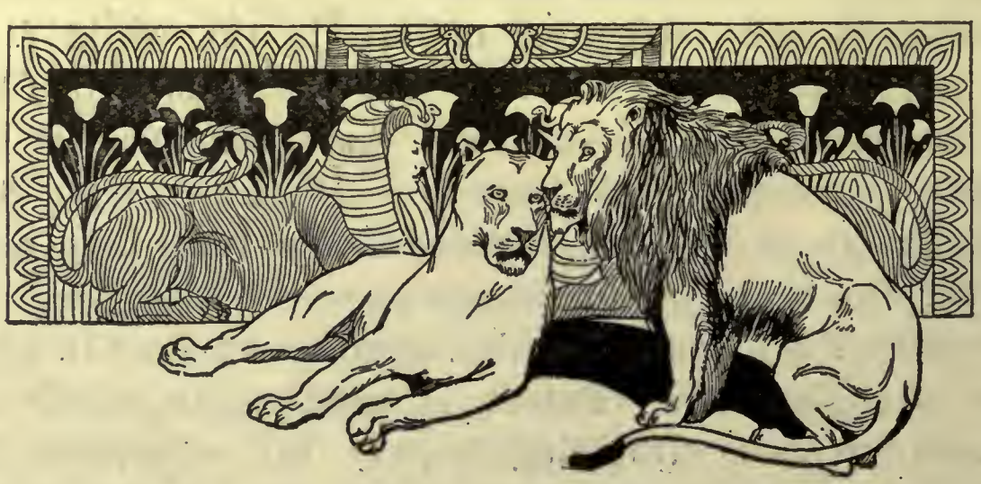
Everywhere are seen societies starting up for the advancement of Religious Art. But it is needless to dwell on the vicissitudes of each struggling society of enthusiasts. While they are animated with the best of intentions, yet each society has suffered from isolation and the lack of organization. Here

in America we fortunately have a strong artistic society acting as a centre of organization.

The Architectural League of New York, strengthened by the experience of twenty-one years of artistic endeavor, has appointed a committee and established an exhibition devoted exclusively to Church Building and Church Decoration. It is the hope of the League to crystallize public sentiment on this important subject. By its constitution the Architectural League is prevented from entering into any business enterprises. The position of the League being thus defined, it is enabled to stand as a safeguard between the church-builder and the commercial spirit of the time. And its members hope that the clergy will avail themselves of the friendly support offered them.

In planning a church three questions must be answered:

1st. How large a church is needed? 2d. How much the church will cost? 3d. What the general aspect of the church shall be when finished? The right answers to these questions are dictated by modesty and honesty of purpose. Church-builders through ages of experience have formulated principles that are now the very canons of good art. All other forms of art tend to tawdriness and sham. The church-builder who disregards the artistic experience of ages will probably build a monument to his own ignorance, a monument that will be a laughing-stock for coming generations. To priests who ask it the League will gladly give advice, though it will do nothing that savors of "business."



A WAY OF KNOWING GOD.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

THE Saint seems to have short-cuts to knowledge which almost extort admiration; yet we often remain stolid at revelations of that knowledge, perhaps because it seems to us natural that he should have it. Take away the S from his name, ascribe the statement to a Confucius, a Plato, a Bacon—nay, to some modern philosopher or poet, and we would go into ecstasies over it. Societies would be formed to interpret it and find new meanings and mysteries in it. Schools and systems would be built around it.—But he is only a saint. Let him alone.

This thought occurs amid the sense of delight provoked, if that be the proper expression, by passages encountered here and there in the writings of so many of the great unknowns of the Church.

But this leads to a wholly different reflection. God works by general laws. His dealings with us are not whimsical. We may not always understand those laws. Their application, the reasons for them, may escape us. But Infinite Wisdom precludes the notion of caprice. If we may emphasize our meaning by a phrase, with all reverence, there seems to us a mistaken way of presenting His Providence, His conduct towards any part of His creation, merely as "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" Thus *I will*, hence thus I command.

There are texts from Scripture which lend color to such a method of presentation. But is not their purpose and meaning to bring out the sense of our dependence, and at times the inscrutability of God's counsels?—not their non-reasonableness. The truth, the whole truth, is to be learnt from conjunction with all the passages which assert His judgments to be sovereignly wise, His counsels to be supremely right—that He doeth all things well.

To formulate it again with reverence in a counter-phrase: that He is a God of "*adequate reason.*"

And is not that a more alluring aspect of His infinite perfection to attract the modern mind than too great an emphasis on what seems to us an aspect of mere arbitrariness and power?

But to return. As by ordinary laws the development of our physical powers is in relation to their exercise, so there is a natural and reasonable development of our intellectual powers and faculties in any special direction from our own use and exercise of them. The mind in that respect is like a muscle or a physical organ.

It is true that in moral things—and thought cannot escape moral quality—the problem is more complex. There comes in the rightness and wrongness, and not merely the correctness or incorrectness of the thing,—of the purpose presiding over that exercise.

Hence the profound truth that the pure of heart shall see God.

Still, on the whole, do we not in fact note that the use of our mind in the quest of various truths has its legitimate reward in proficiency? And so in a measure must it be with the highest truths.

The saints know most about God, at least in part because they most diligently apply themselves to the study of God.

The moral of all this, if it possess any, is the error of shutting our mind off from thinking of God and the beauties of His truth, from the knowledge of God, from study and inquiry into these divine truths—under a belief that they are beyond us, that they are only miraculously made known to the saints: a mock excuse of incapacity and unworthiness on our part. We won't try. We debar ourselves even from the intellectual delights which these truths enclose, and yet yield so readily, so variously, so plentifully, to honest and diligent inquiry.

And, much worse, under pretext perhaps that the "Spirit breathes where it listeth," under ban of miraculous agencies acting for the saint alone—infused lights, what not—we shut the doors and windows of our soul, the very crevices of heart and conscience, to the slightest breath—to the divine agitations within us, which seek entrance into a moment's impulse, welcome in a passing wish or effort on our side—some habitation with us;—while we loudly proclaim as an excuse, the mystery and arbitrariness of God's ways, of His truth and of His grace.

RIGHT REV. J. H. BLENK, BISHOP OF PORTO RICO.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN PORTO RICO.

BY REV. A. ALONSO-ALONSO *(Porto Rico)*.

SUFFICIENT time may not as yet have elapsed since the introduction of the new system of non-interference of the State with the affairs of the Church in the Island of Porto Rico to make a comprehensive judgment of the future of religion, but one can readily review the events of the past few years and note the contrasts, and see wherein many advantages have come to the people in the point of view of their religious

condition from the new *régime*. Of course we readily affirm that the ideal condition is that harmonious union of Church and State in which the acts of the civil power, informed and regulated by the wisdom of the spiritual authorities, conduce to the best administration of the commonwealth, and the temporal and spiritual betterment of the people. We believe in such a union of Church and State. It is practically impossible to so separate Church and State that the moral principles of the one will not be the guide for the administration of the other. The principles of justice, morality, and wisdom are eternal and immutable, and as they inform and mould the lives of churchmen, they too must inform and mould the lives of statesmen. The same standards of right and wrong must obtain in the spiritual order as well as in the civil order. What is right in the Church cannot be wrong in the State. The most earnest devotee of the separation of the State from the Church must admit the necessity of a moral union in which the same standards are upheld, and in which the same line of policy is pursued. Still, he claims that the spheres of administration are different, and it is healthier for both that each be kept to its own sphere of activity. It is always good in every commonwealth that there be two independent forces working for the same end, so that they may be a check on each other. Unlimited power tends to despotism and generates scandals and abuses.

In any review of the present-day condition of the church in Porto Rico the contrast with the past, of a necessity, forces itself on one. For more than three centuries, since the discovery of the island, Porto Rico has been Catholic, and no other religion has gained even so much as a foothold on the island. Officially and in private the Catholic religion was the religion of the people and of the state. And on this account the church did enjoy many privileges. The state contributed to her support. Her decrees were enforced by the strong arm of the civil power, whenever it was found necessary. In the beginning the people contributed to the support of religion and the sustenance of the clergy by means of tithes. In the year 1779 this offering amounted to $69,720. A third part of this sum was set apart for the necessities of public worship and for the support of the clergy. But later on the Spanish government confiscated the property that belonged to the church, and in the settlement

that came later by concordat with the Holy See a certain budget was set aside every year from the revenues for public worship. This money was paid regularly by the state to the church till the island came into the possession of the United States in 1898. The present *régime* was then inaugurated, in which is affirmed the non-interference of the state in matters of religion. The payment of the budget of public worship has ceased, and the church controls her own affairs without the assistance and without the obstructive interference of the civil authorities.

THE CHURCHES GENERALLY FACE THE PUBLIC PLAZA.

Now, after four years of the new system, what is the condition of affairs?

In the first place, the people are Catholic. They believe to-day, as their ancestors did, that the Catholic Church is the only true church, and they treasure the mysteries of their faith as earnestly as their forefathers did. But because the church is denied any external support from the civil power, the people have rallied to her assistance, so that it might be truly said that the people of Porto Rico to-day work for the support and extension of the faith in a way that they have never worked before. The most encouraging part of the situation is the fact that

the most enlightened people of the island have volunteered to assist in the work of the church. Without any recompense other than the satisfaction of working for the defence of the church, gentlemen of education and of good social position leave their homes and go from town to town preaching and teaching the doctrines of the church among the simple country people. The religious situation among the country folk is peculiar, and it is difficult for Americans to understand it. Some of the simple people have associated the Catholic religion with the Spanish language. In their minds by immemorial tradition it was the religion peculiar to the Spanish nation, and in the throwing aside of the Spanish sovereignty they considered that no longer was it needful to cling to the religion of their ancestors. In this state of affairs it was necessary that the better class of the lay people should come to the help of the church. The clergy were comparatively few, the people were scattered in the remote country places, and there was no wide-spread dissemination of the newspaper as exists now in the United States. There was no other resource but to organize the bands of preaching and teaching laymen, and send them

FIRST COMMUNICANT.

STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE OF SAN PABLO.

up and down the island into the remote districts, to instruct the people in the rudiments of their faith, to teach them that the church was the universal one, above all nationality, race, and language, and that even if Spanish sovereignty is gone for ever from the island, the church remains. It is as much at home under the stars and stripes as it was under the flag of Spain, and the only thing to be feared were the ravening wolves of error and heresy, who come in the clothing of sheep to snatch the unwary from the ancient faith. The immediate effect of this new propaganda is to stir up all classes to a renewed activity. There is nothing that makes a man a good Catholic like the necessity of fighting for his faith. As soon as the church is put on the aggressive she becomes an irresistible force. As soon as the activities of priest and people are thoroughly aroused, she becomes a conquering army. The church has no worse enemy than stagnation. Stagnant waters breed malaria and generate noisome reptiles, while running waters are always sweet. The new *régime* in Porto Rico has awakened all

classes of people to the necessity of knowing their religion better, that they may be able to defend it with greater effectiveness. It has generated a healthy spirit of offence and of defence.

On the other hand, the people have found valiant leaders in the newly consecrated bishop, Right Rev. J. H. Blenk, and his clergy. Of course the Protestant sects have looked on Porto Rico as a desirable field, and the missionary societies have sent their able men and have poured in abundant resources to pervert the people from their ancient faith. They have resorted to every artifice to delude the simple people and lead them into heresy. But in Bishop Blenk they have found one acquainted with their ways, and resourceful enough to checkmate them in their schemes. The bishop and his clergy have had to work with slender resources. What the church has heretofore depended on has been denied them, and while the people have given to their support, yet they had not much to give, and they had not been trained to giving. Still, with the handicap of poverty, intensified by the destitution consequent on the recent hurricane which devastated a portion of the islands, they have successfully defended the church against attack. All the fighting blood of the people has been aroused. They have organized parishes, instituted colleges, and have got the work of the church well in hand.

What has been the result? In former times occasionally the churches were crowded. It was on special festivals when, by immemorial custom as well as by legal enactment, the civil officials as well as the dignitaries of the church gathered to celebrate with pomp and ceremony some special event; but ordinarily the people were sunk in indifference. They had not much love for the church and little respect for the priesthood, and it mattered little whether they practised their religion or not. Now there is a change. Although the new *régime* gives the men all kinds of liberties, and the civil authorities no longer lend their approbation to church-going, still the churches are more frequented. The sleep of indifference has been cast aside, and the men have aroused themselves to a public profession of their faith by church-going and church-defending. Bishop Blenk, whose discretion in handling the delicate problems of administration is admirable, has earned the loyalty of priests and people alike. He has instituted the Association of Ladies,

THE STUDENTS ARE CONSTANTLY GROWING IN NUMBERS.

who are actively engaged in all good works: teaching the children their catechism, distributing relief to the destitute. He has formed the Association of Catholic Gentlemen, and on the rolls of its membership are found the names of the most influential men in the island: the eminent orator and jurist, Don Antonio Alvarez Nava; the distinguished lawyer, Don Juan H. Lopez; the popular physician, Don Esteban Saldaña, an M.D. of the University of Brussels; the eminent statesman, Dr. Julian Blanco; the learned lawyer, Don Angel Acosta Quintero, and many others too numerous to mention. These gentlemen give tone and dignity to this Catholic Association, and enable the members to more effectively carry out the purposes of the society in assisting in church work.

Bishop Blenk has instituted the College of San Pablo, where the young men can acquire a thorough education under religious auspices, and it is patronized by the children of the best families. These young men of to-day, thoroughly instructed in their religion and sympathetic with its purposes, will be the public men of to-morrow. It is hoped, as the Porto Rico

A TYPE OF RELIGIOUS.

Herald said, that the College of San Pablo will become the Catholic University of the island.

It is apparent, then, that the new *régime* in Porto Rico has thrown the church back on her own resources, and has developed thereby a healthy energy. It has cut away from the practice of religion all motives of human respect and hypocrisy, and has placed it on its own basis, the attainment of the soul's welfare. It has developed a type of Catholic who loves his religion better, and who practises it devoutly.

It is hoped that there will be a speedy settlement of the claims of the church now pending before the American government. The church property that the Spanish government confiscated is now held by the American government. It was on account of the possession of this property by the civil authorities that the government in Spanish times paid the budget of worship. The American government should either yield up possession of the property or settle for it. When this settlement is made the church will be better equipped to do its work.

THE LOST HAS BEEN FOUND: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE bare boughs of the syringa and lilac bushes rapped sadly against the windows of the old homestead in the cold December wind. The house shone in its immaculate white paint, and its green blinds were as speckless of dust as if it had not a heavy heart beneath its clapboard ribs; yet if ever a house were heavy-hearted that one was so. It had been built before the Revolution, and had sent its sons to fight loyally for independence, and now, in the close of 1862, its oldest son, bright, brave Bob Philips, was away carrying out the traditions and faith he had learned within its walls, and risking his young life to preserve the Union his forefathers had founded.

The solemn tidings of Antietam had come North three months before, and Bob had been with McClellan on that hard-fought field; but beyond this certainty nothing was known of him, and whether his sunny yellow head lay among the unrecognized dead, or whether he was a prisoner in a pest-hole prison, no one knew, and it was now December, and Christmas was coming on.

The younger children sometimes forgot their anxiety to laugh, as young folk must; but their mother never smiled, rising hollow-eyed from sleepless nights to drag through the tense longing and watching of the day. Not a step came up the gravelled walk, not a mail came into the little town, that Mrs. Philips did not go to meet it with the ever frustrate hope that at last there was news of Bob.

And now, on this bleak winter day, when the lilacs and syringas were scraping the window-panes, and the wind cried down the chimney like a banshee, though it foretold no greater evil than the coming north-east snow-storm, a halting, uncertain step fell on the ear that was always strained to catch each sound.

"What is it?" cried her mother, as Alice, the oldest girl, sprang forward forestalling her at the window.

"It is an old colored woman; O mamma, she looks so ill!"

Alice cried, running to open the big front door. It proved refractory, and by the time she had drawn back the bolt her mother had joined her, and as the door swung open the old colored woman fell in a collapsed heap of ragged gingham and misery at their feet.

"Call Dan," said Mrs. Philips briefly, bending to lift the thin face from the mat, and gently set straight the faded turban. Dan was the big factotum, used to rendering all sorts of service, from weeding flower beds to administering his mistress' charities. The old house had its place in the "underground railroad" scheme, and though Dan had by nature no liking for "people of color," it was no new thing for him to help them, and he was too kind-hearted not to like the work.

He lifted the emaciated body tenderly in his brawny arms, and carried it up to the sunny little room which Mrs. Philips kept for such emergencies.

"Well, ma'am, she don't look to me what you 'd call robust," said Dan, surveying his recent burden dubiously as it lay on the bright chintz counterpane. "She 's a pretty slim specimen of what General Butler called contraband goods." The old negress stirred feebly; they had thought that she was unconscious, but she opened her eyes and said in a weak voice: "No 'm, sir, I ain't contraband. Dey tells me in de Souf I cayn't get off'n any such 'scuse. Gen'el Butler ner any gen'el cayn't use me fer de purp'ses of wah. So I wuz mighty skeered comin' off."

"Have you run away?" asked Mrs. Philips in astonishment.

"'M! Well, I 'd know 'bout de *runnin'!* I kin'er lef' my ole plantation long in August, an' I reckon 't was runnin' off 's well as my po' ole legs could run."

"Where was the old plantation, and where have you been ever since August?" asked Mrs. Philips, beginning to understand this curious person's emaciated condition.

"Laws, honey, I cayn't rightly tell you where 't was! 'T was way down tow'd the bottom of Virginyah, and 't wan't easy gettin' up No'f, 'cause dey 's a powe'ful lot of de Souf'en army round 'bout, an' I'se had de mis'ry in my back, an' a kin'er gen'el discommodatin'ess in my legs dese pas' yeahs. But I'se boun' to fin' de Yankee army, an' I kin'er slipped 'long, an' I got up tow'ds Mahylan' time for de Antietam battle."

"Ah!" Mrs. Philips caught her breath in spite of herself, for the battle of Antietam had come to mean to her only the last clue she had to Bob's whereabouts.

"Yaas 'm; I wuz right near dere, an' I kin tell you 't wus a most disglubrious fight. I could n't stay round, 'cause I wuz skeered de Yankees wuz beaten, so I went 'long, kin'er creepin' on de aidge o' Mahylan', an' I got tuk in in a fahmhouse where dey wuz mighty kin', an' when I got a chance I come 'long up No'f."

The quavering voice ceased at these words, and the poor old head in the faded turban dropped down on the still more faded calico shoulder. Mrs. Philips was recalled to her duty by these signs of weakness, and hastened down to the kitchen to prepare some of the good chicken soup which fortunately was simmering on the fire. She returned with a brimming bowlful of the savory broth, and with her three little girls in her train, all anxious for a peep at a real runaway slave, for so far their labors as zealous abolitionists had not brought any of the race for which they were sacrificing so much to their own gates.

"Take this, aunty," said Mrs. Philips, gently arousing the old woman, while Alice lifted her head on her arm and arranged the pillows. As she did so the rosary that hung over the picture at the head of the bed rattled, and their guest raised her eyes towards it. "Bress de Lawd!" she said fervently. "You 's Cath'lics; an' dey done tole me all de folks No'f wuz as down on Cath'lics as dey wuz up on niggers. I 's raised Cath'lic myse'f; I ain't none dese yere shoutin' Mef'dist niggers, an' I bress de Lawd I 's got into de ark."

"She 's more like the raven than the dove, she 's so black," whispered Jack, the only boy of the family except Bob, to his youngest sister Kitty; Jack was studying Bible history, and felt he had proved his acquaintance with it rather neatly.

Kitty giggled, as Kitty always did, and slipped forward from her hiding place behind the taller girls to get a peep at the stranger. As she did so the old woman gratefully accepted a wishbone which Mrs. Philips offered her on the tip of the spoon.

"I 's mighty obligated to you, ma'am," she said. "Somehow I feels kin'er cur'us, like I wuz gettin' obfusticated in my min', an' did n't rightly know myse'f. Dis yere 's de bone what

troubles de chicken trabblin', ma'am," she added dreamily. "Where dis bone kin go he mos' in gen'ally gets de rest of hisse'f. Laws-a-massy, honey, how much you does resemble to my po' Massa Bob!" And so saying she fainted.

Now these last words had been spoken as her eyes rested for the first time on Kitty pressing forward to get a glimpse of her, and they fell like a bomb on the ears of the little group around her, for to them there was but one Bob in all the world. More than that, Kitty actually did look like her lost brother, the only one of the children who in the least resembled him, and the entire family waited with feverish impatience for their *protégée* to recover consciousness and explain the meaning of her words.

When the poor wanderer's fit of fainting had passed, however, she was delirious, and for a week raved of her terror of capture, her weariness, and sometimes of her Virginia home, and a certain "ole Miss" whom she had loved, and who evidently was dead.

Mrs. Philips sat by the bedside, soothing and caring for the poor old creature as tenderly as she could have cared for the son for whom she longed; and all the time her eyes sought the thin and wrinkled black face as if they would force the disordered brain to sanity, and make the feverish lips tell her if they had ever spoken to Bob—her Bob. Thanksgiving in the old house had been a dreary day, on which it was hard to be grateful for the many good things left. December set in, and the old woman had not spoken one coherent word since the exclamation which had driven back the blood on the hearts of her hearers, and had left them to increased anxiety.

At last there came a day when the fever was conquered, and the patient lay weak and emaciated, but conscious. It took several days' nursing to get old aunty to a point when it would not be sheer selfish cruelty to ask her a question; but when the doctor, who had taken care of Bob when he was teething, and was scarcely less impatient than his family to solve the mystery, said that he thought the experiment might be tried, Mrs. Philips, with shaking hands and her heart full of unuttered prayers, brought Bob's picture and stood it on the bed.

Photography was not in those days what it has since become, but it was a fair likeness of the handsome, frank young face, and the mother might be pardoned for think-

ing the picture more beautiful than any portrait by an old master.

For a few moments the old woman did not notice the photograph; when finally her eyes did fall upon it she raised herself on one elbow and, pointing one thin finger at it, cried: "Massa Bob! How come he yere?"

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. Philips faintly. "Tell me where you have seen him?"

"He come wan'ring along to dat fahmhouse down Mahylan' whar I wuz after de Antietam fight. He wuz out er his head, an' his unifo'm wuz so to'ed you could n't tole his reg'ment; but we knowed he wuz fo'm de Yankee a'my, an' de folks dere tuk him in an' nu'sed him like a baby. He nevah come to while I wuz dere, an' dey could n't fin' out a livin' thing 'bout whar he come f'om, but jest his name. 'Bob' he said he wuz, an' wen I come off No'f he wuz still crazy like; brain fevah, de doctah say he got."

"O my son, my son!" cried Mrs. Philips. "O my Bob!"

"You' son?" screamed the old woman shrilly, sitting up in bed, forgetful of weakness.

Mrs. Philips nodded. "Tell me where that house is; tell us where to find him," she gasped.

The old woman fell back and began to sob into the pillow. "Aftah all you done fo' me," she moaned, "I done fergit whar dat house is, an' de name of de folks what live dere."

"Can't you tell us how to get there? For the love of heaven don't say you can't tell us where to find Bob; or his grave," Mrs. Philips added, breaking down completely at the end.

The old woman moved her head miserably in the pillow as if she were shaking it in dissent. "Lawd fo'give me for an ole sinner," she moaned. "It 's clean gone."

The sun set on a house that was plunged deeper in gloom that night than it had been before this hope of finding Bob had been held out, only to disappear like a will-o'-the-wisp, leading to nothing. And in the morning the old colored woman, in spite of her weakness and friendlessness, had disappeared also.

"She 's ungrateful, and probably a humbug," cried fourteen-year-old Annie Philips with the impatience and rash judging of her age. "She was too ill to go before, and after all mamma's nursing and kindness she runs away the very first day she

can—and before she is fit, for that matter. You 'd better count your spoons, mamma."

But the spoons were safe, and the doctor, dropping in on his morning rounds, lifted up his voice in protest against too quick a condemnation of the wanderer. "Wait and see," he said. "I would stake my reputation on that old soul yet; you will find her whiter in heart than in body, or I am not Doctor Strange."

"You 're not; you 're only Doctor for strangers, old contraband strangers," said Jack with affectionate impertinence and trying to be bright, for he was the doctor's pet, and privileged.

Three weeks rolled by, and it was two days before Christmas. Mrs. Philips had written to her brother in New York, and he had sent detectives through the "aidge of Mahylan'," along which the old colored woman had said she had wandered after Antietam; but though they had worked hard to find the house where Bob was supposed to have lain ill, they had thus far worked in vain; his name was still in that awful list of "missing" from the great battle. Nor had the Philipses ever had the smallest sign of existence from the poor old creature they had befriended.

There was little thought of Christmas happiness in that household, and no preparations for its celebration beyond the doll Kitty perennially wanted, and clothing for the poor and the army, for those were days when the women left behind sewed their love and prayers into shirts, and knit them into socks for their heroes.

It was then two days before Christmas, and Kitty was flattening her slightly uptilted nose against the window-pane, looking out at a dreary landscape of uniform gray in sky and earth, and wishing something nice and merry might happen, for Christmas with no merriness in it was hard to face.

She saw a bent figure coming up the walk, and went to open the door without recognizing it. The broad old hall echoed to her shrill cry of surprise when it dropped her a curtesy, and she screamed: "Oh, mamma, Alice, come! It 's our old woman come back!"

"Dat what I have, chile," she said, dropping on the hall settle, and unwinding a long worsted muffler from her head, only to rise and drop a succession of curtsies as Mrs. Philips and Alice ran down the stairs at Kitty's summons.

"Wish you a ve'y Merry Christmus, honey," she said, taking Mrs. Philips' hand and kissing it. There was a suppressed excitement in her voice and manner that set that lady trembling, hoping she scarcely dared think what.

"I am glad to see that you are safe; we did not know what could have befallen you," she said.

"Lawd bress you, you dea' soul, I wuz all right!" she said beamingly, her manner getting almost triumphant, and her eyes dancing with joy. "'Twuz a hard pull gettin' off, but I reckoned I'd have de strenf given me, conside'in' what I wuz goin' fo'. Did n't dat bressed doctah drop a wo'd?"

Mrs. Philips shook her head. "I don't know what you mean," she said faintly.

"Set right down dar, honey; don't you git flustehated. I reckon mebbe you wa'n't lookin' fo' any speshul good times dis yere Christmus?" said old aunty, putting her arm around Mrs. Philips as though she had been a child.

"How could I?" Mrs. Philips whispered. "Where have you been? Tell me; did you go—"

"Yaas'm I did," nodded aunty emphatically. "I went down to Mahylan' lookin'—"

"For Bob, oh, for Bob!" shrieked Alice. "You found him; I see it! Oh, Bob, mamma, she 's found—"

Mrs. Philips clasped her hands, and looked speechlessly at the woman, her lips moving without a sound.

"Now don't you hu't you' maw," said aunty, tears rolling down her black cheeks. "You try to be ca'm; but I reckon the doctah 's comin' right along—he 's out yon'er now—an' I reckon mebbe he 's got a Christmus present fo' you."

Some one got the door open, no one knew who, and sure enough the doctor was coming slowly up the walk. And a tall young figure leaned on his arm, a figure muffled in a cloak, but not so muffled that they did not know it.

"Bob, Bob, Bob!" All the voices rose in chorus, and in a moment the tall young figure, bending down, was enveloped in arms that hid it; but clinging around his neck, and pressed close to his heart, was Bob's mother, half swooning with joy.

It was hours before any one could fully understand just what had happened; indeed it was only on Christmas Eve, when the doctor was there, and Bob seated in the arm-chair

on the right of the fire in the *rôle* of invalid, and aunty on the left as the heroine of the tale, that it was fully told.

Then the doctor confessed that he had been in the secret from the first, and had furnished aunty with the money that took her by train to Maryland, after which she had to depend on her instinct to guide her to the kind people, the remembrance of whose name illness had driven from her brain. And the faithful soul took up the tale at this point, and told how at last she found them, and Bob was still alive but with his reason not yet restored, and how it had been her whispering his name, and the familiar name of his home, and the pet names of the children, that had awakened the dormant train of association, and had brought back the poor sick brain to health once more. And Bob himself told how they had started, and how every revolution of the car wheels seemed to make him stronger as they travelled toward home.

"And I tell you our friend here is a heroine, for she was afraid of her life in venturing South again, afraid as she could be of getting caught and sent back to slavery in Virginia, and terrified though she was she went, none the less risking it for the sake of paying her debt of gratitude to Bob's mother."

"May God in heaven bless her!" ejaculated Mrs. Philips fervently. "Dear aunty, has no one told you that the President has proclaimed that all slaves in the seceding States shall be free on New Year's Day?"

"Free! What, me free!" cried aunty, springing to her feet. "Glory allelulia, an' de bressin' of de Lawd on dat great, good Linkum! Oh, laws-a-love an' glory, ain't dis yere a bressed Christmus?"

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Philips, rising to kneel by her son's chair and clasp him in her arms, as if she could not trust the evidence of her eyes alone that he was actually there. "Let us sing the Christmas hymn as we used to, Bob; oh, as we used to, Bob, before you went away, and as I thought we never should again, my dear, while you were missing."

The doctor took off his spectacles to wipe them, and then, Alice seated at the organ playing and the others gathered around Bob's chair, sang the *Adeste Fideles*, old aunty's voice rising above all the others with the clear sweetness of her race.

"I guess the raven was better than the dove in this ark,

Jack," whispered Kitty. "Do you remember how you called her the raven the day she first came?"

"Don't I just! And she's going to stay in this ark till I grow up and get married, and then I'm going to have her live with me," said Jack, planning a little prematurely.

"No, I want her," cried Kitty.

"And I shall have her, for she is my especial property," said Bob, overhearing, and laughing. "In any case, dear 'Aunty Raven' is provided for, and between us she shall never want for anything that we can give her."

The promise was more than kept; "Aunty Raven" not only lived to see the war ended, but to take Bob's children on her knee and tell them of how she had found their father in "Mahylan', endurin' the wah." And all the children loved her, keeping Christmas Day as her name day, and she was "Aunty Raven" to the end.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

BY JOHN W. WOLFE.

GLORIA in excelsis Deo,
Lord of hosts the angels pealed;
Saviour of Thy Father's fold,
Loving heart of God revealed.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
To the new-born Christ we sing;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Through the world the chorus rings.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Loudly with the rest of men,
Sing the praises by angels told,
Of the Babe in Bethlehem.

MONTALEMBERT AND LAMENNAIS.*

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

THE fathers of the Oratory in France deserve the gratitude of every Catholic in the world for two biographical works which have recently come from their community. Père Chauvin's life of Père Gratry this magazine welcomed some months ago as a great classic in its department of history—one of the greatest indeed which we possess. The honors since given to that work by the French Academy, and the wide sale it is happily having in France, confirm this eulogistic estimate. And Père Lecanuet's *Life of Montalembert*, which furnishes the occasion for the present article, merits an equally cordial welcome. Indeed, there are striking reasons why one book should recall the other. Both are studies which excellently combine a noble enthusiasm for their subjects with a fine sense of historical criticism; both achieve that distinction so difficult to biographers, of presenting a living sketch of contemporaneous history neither so jejune as to let us imagine that the man written about had no relations with his age, nor so filled up with impertinent details as to give us a distorted impression of the influence which he exercised upon it; both works finally have a fearlessly expressed love for our modern times and modern progress: imagine a biographer of Gratry and Montalembert who had not! The two subjects also naturally suggest each other. Gratry and Montalembert were contemporary in life, one in ambition, similar in principles, and pathetically alike in the disappointments which fell upon their early hopes and in the sorrows which darkened their declining days. They had to undergo the singularly painful trial of seeing themselves suspected, persecuted, and denounced by their brethren in that faith to which they had unreservedly consecrated their lives. And both, after the third of a century had cast the shadow of suspicion on their illustrious names, have had to come tardily and laboriously into the possession of the just renown which their supreme

* *Montalembert.* Par R. P. Lecanuet. 3 vols. Paris: Librairie Ch. Poussielgue.

services deserve. To this vindication the biographies of Père Chauvin and Père Lecanuet have greatly contributed. These volumes, if they belong in form and matter to the literature of history, belong in spirit and influence to the literature of justice. Though not departing from their proper province, they are fine apologies for great and holy and misestimated men; they are a consolation to all who deem it equitable to ask a victim what he has to say for himself before joining in the cry of the multitude, *a fuoco;* and they are a dignified rebuke to that spirit of persecution to which no motive is in itself sacred and no mistake forgivable.

Still, despite our gratification at the vindication, there still remains the sadness of the former misunderstanding. The thought of a Montalembert departed enjoying a secure and splendid fame, does not remove from our vision the Montalembert of flesh and blood whose whole life was spent in alternate suffering between the attacks of those without the church and the shafts of those within. We are justified, therefore, in selecting from his life in this brief review such incidents as show him to us stricken and disappointed. Never is he grander. Never is his character seen to be loftier than when he submits his courtly spirit to chastisement and correction. Never is his life-long and life-sustaining devotion to Catholicity proved more unselfish and divine than when the church appears to have thrown him aside as a discredited and useless aspirant to be her champion. To those that can bear the lesson, Montalembert is a supreme teacher of loyalty. And who shall say how many wavering souls in the several unhappy events and passionate periods since his death, may not have been enabled to hold fast to faith and conscience by his example?

LAMENNAIS AND THE REVOLUTION.

In the month of July, 1830, a revolution burst from the streets of Paris and hurled Charles X. from the throne of the Bourbons. With the royalty, the church too seemed to be flung for ever from the soil of France. Irreligion and impiety swept through the country as in the days of Mirabeau and Robespierre. Nôtre Dame de Paris was once more desecrated by a horde of despoilers. The Archbishop of Paris had to hide from the fury of the mob. Priests who appeared in soutane were set upon without mercy. Seminaries were closed and

churches barred. M. Janin declared: "The Church was already an invalid, but the revolution of July has killed it quite." "The old religion," said Heinrich Heine, "has already fallen into decay. The majority of Frenchmen wish to avoid speaking of its corpse, and hold handkerchiefs to their noses when any one mentions the church." If a man openly professed himself a Christian, he was pointed out in the street with *Voilà un homme qui fait ses pâques!* "There goes a fellow who makes his Easter-duty"! In the face of this tempest Catholics lay prostrate and unresisting. "The bishops," wrote Louis Veuillot, "are overwhelmed, intimidated, and silent." It was the hour of liberalism and libertarianism, thought the devout followers of the *ancienne Église* and the *ancien régime*, and we must wait until the rabble are put down beneath the traditional sceptre of France. As the Bishop of Belley put it at the time: "We must remain in a kind of patient nonentity."

With these conditions face to face with the church of France, there appeared a mighty prophet of a new era—a tempestuous soul who threw himself fervently and furiously into any cause that won his heart. He spoke dauntlessly and in open court for Christianity that was going to the scaffold without an advocate. He flung forth the inspiration and the challenge of a great message where others held the finger of caution to their lips. And his message to the church of France was to accept the situation of things and sanctify it; to make a friend of popular liberty and consecrate it; to go out and meet triumphant liberalism and correct, guide, and bless it. This man was Lamennais. Let us be just to him. Let us remember how noble he then was, how apostolic and how fearless. Let us remember his thrilling ambition to give his life and his genius for the conversion of his country. Let us remember that he gathered about him, and inspired and taught and loved a noble company of select souls whom he hoped to send out into the intellectual battle-fields of France to work, to suffer, and to die for God. Let us thus remember Lamennais. And for the rest, for the excesses of his incontrollable spirit, for his obstinacy, for his disobedience, for that last scene—the mournfulest in human history—where the outcast priest lies dying in old age and poverty, and refuses to be reconciled even at the end, let us leave all this in the dark region of inexplicable Providence. It is said that when he had drawn his last breath

a great tear rolled from his eye and rested on the wan and withered cheek. It was a symbol of his piteous life's vicissitudes; let us incline to regard it as also a sign of his great heart's contrition.

Lamennais determined to Christianize the thought and life of France. His plan of campaign was to welcome liberty in whatever form he found it, and to strike down infidelity wherever it showed its head. To accomplish his purpose he founded the daily paper *L'Avenir*. The first number appeared on the 16th of October, 1830, bearing the glorious motto, "God and Liberty!" Associated with Lamennais in his apostolic enterprise were the Abbés Lacordaire, Gerbet, and Rohrbacher—illustrious names!—and of laymen, M. de Coux, M. Harel du Tancrel, the Baron Eckstein, and several others. The paper instantly became a great power in the public life of France. The infidels feared it as their chief adversary; the progressive spirits among French Catholics hailed it as a sign of deliverance; while the strongly conservative Catholics who regarded all compromise with modernity as diabolic, shrugged their shoulders in cautious disapprobation. Only a few numbers had appeared when Lamennais received a letter from a young man, then travelling in Ireland, who bore one of the proudest names of France—de Montalembert. This letter contained the words: "All that I know, all that I can do, I lay at your feet." Lamennais answered: "I shall be happy to be associated with you in defence of the fairest cause for which a man can fight—God and Liberty. Whatever subject you choose to discuss, Monsieur, the columns of the *Avenir* are always open to you." Within a fortnight Montalembert was working heart and soul by the side of Lamennais.

MONTALEMBERT'S EARLY IDEALS.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was at that time twenty years of age. On his father's side he was descended from a line of heroes who had fought, since the days of the Crusades, on nearly every battle-field where the standard of France was raised. St. Louis, Duguesclin, the Comte de Nevers, and Bayard had witnessed, and on certain historic occasions had publicly praised, the courage of one or other of the intrepid race. Montalembert's mother was a Miss Forbes, born a Protestant, but when her afterwards famous son was twelve

years of age converted to Catholicity, and came of an old and honorable family of Scotland. The boy's early years were blameless and pure. An affectionate disposition, a fearless courage, and a lofty appreciation of truth and virtue developed in him at an extraordinarily youthful age, and seemed to mark him as a predestined champion of some high and holy cause. Growing to manhood, he saw that this cause was the church and liberty, and into it he threw himself with the full fervor of his generous spirit. Already as a boy he had stood up valiantly for religion in the school of Sainte-Barbe, which at that time was a very nest of precocious infidels. The spirit prevalent there is indicated in an astounding incident. One day the class of philosophy drove their instructor from the room, and put to a vote the question: Does God exist? The affirmatives carried the day by a majority of one! It was a momentous day when the young nobleman first opened the pages of the *Avenir.* At last a way seemed thrown open to him for serving his chosen standards. Here was the work of his life already begun. His journal of the period discloses his sentiments: "A glorious destiny is at last appearing for Catholicity. Freed from alliance with the civil power, the church will possess once again its ancient strength, and liberty and energy. For myself, cut off from a political career, I am resolved to consecrate my life and my studies to the defence of this sacred cause."

THREE VALIANT WARRIORS.

Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert worked harmoniously together. They encouraged, inspired, and counselled one another; and in a short time those three great hearts were bound together in one of the fairest friendships of Christian history. Under their leadership the *Avenir* grew in vigor and influence. "Absolutism," it declared, "is vanishing from the face of Europe. The reign of the people is here to remain for ever. Catholics, accept liberty! Give up your idle sighs for the *ancien régime.* Take to yourselves the spirit of modern civilization. Adopt and help to establish freedom of conscience and freedom of the press. Break off all unions of Church and State. The church is feeble and of no influence with the masses, because her clergy have been too long the *gendarmes de la royauté*, the policemen of the monarchy. Go to the

people! Go to the age; mingle with it; welcome it; conquer it!" But the valiant crusaders were not satisfied with mere words, however eloquent. They acted, and roused a nation to act with them. They founded an *Agence générale* for banding together and inspiriting the disorganized and discouraged Catholics of France. They strove to arouse an enthusiasm which should be as universal as the church. M. de Coux put himself in communication with the United States, and received from several American cities expressions of support and sympathy. Montalembert collected eighty thousand francs for the cause of Ireland. He helped to his utmost "martyr Poland," whose struggle against Russian tyranny the *Avenir* had ardently supported from the first. Germany, Belgium, and even distant Sweden, felt and responded to the new spirit that spread abroad from La Chenâie. In the propaganda to be carried on in France Montalembert was assigned the twenty-two departments of the South. This region he traversed thoroughly, speaking, exhorting, and organizing everywhere. Already a masterful orator, his fame went before him, and his tour was a consolation and a triumph. Returning to Lyons after his holy labors he wrote: "These days will be for ever graven in my memory along with the recollection of the Catholic people who have lavished their affection on me. It is the most splendid and beautiful period of my life."

A day or two after his arrival at Lyons letters reached him from Lamennais and Lacordaire. They brought the crushing news that the *Avenir* had suspended publication. Lamennais' noble words were these: "Let us see and adore in what has happened the holy will of God. Let us strive to serve Him in some other way in the place of refuge which His goodness will provide for us." Montalembert's own expressions in his journal reveal both the filial child of the Most High, and the scion of ancient warriors: "The will of God be done. I give thanks to Heaven that I have nothing to regret in what I have done: I have gained a precious friend; I have gained a master; I have gained above all a mission, a great idea which must dominate and quicken my whole life. To that mission and that idea I swear I shall be faithful."

MISTAKES OF THE "AVENIR."

Every one now knows why the *Avenir*, after thirteen months

of magnificent battle with the enemies of the church, had to leave the field just when the world was listening to catch its cry of triumph. The bishops of France were of opinion that the paper was revolutionary. It encouraged democracy, and democracy was evil. It called for the separation of church and state, and such a separation would be disastrous. It flung aside the past too unceremoniously; it welcomed modern civilization too boisterously; for the past is sacrosanct, and modern civilization is unsound and possibly diabolic. So they denounced the journal in public; they forbade their priests to read it; they removed pastors and professors who looked favorably upon it; they refused Holy Orders to young clerics who sympathized with it; they deluged Rome with petitions to condemn it.

If we are tempted to be impatient with these men, we shall do well not to overlook one or two points in their behalf. In the first place, the *Avenir* was certainly imprudent more than once in cutting loose from old moorings, and unwise in its language of laudation respecting the new order. The conservative spirit may be broadened, but only by the use of compromise and patience. Ridicule but embitters it; haste makes it suspicious. Now, the *Avenir* took little pains to be either compromising or patient. Too often it tried to drive by the lash those whom it should have humored by kindness; and rarely did it treat with deference the prejudices of a thousand years. And in the second place, the events we are speaking of took place seventy years ago—and the world has changed vastly in seventy years. To-day, it seems certain, the *Avenir* and its directors would be better appreciated. To-day, it is likely, the bishops of France would give thanks to God if there should arise in behalf of their stricken church, three leaders like Montalembert, Lacordaire, and the unfallen Lamennais.

CONDEMNED BY ROME.

The rest of the story of the *Avenir* must be briefly told. Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert set out for Rome to vindicate themselves in the very presence of the Father of the faithful. Their Roman experience was disheartening indeed. They were treated by several of the great churchmen of the Curia with coldness, and by some with disdain. Even when they were listened to, the passionless diplomacy of the Italian prelates fell like ice upon their earnest zeal and Gallic fervor.

Gregory XVI. received them, but, to their bitter disappointment, spoke only of commonplaces, avoiding the slightest reference to their mission or their fate. On the twenty-fifth of February, 1832, Cardinal Pacca handed them a note which informed them that while the Holy Father recognized their good intentions, he looked with displeasure upon their stirring up of certain controversies which were at least dangerous; that their views would be examined, but that as this examination would take a long time, the Pope desired them to return to France. "It is the ruin of our hopes," wrote Montalembert, "but we must be resigned and wait for justification at the hands of God. Our conscience is without reproach, our hearts without the least remorse." On the thirtieth of the following August the three friends were at Munich, where an elaborate banquet was given them before their departure from the city. Their hosts were Schelling, Baader, Görres, Döllinger, and other men of learning and reputation. In the midst of the feast Lamennais, apparently called by some one, left the room. He returned in a few minutes with a happy face and calm demeanor. Courteously he asked if the singer who had been entertaining the company would not favor him with a repetition of the verses sung in his absence. Then turning quietly to Lacordaire he whispered: "I have just received a Papal encyclical which is against us. We must submit at once." That night the three confrères in sorrow sent to Rome a written submission to the *Mirari vos.* Lamennais spent a great part of the night in prayer.

When a man has been publicly humiliated by ecclesiastical authority, there is greater need than in perhaps any other crisis of a soul to deal with his broken spirit tenderly. For greater than all other men's sufferings are his sufferings, and most terrible his temptations. To acknowledge before the world that one's life principles are pernicious; that one's highest ideals are not worthy of the love, but are deserving of the hatred of mankind; to come out wearing the badge of shame while a universe looks on, and ask that none should follow in one's footsteps or give heed to one's words; by one's own voluntary act to hand down one's name to posterity, that it may stand in history for ever as a sign of something erroneous, hateful, reprobate;—this beyond question is the most profound and painful exercise of self-humiliation possible to man. And it is the

harder according as the victim's genius is more splendid and his spirit more independent. It would not astonish us indeed to find that proportionately fewer men have submitted for religion's sake to such a trial, than have gone in the same cause to the galleys or the stake. It would seem that thus to slay a human being need be but an infrequent thing; it is certain that it should ever be done as mercifully as possible. It is certain that to one so struck there should be shown the most generous sympathy, the most compassionate kindness. In no other ministration of mercy could men more resemble Him who would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

It is sad, and in view of the awful issue, it is terrifying to reflect that Lamennais was denied by many the sympathy that would make his cross less grievous. Scarcely had he written his submission to the Pope, when the Archbishop of Toulouse set to work upon the files of the *Avenir*, and extracted from them fifty-six propositions which he sent to Rome for condemnation. Gregory XVI. refused to pronounce the condemnation, but in a private letter to the archbishop, never intended for publication, he complained that Lamennais had not been loyal to his submission. The Pope had reason for this complaint, as Lamennais, while never retracting his acceptance of the *Mirari Vos*, had used bitter and imprudent expressions in certain letters to his friends. Unhappily Gregory's letter was published. Lamennais was exasperated thus to see another weapon put into the hands of his enemies. Nevertheless he wrote at once to the Pope a renewal of his profound submission to all decisions on faith, morals, and general discipline. He added the unfortunate words, that he would never again concern himself in any matter of ecclesiastical interest. The Pope's response was a brief to the Bishop of Rennes, dated the fifth of October, 1833. In this he calls upon Lamennais to follow absolutely the teaching of the late encyclical, and to write and approve nothing that would not conform to it. The Pontiff then went on to declare that the most grievous of his many afflictions was a book just then circulating widely in Europe: *Le Livre des Pèlerins Polonais*. The preface to this book, said the brief, was especially violent and dangerous. The *Livre des Pèlerins Polonais* was written by a Polish exile in France, Adam Miçkiéwicz, and was a passionate narrative of the sufferings inflicted by Russia on the Poles. The book con-

tained, besides, views on European politics which are said to have been overwrought. The work was put into French, and the preface improbated by the Pope was from the pen of Montalembert. The noble youth—he was but twenty-three—was dazed by the terrible blow of this official censure. His journal contains these reflections on the calamity: "And this is the first mark of public attention which I have received from the head of the church, after having consecrated my entire young manhood to his defence. Behold me denounced to Catholics for their reprobation—me who am every day detaching myself from all that is not Catholic, and who have taken the resolution to live only for the church!" But Montalembert's submission was complete. He gave orders to buy up the whole edition of *Les Pèlerins*, and professed his sorrow at whatever excessive and harmful phrases his preface had employed.

LAMENNAIS' REBELLION AND FALL.

When Lamennais received this brief of Gregory's, he set out at once for Paris to give into the hands of the nuncio himself his response to the Pope's propositions. The Bishop of Rennes interpreted his departure as an act of contumacious rebellion, and suspended him without giving him an opportunity for a definite pronouncement or for an explanation. At about the same time the Bishop of Séez declared, in a discourse preached at a clerical retreat, that the editors of the late *Avenir* were inspired by avarice, that they were extreme Jacobinists, and that they were guilty of many evil deeds, that of violating the Sabbath among the number. In addition to all this, ugly rumors were prevalent that the schools in charge of Lamennais' brother, the Abbé Jean, were about to be forbidden to Catholic children, and perhaps permanently dissolved. This accumulation of onslaughts both stunned and maddened the hunted victim who stood at bay. Nevertheless on the 5th of November he sent still another declaration to Rome. He affirmed once more his submission to whatever of doctrine or of discipline the encyclical contained; but in what concerned the *purely temporal* order, he said he should retain perfect freedom in opinion, utterance, and action. A month later he received a letter from Cardinal Pacca, which was kindly in tone, though rigid in requirement. It blamed Lamennais' distinction in terms, and demanded an absolute, unlimited adhesion to the

Mirari Vos. Lamennais sent the following answer on the next day: "I declare that in the very terms contained in the brief of the Sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI., of the fifth of October, 1833, I shall follow solely and sovereignly the teaching expressed in the encyclical of the same Pope, and I promise that I shall write nothing and approve nothing which is not conformable to this teaching." On the same day he sent to Montalembert a letter full of terrible forebodings. It ended with the words: "We shall be together on high, I trust; but on earth we must henceforth walk in divergent paths." Full of anxiety, Montalembert asked his beloved master what was meant by this deliberate sundering of their holy friendship. In a letter dated Christmas Day, 1833, Lamennais answered that he could not in conscience accept the position recently taken by the Pope, and that, over and above this, he had come to question some of the fundamental teachings of the church. He had sent in his last submission, he continued, in order to avoid a new tempest of hatred against him. This declaration was Montalembert's crowning sorrow. For several days he was like a man distracted, taking long and lonely walks, and refusing to see visitors or friends. And this was the end of the little company and of the mighty hopes that had been sheltered but a few months before beneath the roof of La Chenâie. Those hopes broken and ground into the earth, those fellow-workers in a great cause dispersed and shamed; the master, friend, and father, an apostate! We may in some way imagine Montalembert's weight of sadness, when even to ourselves of another race and country, and after an interval of three-quarters of a century, the incident is sorrowful inexpressibly.

But meanwhile the report of Lamennais' complete submission was published, and great was the rejoicing of Catholics. Montalembert perceived at once that if Lamennais, despite his threatened break with the church, would but remain in silence for a time, his bitterness might disappear, and his faith fully return. Accordingly he wrote a long letter to his friend, beseeching him to say nothing and to publish nothing till the coming of calmer days. But Lamennais had in his desk a manuscript which he obstinately determined to put in print. Despite the counsel and the pleadings of his best friends, he gave this manuscript to Sainte-Beuve, and requested him to find a publisher. On the 26th of April appeared *Les Paroles d'un*

Croyant. Europe was stunned by the work. In the language now of ecstasy, now of fury, with startling figures, amazing metaphors, and apocalyptic visions, Lamennais in its pages is beside himself with zeal and the spirit of prophecy. The downfall of tyrants, the breaking of sceptres, the sway of the people, the shattering of the might of oppressors, the fulfilling of the cries and curses of the oppressed—these things roll through this unearthly book like alternate detonations of a battle-field or like the antiphonal blessings and maledictions of Garizim and Hebal. "The devil has come into the world," said the Augsburg *Gazette*, "holding this book in his hand." This was the opinion of all adherents of the old order. They regarded the work as the Bible of revolutionary democracy, as the charter of a universe of anarchy. On the 7th of July the encyclical, "*Singulari Nos*," was issued in condemnation of the book, and this we may say is the final incident in the Catholic life of Lamennais.

THE LIFE-WORK OF MONTALEMBERT.

As for Montalembert, it is familiar history how he emerged from these storms of his early life and became the greatest layman of the church in his generation. His constant defence of the clergy; his efforts to protect and purify Christian art; his labors for the independence of Catholic schools against Hugo; his vindication of the Jesuits against Cousin; his management of *Le Correspondant*, which he made one of the most powerful organs of Catholic thought in Europe; his advocacy of Pius IX. against Lord Palmerston; his orations, which recalled the golden age of French eloquence; his academic, political, and ecclesiastical distinctions; his entrance into the French Academy; his reception of the doctor's degree from Oxford; the repeated encomiums passed upon him by Pius IX., at whose instance he was given the title *Civis Romanus*; all this filled his life with honor, and placed him before the gaze of history as one of the most devoted, accomplished, and irreproachable cavaliers that ever brought into the lists the cause of his sovereign, the Church.

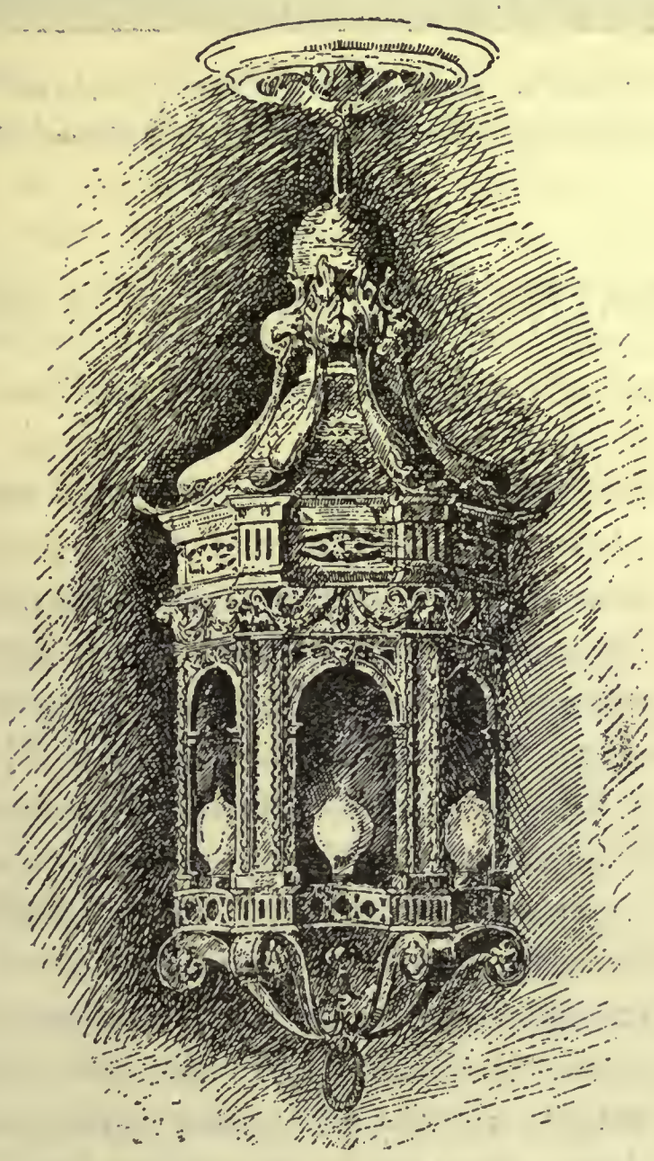
But as he had entered his manhood accompanied with sorrow, so with sorrow was he to go down to the grave. In August, 1863, a Congress of Catholics was held at Malines, to which Montalembert was urgently invited. After long hesitation

he accepted the invitation and promised to speak on the present relations and the future adjustment of modern society and the church. His two speeches on this subject before the congress are probably the masterpieces of his genius. The three thousand delegates who listened to him acclaimed him rapturously. In the person of these representatives, the Catholics of all Europe stood before him and shouted out their gratitude for his inestimable services, their pride in his supreme ability, and their support of his life-long principles. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines publicly felicitated him. M. Deschamps, minister of state, declared that the two addresses would live in history. King Leopold added his expressions of good-will. But there were those who said that Montalembert had gone too far in his advocacy of liberty of worship and of the press. Soon denunciations began to arrive in Rome. The Bishop of Poitiers was urgent in petitioning for Montalembert's condemnation, and sent his vicar-general to Rome to promote the cause. Other bishops of France, Belgium, England, and Ireland—Ireland which Montalembert's great heart had so loved!—demanded that the Pope should smite the orator of Malines with public reprobation. At Rome itself, Mgr. Talbot, Cardinal Pitra, and other powerful influences worked furiously and fast to loosen the thunderbolts of the Papacy. Montalembert's most indignant and energetic friends were Cardinal Stercks of Malines, Archbishop Guibert of Tours, the young Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Lavigerie, and above all others the brilliant prelate of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup. Bishop Dupanloup, in fourteen audiences with the Pope, urged the Pontiff to resist the importunities of the opponents and enemies of Montalembert, and demanded as his right as a bishop of France that if the Malines speeches should be referred to the Index for examination, he himself should be permitted to go before that congregation to defend them. These noble efforts availed little. Early in the March of 1864 Montalembert received a private letter from Cardinal Antonelli containing Pius IX.'s condemnation of his discourses before the congress. Montalembert immediately sent to Rome a declaration of his unalterable submission to the church. But his heart was broken; his sorrow was never to be consoled. A month later he wrote an article in the *Correspondant* eulogizing Pius IX.'s recent allocution in behalf of Poland. This article he dedicated to the Pope, but to his deep chagrin he received no

word of acknowledgment, though shortly afterward a nameless Belgian, one M. du Val de Beaulieu, obtained an official letter of approbation for a sophomoric refutation of Montalembert's discourses at Malines.

Montalembert died on the thirteenth of March, 1870. When the news of his death reached Rome, his brother-in-law, Mgr. Mérode, arranged for a Requiem Mass for the departed soul, in the Franciscan Church of *Ara Cœli*. The Cardinal-Vicar peremptorily forbade the service to be held!

Few lives ever given to the service of the Catholic Church are so noble and so inspiring as Montalembert's. It was his misfortune to be at times and in some of his opinions in advance of his generation. We are approaching a happier period when men with his great spirit will achieve his successes without experiencing his sorrows.



GROUP OF DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS.
Photograph taken on the steps of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

THE progress made within the past century, at least from a material stand-point, is enormous and unprecedented in the history of the world. The nineteenth century outstripped all its predecessors, and the present one promises to utilize to their full extent the materials left to it by its immediate ancestor. When the nineteenth century began, the world was not very far in advance of the point where the beginning of the fifteenth century found it. Wind, water, and human strength were the only motive powers that men knew, at least practically, and though improvements had been made, they were more in detail than in substance. Still, the germs had been produced from which nineteenth century progress was to result. It was a long time since the old *a priori*, or deductive,

method of the Scholastics, had yielded to the *a posteriori*, inductive, or experimental method which has since guided the explorer in the realm of science. The deductive method was certainly admirable, both in principle and in consequences, while the neglect of it cannot fail to prove fatal in scientific investigations. It stands to reason, that once certain principles are known, the conclusions deduced from them must be also certain, when drawn according to the rules that govern human thought. The syllogism has its root in the nature of the human intellect. Yet it was liable to abuse, and, in fact, it was abused. If it is scientifically wrong to neglect the deductive process of the mind, it is no less an abuse to despise the observation of phenomena, and to seek for truth exclusively within the intellect itself. It must be admitted that many philosophers in antiquity, and the Middle Ages generally, were too much given to building up scientific systems upon *a priori* principles, following an analytic method, and ignoring facts. This was due partly to the traditional systems in vogue, systems that had been handed down from ancient Babylonia and Egypt through the philosophy of Greece; but, also, to the want of those instruments which have been so beneficial, and have become so indispensable in modern science. It is to the observation of phenomena that modern, positive science owes its enormous progress, and though it fails, again and again, yet plodding onward patiently, it has been gathering the richest materials for the philosophy of the future. Our museums are filled with such materials, that are only awaiting a modern Aristotle, or Albertus Magnus, to reduce all the human knowledge of to-day to one grand, magnificent system.

In the meantime we must rest content with laboring each in his special field, until that genius comes who will grasp all the materials we have collected, and give us a complete Summa Philosophica.

The importance of the New World in the progress that humanity has made since the fifteenth century can scarcely be exaggerated. New vistas were opened before the eyes of astonished mankind, old notions were corrected, and numerous problems presented themselves for solution. Men, seeking for truth, were not slow to perceive the advantages that the discovery of Columbus offered them, and, from the end of the fifteenth century down, they have devoted themselves with untiring zeal to

the study of matters connected with the new world, such as its geology, natural history, ethnology, philology, and history. Von Humboldt, Agassiz, Darwin, Audubon, St. Vincent, Vater, Brasseur de Bourbourg, are only a few of the more illustrious names of those who have occupied themselves with America from a scientific stand-point.

For all branches of human activity there has always been a tendency toward concerted action, for man is characteristically a social being. His limited sphere of action renders him dependent upon other men, and what he does not find in himself he seeks in others. This interdependence of man upon man is the basis of trade and commerce among individuals and nations. It is, also, the reason for scientific associations. Proud indeed, and self-reliant even to temerity, must he be who, concentrated within himself and isolated from others, feels self-sufficient, and disdains the aid that others can offer him. Besides, there is that within the human heart that craves for sympathy. Men of similar ideas, tastes, views, and pursuits gravitate quite naturally and spontaneously to each other, and truly noble is that friendship which is based upon intellectual activity. Plato in his academy, Aristotle in his walks, Cicero in Tusculum, and Augustine at Cassiacum loved to surround themselves with kindred spirits to discuss the great questions of the mind. These noble reunions were the forerunners in a remote past of the modern scientific associations and congresses, both national and international, in which learned men meet to discuss, as of old, subjects of the gravest interest, and to rise above the petty trifles of the passing day. In these gatherings, especially in the international congresses, scholars from different countries of the globe become personally acquainted with each other, and with each other's work. Their horizon is widened, erroneous ideas are corrected, and by the interchange of views in private conversation, as well as in public debate, new interest is awakened, and a fresh impetus given to scientific research. Moreover, concerted action is produced, and the scientist finds himself no longer isolated, but working in fellowship with hundreds of kindred spirits who are laboring on similar fields all over the world.

Such congresses are now on the order of the day. Medical, charitable, reform, scientific congresses are constantly meeting in one city or another, and the results of their deliberations

are given to the world in learned publications that contribute greatly toward the diffusion of knowledge.

About a quarter of a century ago, or more, scholars interested in the New World first came together in the city of Nancy in France, and thus originated the International Congress of Americanists, which has been held every two years since. Among the originators of the movement were M. Adam, and that well-known ethnologist, the colaborer and successor of the celebrated De Quatrefages at the Trocadero, M. Hamy.

The International Congress of Americanists has as its scope the discussion and elucidation of scientific matters appertaining to the Western Hemisphere, such as geography, ethnology, archæology, philology, and history. Ten years ago, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, the ninth International Americanist Congress met at Huelva, in the south of Spain.

The occasion was one not easily forgotten, and the ties formed there have been strengthened by time. The Congress at Huelva was, perhaps, the largest gathering of Americanists ever seen. It was opened in the early part of October, 1892, in the historic convent of La Rabida, where four hundred years previously Columbus had enjoyed the hospitality of the Franciscan guardian of the convent, Fray Juan Perez. The men assembled within that Gothic courtyard, on that memorable morning, were among the distinguished scientists of the world. Canovas del Castillo, who so soon, alas! was to fall under an assassin's hand, opened the session. On the one side of him sat Saenz de Uturi, then Bishop of Badajoz, and, later, Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, and on the other, the President of the Congress, Antonio Maria Fabie, formerly minister of the colonies, and a distinguished writer. Two illustrious members of the Congress lay at that moment in their coffins, Don Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, and Ernest Renan, the Orientalist. Among the names of the distinguished scholars present that morning I recall those of Jules Oppert, the well-known Assyriologist; Dr. Hamy, of the Trocadero in Paris; M. Dimitrios Bikelas of Athens, a littérateur known to fame, not only in his own country but also in France, England, and here; the Duke, then Count, de Loubat, that great patron of learning; and the late Baron Nordenskjold, the arctic explorer. Others of the Huelva Congress were also present at the New York session, and I shall speak

THE DUKE DE LOUBAT, HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.

of them later. The sessions which began at La Rabida, continued at the Hôtel Colon in the neighboring town of Huelva. The Congress was solemnly closed by her Majesty Maria Christina, the Queen Regent, in person, the venerable Baron Nordenskjold delivering the address to her Majesty.

Since that period sessions of the International Congress of Americanists have been held in Berlin, Mexico, Stockholm, and

Paris. The Congress just closed in New York ranks as the thirteenth. A word as to its work, and the personnel that composed it, is now in order. Its sessions were held, from October 20th to the 25th, in the American Museum of Natural History, under the presidency of Mr. Morris Ketchum Jesup of New York, who is also president of the museum, and whose benefactions to science are well known. Besides donating to the museum a $100,000 collection of native woods, he sent an expedition to the North Pacific, the results of which may be seen in one of the large halls of the building.

The honorary President of the Congress was the Duke de Loubat, who, as I have said, was also present at the sessions held in Huelva, ten years ago. Joseph Florimond, Duke de Loubat, was born in New York in 1831 of French ancestry. He graduated as *Bachelier ès Lettres* at the University of France, and, some years later, we find him attached to the embassy of Würtemberg at Paris. The large fortune to which he had fallen heir enabled him to promote admirably the cause of higher education. He has especially devoted himself, however, to such studies as lie within the scope of the Americanist Congress, and he has donated numerous prizes for the best works and essays on such subjects. Many are the institutions of learning, both here and abroad, that have been the objects of the liberality of the Duke de Loubat. The Columbia University has been richly endowed by him, and, among those that have been benefited by his munificence, I may mention the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris, the New York Historical Society, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, the Royal Academy of Belles-Lettres, History, and Antiquities of Stockholm, the Catholic University of Washington, the Church of Perugia, etc.

The Duke de Loubat is a member of several learned societies, a doctor of the University of Jena, and he has been decorated by many crowned heads of Europe. He is a knight of the Order of Frederick of Würtemberg, of the Order of the Crown of Würtemberg with a title of nobility and the right to appear at court, of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor of France, Commander of the Order of Saint Stanislaus of Russia, Commander of the Order of Wasa of Sweden, Commander of the Order of the Crown of Prussia, Knight of the Order of Albert of Saxony, and of that of Zaehringen of

Baden, and Prince Danilo I. of Montenegro, Knight of the Order of Dannebrog of Denmark, of that of Merit of the Crown of Bavaria, Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic of Spain and of the Order of the Bust of the Liberator of Venezuela, Knight of the Order of the Saviour of Greece, besides other honors that have been conferred upon him. There are few men, I think, who have enjoyed such distinction. His fidelity to and filial affection for the head of the Church have been rewarded with the highest honors that the Sovereign Pontiff is accustomed to bestow upon a layman. At first Papal Count with the right of a coat-of-arms, and the dignity made hereditary in his family, in 1893 the Holy Father conferred upon him the dignity of Pontifical Duke, to which, a short time later, a ducal coat-of-arms was added.

The Duke de Loubat is the greatest patron of Americanist studies, and he has been a familiar figure at the Americanist Congress. At least two chairs of American ethnology and archæology were established by him: one at Berlin, in charge of Dr. Seler, and the other at the Collège de France, presided over by Dr. Lejeal.

We would be carried too far were we to attempt an enumeration of the various distinguished persons who composed the Congress, and must therefore content ourselves with the mention of merely a few names. The two officers of the Congress upon whom a great deal of the practical work developed were Messrs. Marshall N. Saville and Harlan L. Smith, both connected with the American Museum of Natural History, and both eminent in their special fields. The former has carried on extensive work among the ruins of Central America and Mexico, and the latter, besides his explorations of the North American mounds, was the archæologist on the Jesup North Pacific Expedition. Mr. Saville was secretary, and Mr. Smith treasurer of the Congress. Among other distinguished Americans present I will mention the names of Starr of Chicago, Holmes, Hodge, and McGee of Washington, Culin of Philadelphia, Thompson of Yucatan, Putnam of Cambridge, Mass., and Gilman of Baltimore. Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, until recently president of the Johns Hopkins University, is at present at the head of the Carnegie Institution. Dr. F. W. Putnam is professor of American archæology and ethnology at Harvard, and curator of the Peabody Museum of Cambridge. Dr. Frederick Starr, of the University

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS.

of Chicago, has done much work in Mexico, greatly at his own expense, and he is an authority on the ethnology of Mexican Indians. Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written much on anthropology, and devoted special attention to the practices of prehistoric races. He was a distinguished member of the Americanist Congress in Spain ten years ago. Professor Holmes has recently been appointed chief of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, to succeed the late Major Powell. He is also the head curator of the department of anthropology at the National Museum, and known as the author of a number of works. Dr. W. L. McGee, also of the Bureau of Ethnology, is hardly less known as a geologist, and he ranks highly among American ethnologists. Mr. Thompson, United States consul in Yucatan, has for many years been devoting himself unostentatiously to patient labors among the Maya Indians, and to the ethnology and archæology of the country in which he lives. Finally, Mr. F. W. Hodge is a young and energetic man of English birth, who came to this country when a child, a worker at the Smithsonian Institution, and the managing editor of the *American Anthropologist*. He is well

known as an Americanist, and as the author of a cyclopædia of Indian tribes. These are a few names of those American gentlemen who are helping to build up the ethnology and archæology of the New World.

The work has, however, not been limited to men. I might mention Mrs. Virginia McClurg, who, with her associates, has labored to preserve the Colorado Cliff Dwellings from destruction; Miss Alice Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University and a resident of Washington, who, besides her scientific work, had also been laboring practically for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians.

Foremost among the women workers on the Americanist field stands Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, a native of California, and connected with the university of her State. At the Congress of Huelva her paper was one of the best, if not the best, read. She was one of the very few Americans present, and she was honorably mentioned to the Queen Regent, to whom she was presented. At the International Congress of Stockholm, a few years later, she read a paper in the presence of King Oscar of Sweden. She speaks about seven languages, and she has travelled through many countries. She has devoted herself especially to Mexican antiquities and hieroglyphics. Space is not permitted to dilate much on her extensive works, but suffice it to say that she has been very fortunate in unearthing several important Mexican relics in the libraries and museums of Europe. Her most recent and, perhaps, most valuable discovery is that of a superb ancient Mexican codex, which she found in private possession in England. It has been named after her "Codex Nuttall." It has been reproduced in this country, and it is the first important publication of the kind made in the United States. Copies of it were presented by her to President Diaz of Mexico and to President Roosevelt. Mrs. Nuttall has recently purchased an old building in Mexico, erected hundreds of years ago by the conqueror Alvarado, and here she intends to take up her residence, in order to prosecute her studies in company with her daughter, whose tastes are similar to those of her mother. One of Mrs. Nuttall's largest works is a study of comparative civilizations.

The foreigners present in New York were all men of note and distinguished in their several fields. There was Dr. Lejeal of the Collège de France, who occupies the Loubat chair in that

FOREMOST AMONG THE WOMEN WORKERS IS MRS. ZELIA NUTTALL.

institution; Dr. Seler of Berlin and Mrs. Seler, who shares his labors, and in whose company he has made archæological researches in Guatemala, under the auspices of the Duke de Loubat; Dr. Ambrosetti, of the Argentine Republic; Mr. Hjlmar Stolpe, representing the government of Sweden, and his fellow-countryman, Hartmann of the Swedish Anthropological Society, and a winner of one of the Loubat prizes; Baron van Panhuys, the representative of the Dutch government, besides a number of others. I should also mention that learned man, Juan F. Ferraz of Costa Rica, distinguished as a linguist, orientalist, and Americanist.

These are a few of the names of those who attended the Thirteenth International Congress of Americanists. Those acquainted with them and their work will easily acknowledge the excellence of the body they composed. It truly deserved the name of a most learned gathering.

I sincerely regret that our own Catholic learning was not represented. This was not the fault of the Congress, I am sure. Its work belongs pre-eminently to the Catholic Church, whose children discovered and first colonized America. One of the best writers to whom Americanists look up was a Catholic priest, the renowned Brasseur de Bourbourg. There is no reason why the present generation of Catholics, especially American Catholics, should not take a greater interest in a work that is eliciting the sympathy of learned men all over the world. It seems to me that there ought to be a centre of Catholic Americanist studies in Rome itself, or at Washington, which might serve as a guide for similar studies in other portions of the globe. The field is vast, and a cursory glance at the papers presented at our congress suffices to show how much has been done, and how much remains to be done.

Subjects such as the antiquity of man, the unity of the human race, myths and traditions of races, the relationship of languages, chronology and the calendar of the semi-civilized races of America, and the religions of the New World, may not be lightly dismissed. They are of the deepest interest to the Catholic philosopher and theologian, nor can they be studied exclusively in the seclusion of the cloister. To understand them thoroughly the inductive method of reasoning, observation, and exploration are absolutely required, and one must come into close touch with men whose life-work runs along these lines. Moreover, there is the arena of history. How many errors are not allowed to pass unnoticed! It is the duty of Catholics to keep a vigilant eye upon history and historians, at least for the love of truth, if for nothing else. It is much to be desired, I think, that for these reasons Catholics should be awakened to an interest in Americanist studies.

After the close of the Congress, the foreign delegates, by courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad, visited Washington, where they were presented to the President of the United States. A pleasant day was spent in the national capital. The Rector of the Catholic University honored us with his presence

at luncheon and dinner, and, in the evening, the Americanists continued their journey to Chicago.

Thus passed the Thirteenth Americanist Congress into history. When it meets again, two years hence, it will be at Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg, the king of which is interested in Americanist studies.

The kindly spirit manifested toward each other by the members has, I am sure, left the most salutary impression, and many a friendship begun here will last through life.

Among our pleasant recollections incidents of the Americanist Congress will not stand in the background. The first sessions were held in a hall of the executive apartments of the museum, but the growing numbers rendered it necessary to remove to the large lecture hall. The second afternoon session in the former place comes back to me like a pleasant dream. Far beneath us was the busy city of New York, teeming with activity, with its vast population whirled hither and thither by a million cares, and occupied with the ever-changing present. Far above them were united a few scholars, gathered from many lands, whose thoughts arose above the passions of the multitude and wandered away to a remote past, to the great discoverers of America, to the prehistoric races of the New World, and to those subjects with which the busy, money-seeking throng has little to do. Out in the distance, through a window, one might catch a glimpse of nature in its purity, where, like a picture set in a frame, the waving trees in Central Park, with their autumn leaves turning to gold, nodded to the breeze. The shadows were lengthening on the earth, and the declining day added a sweet touch of autumnal sadness to the scene, while the tongue discoursed and the mind dwelt on other scenes far distant, and on other days that had passed away for ever.

It was with regret that the Americanists parted from each other, to return to their respective fields of labor, giving one another rendezvous at Stuttgart, or, at least, expressing the hope that they would meet again.

PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

THEOLOGY ADAPTABLE.

AS the ecclesiastical student surveys the vast field of the sacred sciences with which he is supposed to become acquainted, he can hardly help a feeling of dismay, and a conviction of the impossibility of accomplishing the task in the space of half a dozen years. And if this conviction does not deepen upon him in the course of his studies, it may be doubted whether he has grasped the character of his work at all.

Yet, however strongly he may feel his inadequacy during his seminary years, it is only later on that he awakens to the immensity of the field of modern thought through which the religious problem is interwoven. Only as he comes in contact with unbelief, arrayed in the security of scientific prestige, does he fully realize how complete is the equipment required for the priest who is desirous—as every priest ought to be—of being able worthily to represent the church among men of education and culture, and of giving to all comers a reason for the faith that is in him. The future professor may solve the difficulty for himself by specialization. But what is to be done for the greater number who are destined to pass at once from the seminary to the ministry? Evidently utility ought to be the standard by which a selection is to be made of branches, subjects, and questions, when it is impossible to attend to all.

Now, utility means adaptation to a specific end. In selecting his tools, the workman is guided by the nature of the material on which he is to work. When preparing his plans and providing for his equipment, the engineer carefully calculates the obstacles to be overcome, the medium in which he is to operate, the forces to be extinguished or made subservient to his purpose. Similarly, if the student wishes to get the best results, his years of preparation must be shaped to the condi-

* Delivered before the Literary Society of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, June 10, 1902.

tions in which his lot is cast. The first duty of a general is to make himself acquainted with the strength and position of the enemy, and the character of the ground on which the impending struggle is to be fought. After mastering the knowledge necessary to him as the minister of the sacraments and the dispenser of the Word to the flock confided to him, the priest ought to devote his time to equipping himself as a defender of the faith.

Now, our philosophy and theology are the results accumulated from the church's life of two thousand years, her internal growth, her adaptation to the transient as well as the permanent needs of mankind, her struggles, and her victory over the ever-changing forms of error. By the expert eye the phases of her history may be read in the development of our philosophy and theology.

We find in the accumulations of theological lore, with its deposits from various ages, traces of the different phases through which the mind has passed; just as the geologist reads in the strata of the earth the history of its development.

Mingled with the valuable minerals which we dig up to sustain the activities of commerce or the graces of civilization, and to sustain our vital heat, are to be found detritus of the past, and fossil remains which serve to entertain the speculations of scientific leisure, or to adorn the museum of the antiquarian. Or, perhaps, one might more appropriately liken the sacred sciences to a vast armory in which are stored the weapons of all ages—the pebble and sling of the divinely accredited champion of God, the sword and shield of the Middle Ages, charts of ancient battles, plans of campaigns fought and won by the church in days long gone by, artillery coeval with the invention of gunpowder, and, if we know where to look for them, arguments as effective as the sling of David, to bring down the Goliath of modern unbelief. But on entering this store-house to equip ourselves for the fight we must know how to choose what is needed for our age in order not to make the blunder of arraying ourselves in the panoply of a crusader to go forth against a foe armed with high explosives and long-range guns.

ERROR CHANGES.

But, you will say, let us abandon metaphor. Is not truth unchanging and unchangeable—the same yesterday, to-day, and

for ever? Error, indeed, is shifting, variable, and multiple; but truth is permanent, consistent, one. The demonstrations of our fundamental doctrines, for example, have an objective value depending not on any particular phase of mind. The magnificent system of Catholic theology, worked out by the master-minds of past ages, resting on the basis of infallible teaching, is in its splendid unity adapted to every age, and efficient against every adversary. True, I reply. *Truth* does not change; but, as you say, *error* does. And it is not from the enduring character of truth, but through the Protean character of error that there arises a variation in the efficacy of certain demonstrations or reasons for belief, and a diminution in the actual importance of this or that theological treatise. The dogmas of the church, like the truths of Revelation, are immutable. Nor can the theological conclusions rigorously drawn from them vary any more than the premisses; though, of course, it occasionally happens that the views of some learned theologian, once supposed to be bound to a dogma by a chain of irrefragable logic, when subjected to longer scrutiny, shrink to their proper dimensions as very questionable human opinions.

If, however, we are to make Catholic truth prevail, we must present it under that aspect through which it will appeal most strongly to those whom we seek to convince. Not merely the objective value of an argument is to be considered, but also the force with which it appeals to a particular mental attitude. The Gospels themselves, though delivering the same doctrine, vary in character according to the mentality of the people to whom they were first severally addressed. St. Matthew, writing for the Jews, invokes a kind of evidence neglected by St. Mark. To convey the same doctrine, Paul on the Areopagus speaks a different language from that which he uses when addressing his fellow-Hebrews. The Apology of St. Justin differs as much from the *Summa* of St. Thomas as the latter does from the controversial tomes of Bellarmin. The glorious successes of Fathers Jogues and Marquette were won by methods very different from those employed by their fellow-Jesuits with equal effect in China, or the pulpit of Notre Dame. Even the classic proofs for the existence of God, the objective value of which is unquestioned, have had but little subjective weight with some most reverent minds. We need scarcely recall as an illustration of this statement the testimony of Cardinal Newman. Our

argument from the moral government of the world meant nothing to him. He declared that he might be a pantheist or a polytheist or an atheist for all the evidence to the contrary that he could see in the universe.

In the words of a man whose name is never to be mentioned without the profoundest respect, by the clergy of America—the late Abbé Hogan—"Men's minds are ever moving, and it is simply wonderful what little hold certain arguments have on one generation which, to the preceding generation, seemed unanswerable. New facts of history come to light and alter the views of things. Statements and principles universally accepted in the past gradually make room for others, so a new presentation of the credentials of Christianity becomes a practical necessity for each generation." That magnificent synthesis of reason and Revelation, the Scholastic Theology, took for granted as fundamental certain postulates and first principles which are simply denied by the outsider to-day. Hence, as Father Tyrrell remarks, relatively to the needs of the modern mind, no point disputed in the *Summa* of St. Thomas is of much consequence as compared with the assumptions on which it rests. Of course we may reply, so much the worse for the modern mind. If it rejects these bases, it condemns itself to a false start, with the result that the more rigorous and logical its methods the further must it diverge from truth. But are we to content ourselves with taking this hedge-hog attitude? Is not such a position equivalent to an unworthy admission that truth is no longer able to manifest itself effectually; or, at least, that we are not the men able to hold up the divine lamp to shine in the darkness which does not comprehend it? We cannot bring the modern mind back to the position which much of the philosophy of five hundred years ago supposed. If we are to have any influence on hostile thought, we must seek for some ground common to it and to ourselves. For, as Newman says, "I cannot convert men by means of assumptions which they refuse to grant; and without assumptions I cannot prove anything about anything."

JUDICIOUS CONSERVATISM.

Now, the church by her very constitution is conservative, holding fast to the doctrine delivered to her in the beginning, guarding it against diminution or amalgamation with extraneous

material. Consequently the first duty of the theologian is conservatism. He hears St. Paul addressing him in the person of Timothy: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called." In case of doubt he recurs to the touchstone, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*

But exaggeration is ever the danger besetting the human mind. Of all the virtues charity alone is the one against which we cannot sin by contrary excess. In everything else, an exclusive preoccupation about avoiding one extreme may easily conduct us into the other. Divine truth is a living principle; the church is not an organism whose cycle of development and growth has already terminated in the rigidity and torpor of old age. Her mission is for all time. And the doctrine of which she is the custodian is capable of adapting itself to every condition and phase of human thought, yet, because it is infinite, it can be adequately and exhaustively apprehended by none. Shining on the generations of men, as the sun upon the current of a mighty river, it remains the same though its reflection varies with the changing moods of the passing waters.

The spirit of conservatism would be carried too far, if it assumed that Divine truth was exhausted by the feeble and inadequate idea formed of it at a particular epoch. Some theologians, if we may believe our text books, have come very near the mistake of failing sufficiently to distinguish between the element which is all important, universal, unchangeable, and the other one—the forms which have been employed to adapt the transcendent, supernatural doctrine to special mental conditions.

NEEDS OF THE DAY TO BE KEPT IN VIEW.

Much of our theological or philosophical Apologetics has been formulated when the church reigned supreme over the European mind; when great principles which are now controverted were accepted as indisputable. And the reverence for tradition has tended to stereotype the methods, programmes, and authors used in the teaching of theology. A rigid adherence to exemplars has tended to antagonize flexibility, and a due regard for proportion. Subjects which, at some past time, had special importance, on account of the position occupied by a then dominant error, still receive the same measure of atten-

tion although the point of attack has shifted. This very devotion to the past, when not intelligently regulated, defeats itself in one important point. The great masters of other days were careful to keep their eye on the needs of their times; they spoke to their own age, in its own language, and therein chiefly lay the secret of their success. If we are to take them for our guides, we must imitate their method in this point, and neglecting what had but an occasional value, translate the enduring doctrine into language understood of our own times. Without disparagement to the objective value belonging to some subjects of theological thought around which centred the chief interest of other centuries, we, painfully conscious of the shortness of time, shall first study the subjects more important for our world. For every single follower of Paul of Samosata or Berengarius that we shall encounter, we shall meet with at least twenty disciples of Huxley and Spencer. To know accurately what the Church teaches with regard to the doctrines of Socialism will be of much more practical value to you than the most profound mastery of the question: *De Angelorum cognitione matutina et vespertina.* To know what precisely St. Thomas held as to the distinction between essence and existence is of much less actual value than is an acquaintance with the exact position of modern Determinism.

II.

THE MODERN PHASE.

The world in which we live is a world very different from those which have preceded it. The intellectual classes are largely hostile, or, what is perhaps worse, contemptuously indifferent to Catholicism. Protestantism, Cartesianism and Kantianism, in strict logical as well as historical succession, have risen up, first against the authority of the church, next against the authority of Revelation, and the revolt has culminated in a distrust of reason itself. The rising tide of scepticism and rationalism has completely covered extensive tracts which till lately had been occupied by some form or another of dogmatic Christianity. Protestantism has been gradually emptying itself of all supernatural content. Various bodies are engaged in modifying their traditional confessions. And modifi-

cation, here, is but a plausible word to cover surrender to infidelity. The atmosphere of unbelief, and the confusion of tongues which prevail around them, is not without effect on many of our own people. With increasing frequency the priest finds himself called upon, especially by the more educated of his flock, to clear up obscurities, and to remove the misgivings suggested by the literature of the day.

Hence it becomes necessary for him to know what are these difficulties, and whence they arise. To understand them we must explore, with due discretion, and providing ourselves with the necessary antiseptics, the writers and schools that are the fountain-head of current unbelief. If we are to answer the arguments of the rationalist, we must know just what these arguments are, wherein lies their apparent strength and their innate weakness. Now, the system of Comte, for example, is not to be summed up in two or three lines of a text-book; Darwinism cannot be overwhelmed by a syllogism. An acquaintance with the position of the modern mind soon makes plain to us the fact that, however invincible our philosophy, many of its demonstrations, starting from postulates which the modern mind refuses to grant, are ineffectual as weapons against it. Again, how often, for example, in the Evolution controversy,—how often have the friends of religion brought ridicule on themselves by displaying a woful misapprehension of the Evolutionists' position? The spectacle of a champion delivering crushing blows against a man of straw set up by himself is calculated to excuse the merriment of the real adversary who witnesses the exhibition.

In a day when fundamentals are attacked the student who takes utility for his guide will wisely devote himself to those parts of theology—using the term broadly—which bear upon the living issues. He must, as Father Tyrrell says, enter into the intellectual life of his time, acquire the knowledge and understand the thoughts of his day, appropriate them to the illustration and expression of the faith, and address the intelligence of his time in its own language and its own presuppositions.

SOME FAVORABLE ASPECTS.

Although there are many deplorable features in modern life, it would argue but narrow judgment, and hardly a very strong

confidence in God, to assume that all is unmitigated evil. Hand-in-hand with characteristics unfavorable to faith there are others which make for goodness. Great minds, like Bossuet, have analyzed the march of human events in the past to show that underneath the superficial currents, the cross purposes, and the conscious efforts of nations and individuals, there lies a force, superior to man, a higher principle of co-ordination steering the world to better things. The scientist like Mr. Kidd may terminate his investigations of this great fact by formulating a principle of "Projected Efficiency." We go further, and recognize beyond the formula the presence of Divine Providence guiding all things wisely and inevitably to the end which his wisdom has fixed from the beginning.

The devotion of the age to the physical sciences has fostered a bent of mind, inductive and positivist, which, unfriendly to the supernatural, and impatient of authority, has made the task of apologetics more difficult. Yet the same root which produces the poison, provides also an efficient antidote—*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* The inductive and historical methods, which hold the place of honor in the intellectual world now, may be very fruitfully employed to correct and balance the one-sidedness of exclusively analytical procedures—and, to borrow again from one whom I have already cited, the analytical habit too exclusively cultivated helped to generate those abuses of Scholasticism which promoted not a little the coming of Protestantism, with modern unbelief in its train. Science has, unfortunately, been wrested to the propagation of infidelity. But we shall only aggravate the evil, if we on that account are indiscreet enough to treat Science with implacable hostility, or hold it up to the reprobation of the faithful. We shall make a great mistake if we hurl against it an undiscriminating anathema which confuses the uncontrovertible knowledge won by men who have scorned delights and lived laborious days, with the theories, speculations, and conjectures which alone are pernicious, and pernicious because they have been able, chiefly through the indiscreet zeal of orthodox writers, to invoke the prestige of Science in their favor. To be able to separate scientific knowledge from the speculations of the scientist demands an acquaintance with the writers in whose works both elements are mingled in perplexing confusion.

EXAMPLE OF ST. THOMAS.

The example of St. Thomas ought to be our inspiration. When, in the hands of the church's enemies, Greek philosophy was turned against faith, narrower minds than those of Aquinas advocated the rejection of Aristotle altogether, as a foe to divine truth. Thomas, with a surer judgment, perceived that the rational truth won for mankind by the matchless genius of Greece could not but be a powerful help to faith, if it were brought to the support of Revelation. Since the days of St. Thomas the human mind has made immense progress in knowledge of every department of the physical universe. If St. Thomas could be born again, can anybody suppose that he would close his eyes to all the magnificent conquests of the intellect since the thirteenth century, and devote himself exclusively to the volumes which he pored over in the halls of Paris or the cloisters of Monte Cassino? Would he not, on the contrary, surveying with enthusiastic delight the new realms of human knowledge, geology, archæology, the reconstructions of the vanished civilizations, which, in his time, were but so many hollow names, the secrets wrung by paleontology from the dark backward and abysm of time, the mysteries of the ovum and the life cell, which the microscope has exposed to our astonished eye—would he not, thrilling with the love of God, plunge into all these realms, in order that he might once more synthesize the two streams of truth—Science and Revelation—and be able to interpret faith in the language of the age?

REACTION AGAINST UNBELIEF.

While the influence of Kant has begotten in the modern mind a distrust of our objective demonstrations of the great basic truths of religion, it has proportionately exalted the great moral argument. And the very excesses of Agnosticism have brought men to see more clearly that unless we take the Christian valuation, the dignity and importance of man disappear from a life that is no longer worth living. The exaltation of Positivism has already generated a reaction. The conviction is becoming general that, after all, man liveth not by science alone; that he is something more than an inductive logical machine; that the intellectual faculty is not commensurate with the human soul; that what is best and noblest in us are the

aspirations after a good about which science knows nothing; and that to refuse to make an act of belief in certain truths which we can neither support by mathematical demonstration nor verify by experimental proof is at once intellectual suicide and the demolition of morality. Now, this frame of mind is one which offers an easy approach to Faith.

Thousands of minds, distressed in the weary waste to which scepticism would condemn them, are not far from the dispositions necessary to surrender to an infallible guide that, in place of an ever-changing *maybe* and *perhaps*, will speak to the tired and despondent inquirer in the tone of conscious authority.

As Protestants see their ancient hulks crumbling into cureless decay they cling with desperation to the ethical element of Christ's teaching. Looking with wistful eyes towards the lighthouse on the everlasting rock, they only await the appearance of some kindly pilot to rescue them and assure them that within the gates of the city of peace they will find no human tyranny interposing between them and God. To a generation which pays but little attention to dialectics, but which in its estimate of various religions is to a great extent guided by the principle *Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos*, we must be able to show the church in all her ethical beauty and her prolific holiness, yielding to none in her recognition of human brotherhood, and in her endeavors to abolish or mitigate the burdens that press so cruelly upon the masses of humanity. To become efficient representatives of the church we must have the intellectual equipment, and the sympathy necessary to put ourselves in touch with the world in which we live. We shall do but little if we spend our days in weeping by the waters of Babylon for glories and conditions that, in the providence of God, have suffered the doom of all things human. The *Laudator temporis acti* is usually a negligible quantity in the forces of his environment. The church needs, to-day, men who know, as knew all her apostles and defenders, how to interpret her to the world, men who, in the words of Father Tyrrell, "have at once a comprehensive grasp of the 'idea' of Catholicism, and are possessed with its spirit, and who are, no less, in touch with the spirit of their own country and age, its strength and its weakness; who can understand and speak both languages, and recognizing unity of thought under diversity of expression can

translate from one into the other, interpreting the age to the church and the church to the age."

THE FUTURE PROMISING.

In no country more than in our own is there need for men of this stamp. In none so much as in our own do such men behold the future beckoning to them to enter upon a land of fair promise and splendid possibilities.

It is scarcely exaggeration to say that to the great mass of outsiders the church is as much of an enigma as she was to the Rome of Nero. If there is one theological subject which more than another the priest is here called upon to be familiar with, in order to dissipate the clouds of prejudice, it is the relation of conscience and authority. For in that false conception of Catholicity, the notion which above all others is most fruitful of distrust is that religious authority is the foe and oppressor of the individual conscience. And let me recommend you to reflect whether in any of your text books of moral theology you will find this matter treated exhaustively and comprehensively.

A kindred prejudicc that is to be removed is that the Catholic Church is an alien institution. To a people intensely conscious of national individuality, the church is misrepresented as a foreign monarchy, her fate inextricably linked with the fortunes of races whose political ideals are in conflict with the triumphant spirit of democracy symbolized by the country's flag. This false impression is to be met by insisting that the Catholic Church *is* the *Catholic* Church, universal in her spirit, the appanage of no class, of no race; that she is designed not for some particular place or transitory environment, but for all time and every place. How often have we found her opponents seeking comfort in the fiction that the decadence of the Latin races marks the approaching downfall of Catholicism. Recent events, indeed, have helped to shake confidence in this opinion. Still it is wide-spread. But, as Mgr. Lorinzelli said, when, a few weeks ago, in France, he was addressing an audience similar in character to the one which has done me the honor of listening so patiently this evening: "We must not nationalize the spirit of Christ, for Christ is come for all; . . . it is not race, it is not blood which makes the sons of God."

It is true that at different epochs God has honored different

races and peoples by choosing them to be instruments in his hands for the spread and protection of the church. The Roman Empire was her pioneer; the *rôles* of Constantine and Charlemagne stand out in history so that he who runs may read. The *Gesta Dei per Francos* is one of the most splendid pages in the volume which records the church's struggles and triumphs. But God is not dependent on the tools which he uses. From the stones he can raise up children unto Abraham. When in the succession of human events new conditions came about, when ancient polities had fulfilled their functions and exchanged the vigor of youth for the decrepitude of age, He who said to Cyrus, Thou art my shepherd, knew how to make the rising influences serve His purpose not less efficaciously than those whose star had set.

We are told, to-day, that the axis of the political, social, and economic forces of the world is shifting with unexampled rapidity. Statesmen, financiers, soldiers, publicists of every type, are discussing, some in consternation, others with hopeful confidence, the sudden spring of America into the vanguard of the nations. In this juncture are we to believe that the rule of universal history shall not hold, and that for the first time a new phase of the world's development means nothing for religion? Are we not rather prompted by the present prospect to exercise a little retrospection upon the rise of Catholicism in this land? And that retrospection leads us to the conviction "Digitus Dei est hic." The finger of God has been here, as is His wont, preparing His instruments from afar for events and crises, long before these events had entered the field of human vision. The older nations have given of their best, both natural and supernatural, to create a young and vigorous people inheriting the promise of the future. The Puritan, with all his narrowness, contributed the principles of democracy in which an intense love of liberty is blended with a profound respect for law. Spain and France sent their early missionaries. With the Catholic spirit of France and Spain, the intolerance of Protestant England depopulating Ireland, worked hand-and-hand to build up here a strong, devout Catholicism, yielding to none in its devotion to the faith. France again increased America's debt of gratitude by sending her, for the training of her priests, the sons of St. Sulpice who, to all the virtues which it is needless to enumerate, know how to join an unimpeachable conservatism with an

enlightened appreciation of contemporary needs. Who can examine the past and look out upon the future without being convinced that the influence of America in the coming years is to be of vast moment for the entire church? Already we have an earnest of the things that are to come. America has lately taken possession of lands that for ages were in the complete control of a Catholic state. The condition of affairs in these regions bore eloquent witness to the truth that, owing to the imperfections of our common humanity, the most beautiful of ideals, when reduced to practice, do not always realize the perfection of their theory. Now, where the influence of America was able to be promptly established—I mean in Porto Rico—a new vigor has sprung up in the religious life of the people, who bless the day which presented to them their priests of God unshackled by the livery of Cæsar. And there is every ground for confidence that what has occurred here is but the first-fruits of a wider harvest to ripen in God's good time.

These reflections, however meagrely indicated, are, for every serious mind in the ranks of the American clergy, fraught with suggestion; powerful as stimulants to our zeal and industry; serious from the light in which they show us our responsibility to our country, to our Church, and to God.

THE MOTHER'S FOREBODING.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

I.

WITHIN my Galilean home
I spin and pray, and pray and spin:
The pretty doves, as white as foam,
All day fly out and in.

II.

He came and stood beside my knee,—
My Love, my Dove, my little Son;
Pitying, held out His hand to me,
And lo! there lay thereon

III.

A little, foam-white, wounded dove.
Ah! swiftly sprang my burning tears!
I tried to stay my grief, dear Love!
To quell my anguished fears.

IV.

But suddenly I seemed to see,
Against the far Judean sky,
Stand, stark and tall, a dreadful tree,
Whereon my Dove must die.

V.

"Weep not!" He said. "It is not dead.
For thy sweet sake its wounds I heal."
It soared and sang. Uncomforted,
I wept beside my wheel.

St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, where the Passionists began their work in the United States.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE PASSIONIST FATHERS.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY A PASSIONIST FATHER.

JUST at this time the Passionist Fathers are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Order in America. The festivities commemorative of the event are being held in the Church of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, S.S., Pa., on the spot where the work of the Order in this country began fifty years ago. The Jubilee suggests the following notice of the Order and of its work in America.

The Order was founded by Paul Francis Danei, or St. Paul of the Cross. He was born of noble parentage at Ovada, Piedmont, Italy, on January 3, 1694. From childhood he had but one thought, and that was of our Lord's sacred Passion.

In early youth this led him to serve in the Venetian army against the Turks—the great enemies of the Cross. But a silent whisper came from above, that left behind it an undefined longing for something higher and holier. For him greater enemies of the Cross and nobler conquests were in reserve. He left the army. With his brother, John Baptist Danei, he retired to a small sanctuary of Our Lady on Monte Argentaro, overlooking the blue Mediterranean, near by the little City of Orbitello, and there in prayer and penance he prepared for his mission in the church. In vision, he had once beheld Our Blessed Lady clothed in the garb now worn by the Passionists—a black robe, with a heart attached. The heart is white, and in the centre the name of Jesus and the characters of the Passion are inscribed. Paul was told that the garment was one of mourning for the death of our Lord, and that the white heart indicated how pure the heart should be to have written upon it the name of Jesus and the characters of his sacred Passion.

Now he trusted that the time had come when, with the approval of the highest authority on earth, he might begin his life-work of enkindling and reviving in the hearts of others the devotion that burned so brightly in his own. He left his solitude and journeyed to Rome in order to throw himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, and beg his blessing and approbation. With naïve simplicity he approached the portals of the Vatican and asked to see the Holy Father. The official whom he chanced to meet looked at him in his strange garb and said: *Sapete quanti birbi capitano tutto giorno? Andate, Andate!* "Do you know how many rogues come around here every day? Be off with you!" He made no answer, but meekly went his way. He then reflected upon what had transpired, and thought he had been treated as he deserved, and he remembered One who on earth was "despised and the most abject of men," and he felt strangely happy. God's time was not yet. So Paul returned to the holy mount whence he had come.

In the sixteenth century, under the plea of reformation, certain restless spirits sought to destroy the church by attacking the divine element in her. They set up private opinion against the authority of the Holy Ghost. But they were beaten back by St. Ignatius and his illustrious society. Now the Reformers sought to gain their ends by glossing a faith which they could not destroy. They took down the image of the

Crucified from the cross; they concealed his eloquent wounds; they hid the thorns that hedge the narrow way which leads to life; they strewed with flowers a new path of their own. "Christ," they said, "hath died, the Just for the unjust; and that is enough! He has done all, and nothing is left for us but to enjoy the liberty of the sons of God! *Pecca fortiter; sed crede fortius!* No more abasement, no more penance; no more crucifixion of the flesh. Away with the Cross! It is all folly! Christ suffered for us, *not* leaving us an example; there is *no need* that we follow in his footsteps; only believe!" This seductive doctrine spread like wildfire. But as Ignatius and his sons met the first attack, so did Paul and his sons stem the onward current.

FATHER ANTHONY, THE FIRST SUPERIOR OF PITTSBURG HOUSE.

The gloss of the Reformation gave place to the *Écrasez l'infame* of the Revolution. But the church, divine in her resources, was prepared for this too. Paul of the Cross was born the same year as Voltaire. Their lives for nearly eighty years ran parallel. Voltaire's aim was derision of the Cross; Paul's exaltation of the Cross. To one the Cross was folly; to the

other it was the power and the wisdom of God. The one hated the sacred Humanity of Christ; the other loved it to intensity. Paul was a saint; Voltaire, a demon incarnate. The one led his followers to materialism; the other to a life of faith and purity. In his mountain solitude Paul was silently preparing for his mission in the church.

Well, thirty years have passed. He returns one morning to the Vatican. Now a priest and missionary-apostolic, he carries next his heart the rules which he had written. This time he is graciously received. The rules are approved, and again and again confirmed by the occupant of the Chair of Peter. Thirty years more have come and gone. The reigning Pope leaves the Vatican and proceeds to the Basilica of Sts. John and Paul on the Cœlian Hill. He mounts the stairs, and enters the little room hard by with the old bell towers overhead. The Pope has come to see Father Paul of the Cross—that poor youth long ago driven away from the Vatican, but now old and feeble, revered and loved by all Rome as a saint. St. Paul of the Cross, the first Passionist Father! Simple as a child, loving as a mother; uniting in his character the sweetness of St. Francis de Sales and the austerity of St. Francis of Assisi. The rebuke of his life is like a flaming scourge in our age. Still, he makes virtue charmingly attractive and wins the hearts of men to God and the Church.

Through a strange inspiration, during fifty years he had prayed for the conversion of England; and he declared that, if he would, he could not help doing so; for as soon as he commenced his prayer that unhappy country came before him. "For fifty years," he exclaimed, "I have prayed for England's conversion. Every morning in the Holy Mass I do this. What may be God's designs concerning the unfortunate country I know not. Perhaps, he may yet have mercy on it, and the day may come when he, in his goodness, will bring it to the true faith." God consoled his servant by lifting the veil of the future, and allowing him to see his sons in benighted England giving missions to non-Catholics. One morning, after Mass, he said, with radiant countenance: "Oh, what have I seen? My children in England!" Yes, they have labored in England and they have reconciled hundreds of thousands to the church. Among the number was one whose secession was afterwards described by Lord Beaconsfield as "a blow under which the

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, PITTSBURG.

Church of England still reels." It was the great Newman; and the souls who owe their conversion to his influence throw an additional lustre on the work of St. Paul of the Cross.

Providence had been preparing the way for the extension of this work. In 1839 the Most Rev. Father Anthony of St. James was elected General of the Order. He was a man of broad and comprehensive views, and no less remarkable for his wisdom than for his extensive scholarship. He was revered for his holy life, and the cardinals in Rome called him "the second Founder"; for it was he who carried out the designs of St. Paul of the Cross in extending the usefulness of the order in the church, thus accomplishing its mission. By Papal dispensation, he was elected general for four consecutive terms. He was one of the spiritual directors to the conclave that elected Pius IX., and the close friendship of the Pontiff and the General dated from this epoch.

John Mastai Ferretti, when a youth, had applied to a former general of the Passionists for admission into the order. Owing to delicate health at the time, it was not deemed prudent to accede to his request. Providence destined him to fill the

Papal chair and to canonize St. Paul of the Cross. It was he who blessed and seconded the plans of Father Anthony of St. James. He it was who presented the *Scala Sancta* to the Passionists, and erected beside it, at his own expense, an international college for the order, wherein its young men may receive a most thorough training for their apostolate in the church.

The general had been lector of theology. He had formed the characters of many of the youths of the order and equipped them for their work. He knew his men. In 1840 he called Father Dominic of the Mother of God to Rome, and told him to proceed to Belgium, there to found a house of the order. It had been revealed to the latter that he would go to England and labor for its return to the church, and now, after long years of prayer and waiting, he felt that the prophetic intimation he had received from Our Blessed Lady was about to be realized. This extraordinary man at first was not among the fathers chosen for the Belgian mission. But at the last moment the leader of the little band was assigned to another post, and Father Dominic was chosen to replace him. Before leaving the Eternal City, he knelt at the shrine of St. Paul of the Cross and, with tears, begged that he might bring about the Saint's prophetic vision—of his children laboring for the conversion of England. His prayer was granted. Belgium became the base of operations for England.

Catholic Emancipation had been wrung from England by the dauntless O'Connell. A marvellous awakening of Catholic life in that country had followed, and concurrently came the Oxford Movement. About this time Cardinal Wiseman, then Vicar-Apostolic of London, asked for a colony of Passionists for England, and in 1842 Father Dominic made a beginning at Aston Hall, in Staffordshire. It was here, on September 29, 1845, that he received into the church Mr. Dalgairns, the first of the little community at Littlemore. They had corresponded before Father Dominic left Belgium. The occasion of this was a reply of Father Dominic's to a letter of Mr. Dalgairns which had appeared in the *Univers*. Besides, Father Dominic had once visited Dalgairns at Littlemore. Now, on one of his missionary tours, at the invitation of Dr. Newman, he made a second visit. He arrived at Oxford late on October 9, 1845. He had ridden outside on a crowded coach, and was drenched with rain. Mr. Dalgairns and another member of the community

met him and conducted him to Littlemore. He reached his destination at 11 o'clock at night, and went to the fire to dry his clothes. While doing so, Dr. Newman, Messrs. Bowels and Stanton, entered. They knelt to receive Father Dominic's blessing, and then asked him to admit them into the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. They confessed to him, and two hours after midnight they were received into the church. In the morning Father Dominic offered Mass for them and gave them Holy Communion. In a letter, dated October 9, Dr. Newman wrote: "I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. He is a simple, holy man, and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one fold of Christ." Verily this was the beginning of the exodus from Anglicanism to "the one fold of Christ"; the vision of St. Paul of the Cross was realized and his prayer of fifty years was heard! The next year Dr. Newman was ordained in Rome, and he celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving at the tomb of St. Paul of the Cross, in the Basilica of Sts. John and Paul.

FATHER STANISLAUS PEREZKI, SUPERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, PITTSBURG.

"England's eldest daughter beyond the sea" came within the range of the prayer and of the charity of St. Paul of the

HOLY CROSS MONASTERY, CINCINNATI.

Cross. So thought Pius IX. and Father Anthony of St. James, the General of the Order. The work of the fathers in England had been closely watched by Rome, and their success had paved the way for a venture in America. Here, too, they were destined to bring many souls to "the one fold of Christ." This was brought about by the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburg, Pa. He did for the New World what Cardinal Wiseman had done for England.

Dr. O'Connor was educated at the Propaganda in Rome. He was one of the brightest of a galaxy of bright men then at the Propaganda. Among them were Paul Cullen, Francis Patrick Kenrick, Martin John Spalding, John MacHale, and Hassoun. After nine years on the mission in his native land, Ireland, Dr. O'Connor returned to Rome to become a Jesuit. Gregory XVI. said to him: "You will be a Bishop first and a Jesuit afterward"; and this Pontiff appointed him Bishop of Pittsburg.

In 1852 Bishop O'Connor again visited Rome. He asked

the Father General of the Passionists to give him a colony to establish a house of the order in his far-off diocese. The general readily acceded to his request, and selected Fathers Anthony Calandri, Albinus Magno, Stanislaus Perezki, and Brother Lawrence for this mission. The bishop most kindly offered to defray the expenses of the expedition, and to keep the fathers in his own home till they had learned the language and become acquainted with the genius of the American people. Furthermore, he proffered them every assistance in erecting a house and church in his diocese, as their rule required.

On their side, the fathers bound themselves to assist the bishop to the utmost of their power in advancing the interests of religion in his diocese, and while not confining their apostolate to Pittsburg, they were always to give the bishop preference in their work. The day on which this agreement was negotiated between Bishop O'Connor and the Father General, Pius IX., in the Sixtine Chapel, declared Father Paul of the Cross blessed. The bishop and his little band were received most graciously by the Holy Father, who addressed them in words of great kindness, and from his heart blessed the undertaking. They left Rome on October 10. At Lyons and Paris the fathers received generous hospitality from the Christian Brothers. In London they were met by Father Ignatius of St. Paul—the Honorable George Spencer; and while the bishop crossed over to Dublin in order to confer the pallium on Archbishop Cullen, the fathers remained with their own brethren. On October 27 they sailed from Liverpool on the *City of Glasgow*. They landed in Philadelphia on November 14, and reached Pittsburg on the 19th of the same month in the year 1852.

Father Stanislaus, though a Pole, spoke German well, and the bishop placed him at once in charge of St. Michael's congregation, in the South Side, or Birmingham, as it was then called. The other fathers he kept with himself. On the hill-top, high above St. Michael's Church, the bishop gave the fathers the site on which their monastery and church are built. The corner-stone of the new monastery was laid August 7, 1853, and the monastery dedicated June 4 of the following year. The bishop's hopes were at last fulfilled. He had brought the Passionists to America; he had taught them the language and ways of the country; he had given them the ground on which to build; he had blessed and furnished their new home;

he had been their friend and adviser; and the grateful tribute of Father Anthony, the first superior, to the bishop on this occasion was touchingly beautiful. The fathers labored not only in conducting missions and retreats, but in every department of priestly work and in every portion of the diocese, to prove their profound appreciation of the kindness of their great friend and benefactor, the bishop.

A few weeks after the opening of the new monastery, Fathers Dominic Tarlatini and Luke Baudinelli, with Brother Jerome, arrived from the Eternal City and joined the little band. Their coming was most opportune, as cholera had broken out in the city of Pittsburg and the services of the fathers were much needed in attending the plague-stricken. Father Dominic replaced Father Anthony as superior, and the latter now devoted all his time and energy to the poor who were taken down with the dreaded scourge. In less than a year Father Luke had mastered the German language and was made assistant to Father Stanislaus. In 1855 Father Gaudentius Rossi came from England, where he had labored for fourteen years. He was a notable accession to the Pittsburg community, as he spoke English fluently. From this date the fathers began to give missions and retreats throughout the country. The monastery was enlarged by Father Dominic, and in 1858 a diocesan

FATHER ALBINUS, A NOTED PASSIONIST MISSIONARY.

ST. JOSEPH'S MONASTERY, BALTIMORE.

synod was held, and two retreats to the clergy of the diocese given within its walls. The corner-stone of the Church of St. Paul of the Cross was laid this year and the church was dedicated December 13, 1859. About this time Father James Hoffznott Welch, and somewhat later on Fathers John Thomas Steffanini and John Baptist Baudinelli, arrived from Rome. They may be said to have completed the band of associate founders in America, though subsequently other accessions of good men came from Italy; such as, Father Victor, Fathers Guido Matassi and John Philip Baudinelli, who did noble work in the United States. But the order was well established when they came. Several Americans had been professed in the order. A number of bright young men were preparing for the priesthood; some in Rome, others in this country. In 1860, just before the resigning of his see, Bishop O'Connor ordained the first Passionists in America. The bond of affection and friendship between the bishop and the fathers had been growing closer and closer; and had his health permitted, he would have become a Passionist himself. As Father Dominic would not hear

of this, the bishop returned to his first love and became a Jesuit' thus verifying the prediction of Gregory XVI.: "You will become a bishop first and a Jesuit afterward."

The founders of the order in America had been formed by a master-hand. They were men of God; they were intensely devoted to their blessed Father, Paul of the Cross. Like him, they blended in their characters the sweetness of St. Francis de Sales with much of the austerity of St. Francis of Assisi. They awakened in the American heart a passion of enthusiasm for their saintly Founder and his work. They held to his rule and spirit with uncompromising firmness, and yet they were all things to all men. They identified themselves with the country; they were one with its people; and with rare humility and kindly grace, they chose for themselves the last place, when they had trained good men to fill the first.

The order grew with astonishing rapidity, and people marvelled at this foreign plant attaining to native growth in American soil. But this simply verified the saying of Benedict XIV. in giving it his sovereign approval: "It is the last order in the church, but it might have been the first"; for its rule and spirit are adapted to all times and to every clime. These men enshrined themselves in the hearts of all. They have left after them sacred memories

FATHER JOHN BAUDINELLI.

which endear them to us, and now, with grateful hearts, we recall them and declare them blessed. Two alone remain, Father Guido and the Very Rev. Father John Baptist Baudinelli. In 1899 the latter was recalled to Rome to represent the American Province as second consultor general. He returned to America to preside, in the father general's name, at the chapter held last August in Pittsburg, and he is still in the country to be present at the Golden Jubilee of the Order in America.

Since the foundation made in Pittsburg, fifty years ago, houses have been established in Dunkirk, N. Y.; West Hoboken, N. J.; Baltimore, Md.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul, Kas.; and recently in Scranton, Pa. In these houses the rule is observed as strictly as in Rome itself, and this is done notwithstanding the great demand for the services of the fathers. That little band of men from Italy, without friends, without funds, and without influence, save that of the illustrious bishop who brought them hither; these men entirely unacquainted with the language and ways of the country, but with magnificent faith and boundless trust in the good providence of God; these simple, kindly, unassuming men, began their work fifty years ago,—and how well and wisely they builded, fifty years of achievement bears ample testimony. To be sure, they were highly favored by the excellent prelates who invited them to locate in their dioceses; such as the venerable Bishop Timon, Bishop Bayley, Archbishop Spalding, Archbishop Purcell, Bishop McCloskey, Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, Bishop Fink, Bishop Hennessy, and Bishop Hoban. Special mention must be made of the present Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, through whose unfailing kindness they were enabled, when St. Joseph's Retreat was destroyed by fire, to erect the superb buildings which now are an ornament to the Monumental City. But still what these men accomplished is simply astounding.

It may be said that these fathers began the work of "home missions" in America; and what is more remarkable, missions to non-Catholics. In Boston, for instance, as early as 1862, after a mission to the Catholic people of St. Joseph's parish, a week's mission was given by Father Gaudentius to non-Catholics. Hence, when the Paulist Fathers inaugurated this good work on its present lines, the Passionists were in full

sympathy with them. Devotion to our Lord's Sacred Passion is the great feature of the work of the order, and the secret of its success in the missionary field. Not as a mere sentiment, but in its practical application to the duties and relations of every-day life, its lessons for the mind, for the heart, for the whole career of man. Through the prayer of their sainted Founder, the Passionist Fathers seem to have a special blessing attached to their missionary work, not only in England but in our own beloved land. May this work go on increasing to the end, ever assuming proportions more magnificent to the glory of God and the honor of his church, proving ever more the efficacy of the prayer of St. Paul of the Cross!

THE JOY OF MARY.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

THIS was your joy, O Mary!—
To suffer for your little Son,
To falter through the Bethlehem street,
And, travail-worn, press on
Toward that far inn where you might win
Rest till the distant dawn.

This was your joy, O Mother!—
To sorrow for His little sake,
To linger ever at His side,
Though He should sleep or wake,
And in the dim, dark days, for Him
Bid your sweet heart to break!

This was your joy, O Mary!—
To hover o'er His little bed,
And with your mother-eyes look down
Upon His pillowed head,
And softly kiss with tender bliss
His tiny lips of red.

This was your joy, O Mother!—
To bear the bitter part,
That you with Him might share His days
And feel such sad tears start;
That you might go His way and know
The anguish of His heart!

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN,—AND MOTHER.

MEANTIME, the invasion of the Josselyn domicile by the fashionable young widow, effective in the latest French creation of black and white, was as the flash of a meteor to prosaic earth. To Mrs. Josselyn, who had answered Imogen's knock, the unexpected vision of *chic* feminine beauty was naturally less bewildering than to her husband; yet Hiram Josselyn's stare was not admiring only, though admiration of "a fine figure of a woman" was amusingly evident in it. It recognized the relict of James Raymond of Carruthdale and California, who had left his son Joyce ten thousand dollars; it was suspicious of mer-

---

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life, and then comes the great struggle with temptation. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay.

cenary reasons for her appearance in Maintown; and with the habit of soliloquy often developed by morose natures, it betrayed itself by audible expression!

"It 's the widow," he exclaimed, unconsciously. "She 's on the track of that ten thousand dollars! Well, there ain't one cent of it here!"

"*Hiram Josselyn,*" interposed Joyce's mother, in a voice of doom, "*I want to speak to you in the other room, this very minute!*"

More than ordinarily meek and submissive in his present uneasy doubt as to the financial invulnerability of a father whose son might be sued for ten thousand dollars, Hiram allowed himself to be inveigled into a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*, to which he contributed wrath, and Mrs. Josselyn, warning!

"To antagonize Mrs. Raymond by the crude introduction of a delicate subject, meant dire disaster to their son Joyce! *Would* Hiram Josselyn be advised, and wise in the generation of his better-half?"

The indignant Hiram, uncertain as to whether he would or not, sulked and growled, yet submitted to divers becoming changes in his careless toilette. A widow worth millions must be conciliated. Yet, oh what fools these women be!

"*Is* it Imogen in the flesh?" Father Martin, meanwhile, was demanding incredulously. He could not believe the testimony of his eyes. He thought her a wraith—an illusion.

Imogen glanced about for a straight-backed chair, the deep rocker pressed upon her by masculine ignorance being a rack for her fashion-plate figure.

"I deny the flesh," she pouted; sensitive on the point of increasing avoirdupois. "But Gladys and Mam'selle are at the rectory, yes! How cruel of you to spoil my surprise."

"*I* am as pleasantly surprised as you could wish; and at the rectory, I fancy the surprise of Gladys suffices for Stephen. Be seated, Imogen, and leave our young friends to themselves. Mam'selle will be at peace in my church!"

"*Sans doute,*" mimicked Imogen, with a derisive *moue* at which Father Martin failed to smile. "The good Mam'selle's affinity for church has been intensified by protracted Roman fever!"

As the glow of forced vivacity faded out of her face, the priest's keen eyes noted that, in spite of her effect of brilliant

beauty, Imogen was looking, in truth, neither her brightest nor happiest. Restlessness and discontent marked her face and manner. Fine lines prematurely traced above her feverishly lustrous eyes, shadows semicircling both them and her petulant mouth, a pallor inevident save as suggested by too evident high-lights of delicately applied rouge, indicated either diminished vitality, or the strain of an unpeaceful spirit. In fact, an unhygienic habit contracted in the stress of her uncongenial marriage, was marring her young beauty with its inevitable traces. In her husband's life-time as well as in his death, narcotics had been her Lethe for unwelcome night-thought; and only her maid Marie knew how significantly, in the stress of her widowhood, the insidious habit of opiates had gained upon her.

"Well, Martin, and how have you been,—you, and the aspiring Stephen?" she inquired, ill at ease under his piercing scrutiny.

"Happy. And you?"

"Not happy enough to be unhappy; the deadly middle-state, you know; the monotonous level. Yet we have had our little experiences, we three; ah, yes! Mam'selle's wings, of course, grew apace in the atmosphere of the Vatican. Gladys returns as she went,—an untitled American. As for me, the incomprehensible, the incredible has happened! I tired, actually tired, of Europe!"

"Ah? Has Gladys' Americanism, then, proved contagious?"

"No; but the habit of *ennui* proves ineradicable. I am tired of all things,—tired,—tired! By the way, how considerate of our host and hostess to efface themselves, that I may make my confession in private."

"Shall I recall them?"

"As you love me, no! Let me enjoy the brief respite the kind gods grant. It is a sensation to talk to you,—and sensation is everything. The familiar, the monotonous, was the stain on the foreign 'scutcheon for me. Fancy the mood seducing a good American into criticism and resistance of—Europe!"

"Better late than never a patriot, my cousin!"

"Patriotism? Pooh! Patriotism is only an acquired virtue. The primeval vice of naturalism explains me better! I craved something old royalty, old nobility, old society, could not give me. You would be shocked if I told you—what!"

"Yet tell me, Imogen."

"The young laughter I have never laughed,—the young love I have never known,—love in April's light mood, full of sunshine and shadows:—the thrill of young ambition, unattained and therefore unsatiated; the spell of young dreams,—not mature realities! Did you ever realize that I had no youth, Martin? My mother was old,—Carruthdale was old,—Uncle Martin was old,—and you—you had only the youth of years! You censured my young soul,—and repulsed my young heart! My husband was old,—old and heavy and solemn. And youth in all save the letter is an anachronism in the smart set. Yet social life once distracted me,—but I have outgrown distractions! They, like all seasoned sweets, have palled."

"What has inspired your revolt!"

"The despairing realization that I had exhausted the woman's gamut. The girl anticipates wifehood,—the wife has her career, her advancing ambitions. But the widow has drained the last drop of all things. When I realized that nothing new, nothing untried, lay before me, I looked back—to the cup of youth,—missed by my girlhood! Then Joyce Josselyn's letters suggested that the divine elixir still obtains in America! They were so inspiringly, so immortally—*young!*"

"Imogen!" exclaimed Father Martin, startled by a sudden vision of danger.

"Do not exhort me to-night! I am in a mood to defy you! To come late into one's own is a reckless experience! The New World, the young West, are hereafter my destiny! Martin, speed my search for the Fountain of Youth, Columbia's '*Nuova Vita!*'"

With an apologetic "Ahem!" Mrs. Josselyn re-entered the room, hospitably laden with a tray displaying cake and cider. Her husband limped after her, empty-handed and frowning. Caudle-lectures did not harmonize with his autocratic convictions; yet to-night inferior woman was in the ascendant, by grace of the widow's jointure. Mrs. Raymond averted her fastidious eyes from his impossible personality; but Joyce's mother, even though she was passing a plate of home-made cookies, and had composedly retained her ample white apron, was not a person to be ignored, as Imogen "sensed" in every feminine fibre. The woman of the world, insolent, disdainful, coldly haughty, yet cowered under the faded blue eye to which maternity had

given insight. In truth, Mrs. Josselyn was thinking many thoughts not revealed. This young widow, when a wife, had been Joyce's patron at Centreville college, his friend at Carruthdale! She had lost a modest fortune by him without a protest; had written to him from Europe,—and now was on the way to rejoin him, *via* his own home! The mother-heart recognized an influx of pulsations magnetically suggestive of Joyce!

They sat in the winter-kitchen, at present masquerading as a sitting-room, by grace of the summer-exodus of its culinary features to an adjoining shed. Its humble standing, however, was betrayed by a single vulnerable point which Mrs. Raymond noted,—an immovable range screened by a home-made contrivance of cretonne, framed more artistically than Mrs. Josselyn knew, in gnarled and twisted branches. Since Joyce's day the kitchen had evoluted in more ways than one, yet its transformation was so superficial that original crudity was still in evidence. The floor,—centre-pieced by a rag-rug braided by the housewife's industrious fingers,—was now painted a dull, deep brown, brightening to a varnished border. The windows were muslin-curtained, the wooden rockers and settees upholstered by home-made cushions; and a couple of devotional books as well as all the current magazines, and a pile of "Pioneer Supplements" ostentatiously overshadowing the modest local paper, surrounded Mrs. Josselyn's work-basket, on the table. A crayon of Joyce, enlarged from his latest photograph by an itinerant "artist," hung in solitary glory, relieving the monotony of the amber-tinted wall; while a cluster of poppies glowed vividly against the original photograph, sharing the mantel with an antique clock, and remnants of Colonial china. The old blue pitcher and cake-dish that would have rejoiced the heart of a collector, gave a genial touch to a domestic development exclusively feminine in its significance. Hiram Josselyn had no part in the family progression, save of protest upon general principles. He anathematized the screen, which stood between him and his use of the range as an elevated footstool; sniffed disdain at the pious books, though examining with interest the pictorial pages of the magazines sent free and post-paid from his son Joyce's exchanges; twitched back the muslin curtains as hurts to the eye-sight, and punched the goose-feather cushions with contemptuous fists and elbows, even while he condescended to ac-

cumulate the entire assortment behind his bent old back. But with recently developed independence, Mrs. Josselyn kept her womanly way. As Hiram's wife, she had been a nonentity; but Joyce's mother had taken her belated maternal stand; and her son's financial generosity sustained her late assertion of individual rights and privileges. The too common wifely yoke of financial dependence demoralizes the woman, and brutalizes her master. Joyce's cash-enclosure in every letter to his mother had made of Hiram Josselyn's wife an emancipated woman; but with feminine fidelity, she compelled her husband to profit, not lose, by her gain.

Dreaming, far away in Europe, of the beautiful, ardent, ambitious young American in the gilded setting of Western prosperity, Imogen had forgotten to realize, as she realized now, the social chasm between them. Even as she entered his home her pride and taste had been chilled and jarred. His father repelled her, his mother vaguely constrained and disturbed her,—yet the picturesque novelty of his native heath almost compensated for its primitiveness and humility. She felt a fascinating desire to explore Joyce's past,—to probe its surface and fathom its depths. But her train of thought was interrupted by the direct address of her mumbling host, of whose words she caught only the concluding phrase, "*Ten thousand dollars!*"

"'Ten thousand dollars,'" she repeated, remotely. "Really, I—"

"Ain't ten thousand dollars worth mentionin' to you, eh?" demanded the irritated financier. "That's jest like you womenfolks; jest like, I swanny! You think money grows, an' I guess it does, out West! If I leave a widow,—which I ain't countin' on doin', leastways not at present,—her money 'll be tied up so she can't salt all earth with it! Greased lightnin' ain't in it with a man's hard-earned money, onct a woman gits the handlin' of it,—specially when she's his widow!—Ten thousand dollars, by gosh!"

"Now, Hiram!" Mrs. Josselyn's reproachful voice reminded him.

"What's the matter with *you?*" inquired the rebellious Hiram. "What you peckin' again for? By gum, this house is a regular hen-coop! *I'm* goin' West to my son Joyce!"

"Ah, yes;—Joyce!" murmured Imogen, rising. "What a

charming photograph of your son I notice here, by the way.—I left him a boy,—this suggests a man in his youth. I wonder, now, what has developed him?"

Mrs. Josselyn's hands quivered as she replaced the photograph. "I have other pictures," she said, "but they are all upstairs. I keep them in his room,—where I go alone—to think of him! Would you like—will you come—"

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Josselyn. With the greatest pleasure! To tell Joyce how his old room looks—"

"Imogen, it is getting late," objected Father Martin, rising hastily. But Imogen's laugh pealed mischievously from the stairway. She was suddenly a gay girl, quick of foot, free of motion, swayed by exuberant, leaping pulses. Oh, what quaint old halls! Oh, what dear old stairs! Oh,—but *this* was not Joyce's room,—not *this?*

She hesitated on the threshold, vacillating in mind no less than in body. Was it picturesque? Was it sordid?—Was she repelled? Was she touched? Both or neither,—she did not know.

Even as the June moon had flickered through the open window on the night when Joyce had taken his farewell of his youthful setting, so the harvest-moon flooded the garret now, as Imogen's proud eyes scanned it. Its aspect, as Luna idealized it, was lost upon her. From sloping rafters to uncarpeted floor, she gazed about her haughtily, incredulously. She could not associate Joyce with it,—perfect-faced, dashing, insouciant Joyce, framed fitly by Carruthdale,—at home at Golden Gate Ranch,—as one of the family, in the Pacific Avenue palace! Her brilliant eyes were sightless beneath mere surfaces. The spiritual influence of ascetic simplicity,—the intellectual stimulation of plain living subordinating matter to mind,—the purification of the human heart sharing the stars' vigil and the matins of the sunrise, were to Imogen as things that are not! As Mrs. Josselyn turned up her kerosene lamp, the illusion of the transfiguring moonlight was banished; and the rude floor, the shabby bureau, the coarse white ware of the washstand, the wooden chair, the small, hard bed and distorting mirror were revealed in all their poverty, their austere discomfort, their uncompromising ugliness. Imogen, glancing into the glass, made a face at its libellous reflection; and then, as she wheeled about, pointed to the bed with a laugh that approached the hysterical.

"Why, Joyce's splendid height could not get into it, now," she said. "Was he really such a child when he left you?"

"N—o!" admitted his mother. "Joyce had outgrown this a little, I guess. But he said it was a good thing to keep him from growing. And when Hiram was sick, and he came back home, for the most part he slept down-stairs."

She had opened the upper drawer,—the drawer in which Joyce had found her present of money, under his handkerchiefs, on the night of his High School graduation, and abrupt progression towards college. The neat little package of treasured pictures was folded in tissue-paper.

"Here's the first picture he ever had taken," she said, seating herself on his bed after patting it lovingly, as she displayed the daguerreotype of an infant prodigy appealing only to Mrs. Raymond's humor. "He was just three months old, then, and the loveliest baby! Hiram thought it all nonsense to go to the expense; but I'd set my heart on it, when I was sick almost to death; and made him promise right there that if I lived, I could have it taken. I knew he could n't refuse me, *then!*"

Imogen shuddered softly. The peril, the pain, of a young mother! The incredible humiliation of a penniless wife's dependence upon the masculine despot in power! Her own indulged destiny as a beauty and belle, an idolized wife, a social princess whom no crumpled rose-leaf had been suffered to annoy, upon whom no wind of fate had blown rudely, accentuated by contrast the suffering and hardships of Mrs. Josselyn's cramped and untender life. And this was Joyce's mother! These were his memories! This was the atmosphere recalled by the name of "home"! With a thrill of exaltation she realized what a dream of beauty, of fineness, of exquisiteness, her type of womanhood must seem to him,—what a rapturous vision the world of wealth and pleasure must reveal to his beautiful eyes! Instead of revulsion from his type, as reflective of primitive conditions, she felt, of a sudden, an intensified attraction,—an impassioned graciousness, an imperial generosity of spirit, an ecstasy of beneficent pride! Here was something new-born, something fresh, something young, alike in years and experience,—in knowledge of life, and lessons of the world,—in the lore of love and the pride of money,—young with all youth,—for her experiment! Her passionate craving to drain

of youth's cup was the maternal instinct distorted, though Imogen did not know it. A flippant and worldly girl, an unloving wife, a supremely selfish woman,—yet the psychological heritage of motherhood was in her, and maturity reached out for its nursling! At this perilous period, a child of her own would have been her salvation; but deliberate lack of motherhood is a sin surely punished. The penalty of Imogen's immunity was upon her.

"*This* is a tin-type taken when Joyce was going on five," Mrs. Josselyn explained, beaming upon a long-curled child in a staring plaid frock, at which Imogen raised her eyebrows. "I sold a year's rags to a pedlar to get that taken; and Hiram was mad as a hatter, because he wanted a rug braided for under his shaving-glass, straw-matting being cold to the feet. But I guess I wanted my boy's picture more than he wanted another rug, and I told him he could bring up the hall-mat to stand on, seeing he only shaved once a week. He said he would n't please me to do it,—that I could just watch my own husband stand there and shiver. But he did n't shiver much more, once he 'd cut himself shaking after he 'd taken the razor! —Was n't Joyce big for five, almost as tall as most boys at ten? And those curls were just for all the world like sunshine!"

"They are—yet!" murmured Imogen, in a stifled voice. Joyce's mother eyed her bowed face mutely.

"He did n't have another taken till this one, on the day he wore his first long trousers," she resumed, after a little. "I cut an old pair of Hiram's off short, and trimmed them up the seams with braid. If Joyce was n't the proudest! He went straight into town and smoked his first cigarette. He said he thought that was the thing to do, being a grown-up man. But it went to his head so he came home and told of it; and Hiram whipped him for wasteful extravagance. He said he did n't mind the cigarette, so that it did n't burn up any good money of his; but it just went to his heart that a son of Hiram Josselyn's should n't have waited till some fool treated him!"

The array of likenesses was getting low. Besides the Centreville photograph already familiar to Mrs. Raymond, only one more ante-dated those taken in California. This one was Mrs. Josselyn's favorite, as the last representative of Joyce's boy-

hood. She retained her hold upon one corner of it. Even for Imogen's transient scrutiny, she could not quite let it go.

"This was taken the week he was a High School graduate, and never finished till after he'd run away to college. You see what a manly boy he was, though so child-like in all his ways. They've been real big comforts to me,—Joyce's pictures have! I steal up here nights, after Hiram's asleep, and sit in his chair—with his photographs in my hand—looking out of the window he used to look out of,—just thinking—thinking—thinking! A mother has thoughts only God understands,—and I guess just to think them—is a real prayer—for mothers! But it don't seem yet—as if He was answering them. Sometimes I feel wild, just waiting,—waiting—"

As her lip trembled, she ceased to speak; and re-wrapping the pictures, tenderly replaced them in the drawer, in which she turned the key. As the lamp-light flared in her face, it threw out pitilessly every incipient sign of age. Her fair hair had developed soft streaks of gray: her face, although time-worn, showed more pathetic traces of wear and worry than of years; her trim figure in its obviously home-made waist and skirt, looked tired of homely burdens. Her hands were seamed by toil; and now, like her lips, twitched nervously. When she had drawn out the key and secreted it under the towel that served for a bureau-cover, she lowered the lamp till only the moonlight betrayed her. She was screening her rare, slow tears.

Imogen, dreading a scene, rose abruptly.

"I must go," she said. "Thank you so much for your charming hospitality, Mrs. Josselyn. After a short stay at Carruthdale, I shall go to San Francisco. From his mother, I am to tell Joyce—what?"

"Tell him—tell him— But no; I must tell him myself! Tell him just to come home to his mother!"

Imogen's face hardened as she objected.

"But it is a long journey, Mrs. Josselyn, and Joyce is very much occupied. His editor, Colonel Pearson, is exacting, you know; and now, Joyce is interested in mines!"

"But that's just it!" Mrs. Josselyn had sunk back to the bed, her face wan with the anguish of maternal travail of spirit. "He's too occupied, too interested, about just making money, and it's borne in upon me,—hanging over me night

and day,—that he'll come to some dreadful harm by it! If he does, it will be my fault,—mine and Hiram's! Before he was born, I just thought of nothing but money, money, I did *so* want to buy him—pretty clothes!"

She had covered her face with her hands, and was rocking to and fro, in helpless misery. Imogen gazed at her in silence. She understood the maternal soul but dimly. Yet the keynote of sympathy vibrated between them,—both women were thinking of Joyce!

"Oh, I want him back East!" Mrs. Josselyn was sobbing. "The West is too rich for him. I've showed you his room,—and told you shameful things, just on purpose to make you see—that his place—is n't in it! Look at *me!* Look at his father! We're plain, humble people. Joyce is getting—too high up—for his good!"

"Why, Mrs. Josselyn, what an un-American spirit! All our great men have come from the soil."

"'Great?'—I want my son Joyce to be the greatest there is! But the greatest men are not the rich men, Mrs. Raymond. It is n't *in* Joyce through his father—it is n't in him through any Christian teaching of mine,—to make godly and noble use of over-much money! He'll spend it in ways that are worse than his father's saving! And it's all his own mother's fault!"

"I never taught him a prayer," she reproached herself. "I never taught him to do for others! I was n't even soft and loving to him, to teach him to be unselfish and tender,—once he grew into pants, and stopped being a baby! My soul was about dead, and I guess my heart matched it. All the teaching I ever gave him, was 'to be a good boy.'—'A good boy!' Oh, Mrs. Raymond!"

"Well," consoled Imogen, densely, "I know my husband thought Joyce quite a model, as men go!"

"*As men go!*" The mother rose, almost a tragical figure. Her eyes, level with the upper pane of the low window, turned appealingly to the moonlight. She spoke as if reading earth's judgment in heaven. Imogen felt a strange thrill, as of awe.

"As men go!" she repeated. "Oh, you poor young, heedless, innocent creature, have n't even wifehood and widowhood taught you that the way that men go is the way their mothers must save them from,—before birth, and in their innocent youth? What is it but the way of greed first,—and then

the way of wine, or of women, or of both together,—or of other things just as sure death to the soul? Mrs. Raymond, were you ever a mother?"

"*I?*"—italicised the startled Imogen. *I* a *mother?* Oh, no, no, no!"

"But you will be! You 'll marry again,—you, young, and rich, and handsome. And it 's women like you that can be such perfect mothers! Rest, and leisure, and the beautiful things of life are so helpful—to motherhood. Yet they 're not all! They 're the smallest part—"

Her dry lips failed utterance. She moistened them apologetically. "A woman," she faltered, "to be a good mother,—*a woman must have* GOD *in her life!*"

Silence in the humble room,—the silence of the moonlight, of the night-time,—of the remorseful maternal soul self-arraigned and self-convicted; and the heavier dumbness of Imogen's undeveloped spirit, dismayed and hesitant in the face of verities beyond its ken!

"*God,*" repeated Mrs. Josselyn. A rapt smile suddenly illumined,—transfigured her face,—the smile of the seer of visions. "To think how easily a mother can make great men,—great saints! Just the prayer, and the thought,—and the Christ-Child within her. Why, if I could renew my youth, Mrs. Raymond, I 'd step softly and speak in whispers—in awe and reverence—of my own wifehood. What matter if Hiram Josselyn was n't all he might be? *I* counted,—just *I!* It 's the mother, not the father, that rules beforehand, however things are after birth! Oh, the power,—for good or evil,—of nascent motherhood! To call us the inferior sex,—and we the makers or marrers of all the men-children born into the world! And oh, the childless wives are the guiltiest of all! To deprive God—of the worship and service—of immortal souls! O, Mrs. Raymond, to think of the brothers and sisters—my Joyce might have had—only Hiram Josselyn—did n't want—an expensive family!"

Once again Mrs. Raymond shuddered softly.

"I must go," she repeated, turning away resolutely. "What a bijou you have in this dear old homestead, Mrs. Josselyn. Our West is so modern,—so new!"

"Really," she confided to Father Martin, when her suddenly haughty farewells were taken, "to-night has initiated me into

the incredible possibilities of the maternal emotion. Its attitude mental, spiritual, sentimental, seems to me not quite normally sane!"

"It is the sanest streak in the feminine brain, my dear Imogen," answered Father Martin, uncompromisingly; "without which in the spirit,—if by God's Will not in the letter,—the intellectual gray matter runs to chaos!"

"Kindly drop me at the hotel," retorted Imogen, in a dead-and-alive voice. "I can survive until to-morrow without greeting Stephen,—Stephen the saint! Is he more, or less of a bore, than Stephen the prig, I wonder? Good-night, Reverend cousin! What an ideal hospice this grand *Hôtel de ville* of your Maintown is! My excuses to Mam'selle and Gladys. I shall not wait up for them. I am tired—tired in more than the body."

She swept by the gaping employees, among whom Marie's unheard-of requirements already had occasioned despair. The French maid met her mistress with petulant tears in her pretty dark eyes.

"*Mais, Madame,*" she protested, dismissing the "best suite," which was the pride of the Maintown House, with a single comprehensively disdainful gesture, "*c'est impossible,—vraiment impossible!* It is the abomination,—the desolation—of hotels."

"Of course it is," agreed Imogen. "Therefore do not remind me of it, Marie. Rather, help me to forget it To-morrow, we shall find ourselves at Carruthdale. To-night, my lotus-cup, my dream-draught. No, the bromide is too gentle. Chloral,—Marie,—chloral!"

"But Madame's heart—"

"Needs must find peace in sleep, if not in waking. I have been *ennuied* intolerably,—unendurably annoyed! Chloral to-night, if you love me!"

Imogen's hauteur antagonized, but her humility was resistless. Marie mixed the draught recently forbidden by the famous heart-specialist in Paris,—the draught which was to drown the challenge of motherhood still echoing in Mrs. Josselyn's voice!

"*The childless wives are the guiltiest!*"

Why did the simple words haunt and torture Imogen? Moral sensitiveness was a startling proof of the state of transition betrayed to Father Martin by his cousin's sudden passion for youth. What would be its result? Who would force its

issue? Father Martin thought of Joyce's glorious youth, and feared! Then he called himself to account, scrupling riotous fancy! Joyce and Imogen,—what an incredible association! Yet how persistent the suggestion,—how appalling!

At the rectory, Mam'selle and Gladys still lingered. But the hour was late, and they waited but for a word of greeting to Father Martin, postponing real reunion until the morrow. Stephen escorted them to the hotel; then dismissed the carriage, and returned to the rectory on foot. As he expected, Father Martin was awaiting him.

"Well, my boy?" he questioned, and his strong voice trembled. Stephen had grown into his soul, his heart.

Stephen strode to the mantel, propping his elbow upon it. His pallor was intense, his grave lips set rigidly; yet his eyes were luminous with the joy of victory, surpassing the wounds of strife! Little by little, however, their light misted over. Youthfully,—like a proud boy fighting a hurt in secret, he shielded his face with his arm.

Father Martin crossed to the quiet figure. "So it *is* well," he said, with an arm on Stephen's shoulder. "Stephen, the greater the conquest, the sorer its cost; but the after-peace compensates,—it compensates!"

"Yes!"

The priest's arm pressed closer. The need of man's human heart,—he knew it, ah, he knew it! But he had learned, too, that Divine Love satisfies it!

"You are thinking of Gladys as a sweetheart surrendered," he said, gently. "Stephen, make no mistake! She was never your sweetheart. She was your visible angel of message!"

Stephen's face, as he lifted it, was a face transfigured.

"Oh, you have said the right thing!" he cried. "You have exorcised the human memory, and invoked the spirit. Yes, it is well with me, Martin,—well, and better, and best! Under God, you—and Gladys—have crowned me!"

"A crown of thorns, Stephen," reminded Father Martin, gravely.

"The crown of Christ," Stephen answered, with tender reverence.

And then there was silence in the rectory-library,—a silence fulfilling the word of Zacharias the prophet:

"*Let all flesh be silent at the presence of the Lord!*"

A PEN PICTURE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

IT is a morning in May in the year of our Lord 1366; the very morning for a ride in the country, and two horses are pawing the ground in front of a merchant's house on Cheapside Street, London, for they are impatient to be unhitched from the post around which a herd of swine has gathered and are rooting and grunting about their heels. Cheapside is the principal street of the town, and Godmund's abode, although it is of wood—even its two chimneys are of this material—is one of the best private dwellings. It has a high-pitched, red-tiled roof, and a court-yard, which is reached by a passage-way from the street, and in the court-yard is a stable. On the ground floor to the left as we enter we find a commodious hall, to the right is a large chamber connecting with the kitchen, while there are three rooms on the second story, and above these rooms is a garret. Nor is Godmund's home wanting in comfort within. It is true the loosely fitting doors do make plenty of draughts, but fresh air is not unhealthy, and the fireplaces are somewhat smoky. But the hall is hung with tapestry embroidered with scenes taken from ballads of the time, and the broadest of its five or six stools has a good back to it (this is kept for the favored guest), while the two narrow windows of the hall, although they have no glass, are closed with oiled paper through which, at this hour, the sunbeams are streaming.

The merchant's bedroom on the second floor has a small oratory where hangs an immense rosary; near the rosary is a prettily illuminated book containing the seven penitential psalms —of course in manuscript; and as Godmund was once a happy married man, there is also, as we might expect, a mirror in his bed-chamber; but it is a hand-mirror of polished metal—a wedding gift to his late wife; what we call a looking-glass has not yet come into use. Nor do we see any hair-brush. But there is a good stout comb, and the bed is covered with a canopy

of silken curtains; but there is no pillow: only the sick have pillows.* And now, before we close our brief description of Godmund's home, let us add that the servants take their meals with the family, and that the dinner hour—mark this well—is eleven in the forenoon and the supper hour is five in the afternoon; nor when it grows dark do we find any more rush-lights, for now they burn candles. This spring morning, seated on the broad stool with a back to it, is a man of about thirty years of age, with a neatly parted forked beard; his habit is of dark-colored cloth to which a hood is attached, and in his girdle is fastened a knife and a pencase.† His name is Geoffrey Chaucer; a somewhat silent individual, who is fond of books, and Godmund, the merchant, is one of the few persons whom he cares to visit. But here he often comes and is always welcome, for he has visited Italy, has conversed with Dante, and he has many interesting things to tell about that far-away country. He has not yet begun to write *The Canterbury Tales;* but the idea of this inimitable picture of English life in the fourteenth century is coming to him little by little, and the old merchant has just been encouraging him to write it.

"Pray how came you by this?" inquired Chaucer, taking up a beautiful glass bowl from the little table at his elbow. "This gem was surely wrought in Italy—Italy, the home of everything that is beautiful?"

"Ay, I bought it yesterday of a trader from Antwerp who had come from Milan," answered Godmund.

"How transparent it is!" exclaimed Chaucer. "And how much brighter and cheerful this hall would be were this material put in the windows instead of oiled paper."

"Well, I doubt not but one of these days we shall use glass; oiled paper does not let in half the light," answered Godmund.

"And when I last visited you I did not see this either," continued Chaucer, setting down the bowl and picking up a toy-like image of a man rudely carved in wood; it looked to be a pretty old carving, and the man had only one foot.

"Ah, that is an heirloom," said Godmund. "Years ago my father bade me to take good care of it, for he did get it from his father, and I was told that it represented one of my long dead kinsmen. I know not which one; but the story runs that he did

* Loftie, *London Afternoons.* † Green, *History of the English People.*

have a foot chopped off by a cruel baron in whose forest he had killed deer, and now that I am quite an old man I fished it out this week from among my duds, and I have begged my grandson to cherish it after I am carried off to God's acre."

"And pray what have you there? 'Tis something new to me too," said Chaucer, pointing to a piece of parchment which was hanging in a frame on the wall above the fireplace.

"'Tis another heirloom that I have told my grandson to keep safe and to be proud of, for it shows how we have gotten up in the world," replied the merchant. "It is a copy of the sheriff's order summoning my father to Parliament in the year 1295."

"Why, so it is," said Chaucer, rising from his seat and reading aloud what was written on the parchment: "The King to the Sheriff of (London). Since we intend to have a consultation and meeting with the earls, barons, and other principal men of our kingdom with regard to providing remedies against the dangers which are in these days threatening the same kingdom, and on that account have commanded them to be with us on the Lord's day next after the feast of St. Martin in the approaching winter, at Westminster, to consider, ordain, and do as may be necessary for the avoidance of these dangers; we strictly require you to cause . . . two citizens from (London) . . . of those who are especially discreet and capable of laboring, to be elected without delay and to cause them to come to us at the aforesaid time and place. . . . And you shall have there the names of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, and this writ. Witness the King at Canterbury on this third day of October.*

"This summons to Parliament," said Chaucer when he had finished reading, "is interesting, for it shows that our kings do see the danger of raising money without the consent of barons and burgesses."

"Ay," spoke Godmund. "And this summons was a good while ago, in the reign of Edward I., he who conquered Wales, and who, when his wife Eleanor did give birth to a son in that wild country, did set the natives mad with joy to have the child called Prince of Wales, a name that may like enough stick to the eldest son of our kings for ever."

* Translations from the original sources of European History, Vol. I., No. 6. Edited by E. T. Cheney, A.M.

Here the loud neighing of the horses outside reminded them that it was high time to be off; for they were going to Cambridge, a good fifty miles, where Chaucer had friends, and where they intended to pass the night. In a couple of minutes more Godmund and Chaucer had mounted into the saddle, and as they rode away they met within a few rods of the house a knight cased in plate armor, and his steed, which jogged heavily along, was almost as much concealed under iron trappings as the knight himself; only the knight's head was uncovered, while behind him rode a squire carrying his helmet, and following the squire came a score of shaggy, fierce-looking troopers, some of whom had fought under the Black Prince at Cressy and Poitiers, and they were riding in single file owing to the narrowness of the street. Not far behind the soldiers walked two barefooted Franciscan friars and a number of market-women carrying baskets on their heads. But your ear caught no rumbling of carts and carriages; only laughter and merry voices were heard in the London streets, which were alive with merry people, and pigs and dogs too were out in great numbers, squealing and yelping, on this sunny May morning, Anno Domini 1366.

"How some folks do get over their misfortunes," spoke Godmund presently. "But, alas! I cannot get over mine. All my family except my poor old self and one grandson have been carried off by the pestilence. Only think of it!"

"Ay," answered Chaucer, "that was indeed an awful visitation. But 'tis now seventeen years since the Black Death disappeared, and we may hope and pray that that mysterious sickness will not come again; for out of England's 4,000,000 of people it did destroy 2,000,000, and had it lasted a few more years not a soul might have been left to tell about it." As Chaucer spoke tears ran down the old merchant's wrinkled cheeks; he had lost so many whom he loved; he could not forget his dear wife. "And yet," continued his friend, "awful as the Black Death was, it did do some good. For by killing about half the population, a good number of those who remained to till the soil have been able to get three times as much for their labor. The villeins have been shrewd enough to see their advantage, and in many cases the great lords have been obliged to yield to them, or else to let their manors go completely to waste."

"True," said Godmund. "And no doubt the Statute of Laborers which Parliament did pass, and which was meant to prevent the villeins from getting more for their work than they got before the pestilence, has been a failure."

"Not altogether a failure," said Chaucer, shaking his head. "Higher wages have not been granted to all. I am told that in some parts of the country where the villeins have run away rather than submit to work for the old wages, they have been declared outlaws; they are chased like wild beasts, and when they are caught they are flogged and put into prison, and 'twould not surprise me if before very many years there was an uprising of the poor people to maintain their God-given rights, —an uprising which will startle the whole kingdom."

"Well, I do hope the uprising may not come in my lifetime," said Godmund. "For I have witnessed over-much fighting and bloodshed. Indeed, there seems to be no end of it. When we have not been warring with the French our barons have put their hired retainers to an evil work at home. I have known them to seize and hold rich traders to ransom, and they do even carry off young women to their castles and marry them there by force."

"Ay, ay, you must have witnessed many inhuman deeds in your long life," said Chaucer, patting his horse's neck as they jogged along.

"I have indeed," answered Godmund. "Why, I can remember—I was quite a little boy—when my father did tell my mother a great piece of news: the king—'t was Edward I.—had commanded all the Jews to leave the kingdom for ever under penalty of death; and after confiscating everything they possessed for the benefit of the Crown, he did drive sixteen thousand of them into exile." *

"Well, that king did one thing," said Chaucer, "for which peaceful, law-abiding folk like you and me must be devoutly thankful: he did order all the bushes and underwood on both sides of the high-roads which lead from town to town to be cut down for the space of two hundred feet, so that robbers may not so easily hide themselves from view, and now when we do venture beyond the walls of London we are comparatively safe from a surprise."

"Ay, ay," said the merchant, "let us be thankful to him

* Lingard, Edward I.

for that. But what may we think of his son, Edward II., passing twenty-three years of his life warring against the Scotch, a people as thin and hard and good for nothing as their own hills?"

"Ay, 't was indeed a foolish game to be pounding his head against them for twenty-three years," answered Chaucer. "But those wild folks did give us one sound drubbing at Bannockburn, and 'tis well for us they have not many leaders like Bruce."

"And what a painful ending King Edward II. did come to!" continued Godmund. "To have his own adulterous wife plotting against him, and then to be murdered in prison by having a red-hot iron shoved into his bowels. Alas! what a vile example do our nobles and our kings give to their poor people."

"Well, we cannot but be proud of our spearmen and our bowmen under his successor, our present sovereign, Edward III.," said Chaucer. "Look what glory we have won under our king's son, who from the color of his armor has been christened the Black Prince. Look how we did wallop the French at Cressy and Poitiers! Although they were a good five to one against us, look how we did wallop them!"

"Alas! poor France," said the merchant, heaving a sigh. "And I do wonder me, friend Chaucer, that a scholar so fond of books as you are, should make so much of military glory. Think of the blood which has been spilt and of the numberless villages our soldiers have burned as they marched up and down beautiful, sunny France: and all that killing and burning did spring from the foolish ambition of King Edward to hold fast to his possessions across the water. Is not our own England a big enough country for him?"

"Well, methinks 'tis because I have been a soldier myself that I do feel proud of our spearmen and bowmen," answered Chaucer. "Ay, although the Frenchmen were a good five to one against us, we did wallop them well at Cressy and Poitiers."

"But only think what the Black Prince did to the people of Limoges," continued Godmund. "After he was master of that town he did let his soldiers loose upon the people, and his soldiers did kill in cold blood three thousand men, women, and children."*

* Froissart.

We do not know what reply Chaucer might have made to this—perhaps the only dark blot on the name of the Black Prince—for they had now arrived at the wall which surrounded London, and while they were crossing the drawbridge Chaucer held his nose tightly pinched between his fingers, for the stagnant water in the moat was giving out a foul stench, and we cannot wonder that the Black Death had made so many victims. But Chaucer did not altogether change the subject, for when they had passed over the drawbridge he said: "Well, you do allow that one good thing has come from our never-ending wars: it has put our king in sore need of money, and this need of money has made him more dependent on the people. There are more frequent parliaments, and while we may complain of burdensome taxes, our parliaments, which consist of Commons as well as Lords, and which are assembled by the king's command to consult with him, do hold the purse-strings."

"Ay, true enough. Good may sometimes come out of evil," answered Godmund. "And, moreover, friend Chaucer, we have shown the Lords, who are styled in the Rolls 'The Great Men of the Land,' that we, who are styled in the Rolls 'The Little Men of the Commons,' are quite as important as they are."

"And the Commons is composed of knights and merchants, is it not?" inquired Chaucer.

"Ay, each county sends two knights, who are chosen by the Court of the County, while the merchants who represent the towns are chosen by their fellow-citizens. And we merchants have had the wit to make common cause with the knights, and to-day these two subdivisions of the Commons are so blended together that we find little or no distinction between them."

"What you tell me is very interesting," said Chaucer.

"And the Lords and Commons do deliberate separately," pursued Godmund. "And to every unjust imposition of the king the Commons, 'The Little Men,' as we are called, are not backward to declare that our assent is necessary to make it legal. I well remember not very many years ago, 't was in 1346, our king by proclamation did call on every land-owner to furnish horsemen and bowmen in proportion to the number of his acres, and he also demanded a certain sum of money from every town. Well, the Commons held that this call for money

was issued without their assent, and so stoutly did they stand their ground that in the end it was enacted that this demand was against the liberties of the kingdom, and the king did yield, albeit with a very bad grace."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Chaucer, dropping the reins and clapping his hands.

"And on one occasion," continued Godmund, "when our king could not get enough money out of us to carry on his war against the French, he did actually pawn the jewels of the crown, and we let him pawn them. We did indeed." Here the old merchant laughed aloud.

"What a good road we are on," said Chaucer presently, after a hearty laugh too. "A pity every road is not like this one."

"Ah, this highway was made by the Romans over a thousand years ago," said Godmund. "But for many generations after they withdrew from our island it was utterly neglected. It is only within my own life-time that it has been put in repair. And as you perceive, by yonder villein who is at work cutting away the bushes and brambles, every obstacle which might obstruct the view for a space of two hundred feet on either side of the road is removed, so that a robber cannot now so easily spring upon a traveller unawares; and for this, as you remarked awhile ago, we must be thankful to King Edward I."

"How I should like to have known the old Romans, who made this highway," said Chaucer; "for they were indeed a wonderful people. And after their legions departed methinks a few Roman families may have stayed behind; I doubt if they all went away together, and I do wonder what may have been the fate of those few families."

"Like enough intermarried with our wolfish forefathers and imparted to them a little of their brains," replied Godmund. "For we were a thick-headed, savage lot. Why, even to-day we cannot abide long at peace among ourselves nor with our neighbors."

"Well, think you not, friend Godmund, that we are slowly growing more peace-loving and civilized?"

"Ay, but very, very slowly," answered the merchant.

"I fear you be still depressed by the shadow of the Black Death," said Chaucer. "Pray do not brood so much over your

loss. Look to the future. Your grandson is a bright boy, who may like enough one of these days sit in Parliament, even as his great-grandfather did."

"Ay, to be sure, so he may. And thanks be to God the Black Death did spare him," said Godmund, a smile lighting up his visage.

And during the rest of the day the old merchant was more cheerful; and when by and by they arrived at a broad, open space he and Chaucer drew rein a few minutes and watched a gay party of knights and ladies on horseback, who were looking intently at some object far up in the sky: 'twas a falcon pursuing a heron. And far off as the falcon was—almost out of sight—you still could hear the tinkling of the two little bells attached to its legs. Presently the sound of the bells became a little more distinct; then more and more distinct the tinkling grew; and now all the knights and the ladies began to clap their hands, and while they were in this flutter of excitement—even their neighing, prancing horses seemed to know what was coming—down the well-trained falcon dropped from its dizzy height and, perching itself upon a fair damsel's wrist, it let fall at the feet of her palfry the torn and dying heron.

"Verily, falconry is a fine sport," said Chaucer as they rode on. "And 'tis the only pastime our great folk do have when they are not busy with their battle-axes. But what did pleasure me most was to hear the merry party talking in our own English tongue, and not in French as they used. And I rejoice that now in many of our grammar schools the children are learning to construe in their mother tongue."

"Ay, ay," said Godmund. "And I do hope you may live to write a book, mayhap that poem of which you are dreaming, with nearly all the words in it English words. Do not bury your talents; you have visited Italy; think how much you know, how much more of the world you have seen than I, who have never been further than the town of Oxford."

"Well, in Oxford you did behold a most wonderful community," said Chaucer. "'Tis a world in itself; as proud and free and turbulent a world as you can find anywhere else under the sun. Many of the undergraduates of its University do have to beg for bread they are so poor; and they do live in squalid houses, and they do carry swords and they do fight among themselves. I had two friends, both subtle in metaphysics, who

did slash each other's noses off, and then by mistake picking up the wrong nose to sew on again, did fight a second time to get back the right nose; and 'twixt the scholars and townsfolk the quarrels do be at times deadly affairs.* But despite its turbulence Oxford is a glorious town where every man does hunger and thirst for knowledge; 'tis the very atmosphere for a bookworm, and you may judge what Oxford is when it has given to the world the monk Roger Bacon, the friend of the physical sciences; Grosseteste, the great Bishop of Lincoln, and Duns Scotus; nor is there anything I am so proud of as to be able to say I did study in the house of the Grey Friars at Oxford: and let me add that the friars do be strongly on the side of English liberty." †

It was in such pleasant conversation that Godmund and Chaucer continued their way to Cambridge, where they arrived a couple of hours after sundown, hungry and tired and thankful to find one spare room at the Peacock Inn; for the town was overcrowded with people of all degrees from far and near, who had come to attend the greatest fair of the kingdom, which was held twice a year at Stourbridge, near by.‡ Here let us observe that as few towns at this period had more than five thousand inhabitants, it was not possible for the ordinary trader to find in his home community enough customers for his wares, and hence the great importance of fairs for commercial intercourse; they form an important economic feature of the Middle Ages: and, as we have said, the most popular fair in England during the fourteenth century and long afterwards was the one at Stourbridge, very near to Cambridge.

It resembled nothing so much as a diminutive city of tents, which was thronged during the daytime with nobles and monks and men of lesser degree, many of them with their wives and daughters, and all in a jovial mood. The streets of this little city were admirably laid out, and their names told you what kind of goods were to be found in them. One was called "The Spicery," another "The Drapery," another "The Pottery," and so on. But people did not come to the fair merely to buy and to sell; they came too for a frolic. And many a maiden would ride back on her father's pack-horse to her

* Trevelyan, *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, p. 296.
† Green, *History of the English People.*
‡ Gibbins, *Industrial History of England*, p. 63.

lonesome home by the Yorkshire moors, thinking of the dance she had enjoyed with the potter's son from the far-off town of Canterbury, and happy in the thought that he had promised to meet her here again in a twelvemonth.

"Stourbridge fair," said Godmund to Chaucer the next morning, as they strolled out of the Peacock Inn accompanied by a number of foreigners, who seemed to be all speaking at the same time and with many gesticulations,—"Stourbridge fair gets its importance from being within easy reach of the East coast. These French folk and Spanish folk who are chattering around us, have brought here their delicious wines from the South; and those tall, long-bearded men ahead of us are no doubt traders from Norway, who have come with cargoes of tar and pitch; and I can tell by the flag on yonder little vessel sailing up the Ouse that it has sailed all the way from Antwerp, laden with fine cloths from Bruges and Ghent and Liège. Now, we English folk do give these traders, in return for their wares, lead from the mines of Derbyshire, tin from Cornwall, iron from Sussex, plenty of barley for the Flemish breweries, and also horses and cattle."

In about half an hour they were at the fair ground; and let us say that of the many things which engaged their attention during the day two objects did especially interest them. One of these objects was a cannon, the first one ever seen in this part of England, and the powder to put into it had been manufactured in the Tower of London. And when at high noon the cannon was fired off the excitement was indescribable, and a score of panic-stricken donkeys, all braying at once, broke loose from the posts to which they were hitched and dashed frantically through the tents of 'Spicery Street,' nor did they halt at 'Burgundy Lane,' but after smashing a number of casks of wine and almost killing a trader from Bordeaux, on they galloped, and they did not pause in their mad career until they ran up against the wall of St. Edmund's monastery.

But more amusing than the flight of these panic-stricken asses were the antics of a dwarf in a big tent, which was thronged the whole day long by a laughing, gaping crowd. This little man was Jerry, the celebrated Court Fool of King Edward III. He had only one eye and a huge wart on the end of his nose, and he had been brought to the fair by the

Duke of Lancaster. Jerry's jokes and grimaces did really seem to have no end, and when at length the sun dipped below the horizon and curfew sounded, and he was carried away whistling and snapping his fingers in an empty wine cask, to sleep at the duke's castle, Godmund declared to Chaucer that he feared he might be ill for so much laughing.

"Well, a court fool does play an important part in court life," answered Chaucer. "For when the king does become weary of fighting and returns to his palace, his fool does keep up his spirits, and 'tis said that Jerry does speak things to King Edward which would cost you and me our heads."

"Think you," said Godmund, "that a time may come when our kings will not want buffoons to entertain them, and when they will like peace better than war?"

"I believe that time will come," answered Chaucer, "but not until all men of high and low degree do prefer books to battle-axes and cross-bows. To-day men do undoubtedly love to fight, and our nobles do have no trouble in hiring small armies of retainers, who do wear their livery, and the king, who has no regular army at his command, is obliged to hire these soldiers from his nobles, and these soldiers do be willing enough to come to him, and 'tis with these spearmen and bowmen that we have won so much glory in France. Nevertheless, friend Godmund, I do believe a more peaceful age will come by and by: 't will come when more folks are able to read and to write; and surely our monasteries are doing a good work by their grammar schools: 't will come when all the old Roman roads are put in good shape, so that folks may take pleasure in visiting distant parts of the kingdom and in becoming better acquainted with one another: 't will come when an honest merchant like yourself is as much esteemed as a knight clad in armor, who is impatient to fight another knight. But when that happy time does come, friend Godmund, you and I will have lain many a year in God's acre."

Views and Reviews.

1. **Webb**: *The Mystery of William Shakespeare;* 2. **Baxter**: *Sermons from the Latins;* 3. **Wey**: *Rome;* 4. **Logue**: *The Shadows of an Ideal;* 5. **Glovatski**: *The Pharaoh and the Priest;* 6. **Francis**: *The Manor Farm;* 7. **Taggart**: *The Wyndham Girls;* 8. —— *A Round Table of Representative German Catholic Novelists;* 9. **Stokoe**: *With Napoleon at St. Helena;* 10. —— *McBride Literature and Art Readers;* 11. **Creighton**: *Thoughts on Education;* 12. **Paul**: *Matthew Arnold;* 13. **Ward-Beccoro**: *Texts for Children; The Holy Rosary in Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament;* 14. **Meyer**: *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints;* 15. **Bellevüe**: *Œuvre du Saint Esprit ou la Sanctification des Ames;* 16. **Fiske**: *Essays, Historical and Literary*; 17. **Davitt**: *The Boer Fight for Freedom.*

1—The fashion is not yet outgrown of smiling pitifully when Bacon is maintained to be the author of the Shakespearian plays. Yet there has been distinguished talent enlisted for the Baconian hypothesis; and in this age of criticism that fact alone ought to win respect for the contention. Now, we make no pretence of supporting the new hypothesis, but we assure our readers that if they peruse carefully Judge Webb's * captivating presentation of the question they will at least admit, with him, that "at the present moment there is much doubt and misgiving on the subject among serious men, and its discussion can no longer be tabooed as fit only for the lunatic, the faddist, and the fool." For apart from unwise attempts, as they seem to be, to read the riddle by ingenious cryptograms, there certainly is a striking mass of evidence in favor of the Lord of Verulam as the greatest dramatist of all times, and apparently there is as large a number of difficulties connected with a Shakespearian as with a Baconian authorship.

A few sentences from Judge Webb's concluding chapter will give an idea, necessarily imperfect of course, of the arguments used by the "higher critics" of the great plays: "The number and importance of the parallelisms which have been detected between the plays of Shakespeare and the acknowledged works of Bacon cannot be denied or disregarded. It has been shown that the plays are pervaded with the language of the *Law Tracts;* that they are saturated with the *Wisdom*

* *The Mystery of William Shakespeare:* A Summary of Evidence. By his Honor Judge Webb, Regius Professor of Laws and Public Orator in the University of Dublin. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of the Ancients; that they are alternately ennobled and debased by the science and the pseudo-science of the *Natural History;* and that they are decorated by the learning and by the philosophy of the *De Augmentis.* Shakespeare, like Bacon, adopts the theory of pneumaticals and the theory of spontaneous generation; like Bacon, he anticipates the most remarkable conclusions of modern science with regard to the transmutation of species and the origin of storms; and like Bacon, he repudiates the conclusions of Copernicus and Kepler, and obstinately maintains the doctrine of the Stoics that the stars are fires, and the doctrine of the Ptolemaics that the sun revolves around the earth. In spite of the natural diversities that exist between poetry and prose, the style of the Baconian prose and that of the Shakespearian poetry is fundamentally the same. They parade the same deracinated Latin, they affect the same triplicities and triads, they indulge in the same effervescence of expression, they adopt the same peculiar phrases, and they are guilty of the same solecisms in point of grammar. In their style, in their scholarship, in their scientific conclusions, in their philosophical opinions, in their political prejudices, in their very blunders they are one." And the entire case is again summed up between the rivals thus: "Two men are presented to us as claiming to be Shakespeare—the one the young man who came up from Stratford and became a London player; the other the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of a Lord Treasurer, the companion of nobles and the favorite of princes; the one a man of obscure origin, of defective education, of degrading associations, and of mean employments—a man of whose personality we know next to nothing; the other a man of the world, a master of all the learning of his time, a scholar, a lawyer, and a man of science, a wit, a philosopher, and a poet, a man of acknowledged genius, and by universal admission one of the greatest of the sons of men. In the one case there is a startling contrast between the man as we know him and the works as we possess them; in the other, the works as we possess them and the man as we know him are in strict accord." How all these conclusions are derived and supported, one must go through Judge Webb's volume to discover. But he certainly does support them in a very able, and sometimes in a very startling manner. We promise any reader of this work many an hour filled with surprises and with abun-

dant material for a singularly attractive course of speculation. For ourselves, we are so taken with admiration for modern critical methods, that we confess we should be rejoiced at such a triumph of analytic scholarship as would be won if the world actually should be convinced that Bacon and not Shakespeare is the author of the greatest work of human literature.

2.—It is hard to understand why Dr. Baxter disclaims the real authorship of these sermons.* He says, with evident humility, that he has taken the "matter" of them mostly from the "*Conciones*" of Bellarmin, but he has evidently so added to the ideas he obtained from his sources, and has so transformed the original material, that he is surely entitled as much as most authors of sermon books to the credit of their composition.

And in general, it is fair to say, no little credit is due to Dr. Baxter for this volume. It contains a multitude of good things. It puts many of the doctrines of Holy Church in an attractive setting, illustrates them with vigorous, simple, picturesque language; it contains many a passage of no ordinary beauty and strength, and it surely avoids the usual defect of sermon-books—unreadableness. The sermons are all interesting, all thoughtful.

But we should hardly dare say that there are no faults in the work. Perhaps a mention of a few we have noticed, given in a spirit of thorough sympathy, may not be unwelcome to the reverend author, and may help towards the perfection of a future volume of his sermons—a volume we shall be glad to see.

Let us say then: Dr. Baxter has the gift of graphic language, picture language; but he occasionally fails to restrain it; he allows himself some words and phrases that rather wound one's sense of fitness; for instance, to speak of the church as a "Great Spiritual Insurance Company," or of Lazarus as "resembling the roasted apple." Another matter that does violence to a nice sense of taste is the incorporation of a secular poem (though it be the noble "Recessional" of Kipling) in a sacred discourse. *Secondly:* it strikes us some things might better be left unsaid for fear of being misinterpreted by the popular, untrained mind; for instance, the explanation of the justice of occult compensation, as set forth on page 297; or again, the rather risky argument from natural

* *Sermons from the Latins.* Adapted from Bellarmin, Segneri, and other sources by Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

impulse, in proof of a thesis at best dubious, the superiority of capital punishment over life imprisonment; or again, the apparently (mind, we say *apparent*, having in view the simple reader) indiscriminate heaping together of all labor leaders as "irresponsible men," "whose only work is to preach the doctrine of murder and robbery," page 295. Not all strikers or strike agitators are anarchists or socialists, and it is dangerous to use language that could even be interpreted as indicating that the contrary is the author's opinion; and again, we think it rather an extreme concession to say that it is "no wonder the poor man gets desperate and rebels," even after the church has held up to his eyes the cross, the symbol of patient endurance of wrong; and the concession surely is extreme, if we are to claim in the next breath that "the church alone can hope to stand between the poor and rich," etc., page 293.

Little things like these—faults of judgment and of taste—occasionally mar an otherwise excellent work. To make a larger comment. The whole treatment of the sermons on Socialism, Capital Punishment, the Catholic Church and Salvation, and the Divinity of Christ, have satisfied us less than the other sermons, for reasons that we scarcely have space to develop. Suffice it to say here, that on many of the doctrinal and controversial points in the sermons mentioned, the proofs alleged, especially when they are texts of Holy Scripture, are quite inadequate; sometimes, it seems to us, lamentably so.

But we could as easily enumerate, and more readily comment upon, the things that have pleased us in the perusal of this volume, and we repeat the hope that Dr. Baxter will publish again, avoiding the defects of which we have spoken.

3.—Many causes contribute to make Rome "The Eternal City," but not the least of them is the everlasting interest which Rome, the city, is capable of maintaining in the minds of men. Those writers who make it a point to watch the popular fancy and cater to it, teach us this, if nothing else: that Rome and things Roman are as potent now as ever as stimulants of the imagination and curiosity, the wonderment and admiration even of the millions, who have never felt the charm of a personal acquaintance with the city that, in one way or another, has been the capital of the world since long before the days of the Cæsars.

Consequently we have no dearth of books on Rome, be they histories, novels, descriptions. Zola, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, have profited by their shrewd knowledge of the likings of the crowd, and to mention more respectable authors, Sienkiewicz and Marion Crawford have given to the reading public volumes of entrancing interest, half-history, half-romance, in their *Quo Vadis* and *Ave Roma Immortalis*.

Before the appearance of any of these late works, there was one which had won success enough to warrant its republication, years after its first issue. This was Francis Wey's *Rome*,* the book in hand. At this late date it is worthy of recommendation principally because of its abundance of popular description of the art-treasures of Rome, ancient and modern. For this reason it has an independent value, in spite of it being superseded in many other respects.

As usual (from experience we might almost say, "as inevitable"), we have to notice here and there a word or two objectionable to Catholic readers. Had we the editing of this new edition, we would have stricken out all the note from Hare, on p. 108, because Catholics are not "Romanists," nor is the Immaculate Conception a "dogma of 1870." And once more, though the reiteration is wearisome, we submit that to talk about "the sale of indulgences" under Leo X. is to evidence one's ignorance of the fact that this falsehood has died out of history as well as out of reputable controversy.

With such exception, now and then, the book is fair, and not only fair but generous in its recognition of the good work of the Church at Rome. Finally, the volume is handsome and well supplied with beautiful illustrations of some of the masterpieces of painting that the Eternal City can boast.

4. —There is something very dainty about the latest volume† of Emily R. Logue's poems. There is the light fairy touch of the shadows that chase each other across the summer landscape, and there is a bit of the dream world as the artist, sitting in the soft evening light, with exquisite touch, elicits the pianissimo notes from the delicately-tuned instrument. The temper of all these poems is just a degree above the realistic

* *Rome.* By Francis Wey. New edition, revised and compared with the latest authorities, by Maria Hornor Lansdale. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 1898.

† *The Shadows of an Ideal.* By Emily R. Logue. New York: Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street.

world of thought about us, thus verifying their name—*The Shadows of an Ideal.* Many of them are perfectly chiselled in measure and elevated in thought. The "Ideal" who has evidently been the mentor of the poet's spirit is a white-souled nun:

> "She is so pure, so holy, that there lies
> Upon her life's most fair virginity
> The wondrous light of God.
> . . . . . .
> To those whom she has chosen to call friends
> There is a beauty not of earth around
> Her gentle ways, her spirit's steadfast might
> And grace divine, the dower of heaven, attends
> The stainless life whose three-fold vow has bound
> Her heart's deep love unto the Infinite";

and it is for this reason that the range of topics is largely religious.

There is one little poem, evidently born of a trip to the sea-shore, that calls up visions of the "Summer Girl"; "My beating heart" is like unto the stormy restlessness of the sea; "My waking spirit love's unrest" was caused by some one who called her "His nut-brown maid." But, alas! for the fickleness of the human heart, he passed away with the summer. A long-drawn sigh and a spirit of resignation comes over the poet's spirit, and she prays that "the endless struggle" will some day make her worthy to be,

> "Where sin and sorrow fade,
> His nut-brown maid."

5.—Certainly the Polish author, Alexander Glovatski, has given us a remarkable book in *The Pharaoh and the Priest.** It is an historical novel of Ancient Egypt. The scene of action takes place in the eleventh century before Christ, at the beginning of the decadence of Egypt. Even imagination cannot truly tell the wonderful historic position of Ancient Egypt. The very soil from which was drawn the heart of material life grew everything needed for the food and clothing of man and the nourishment of the beast. From its mud was constructed the brick which made Egyptian buildings withstand the ravages

* *The Pharaoh and the Priest.* By Alexander Glovatski. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

of long processes of time. This vast material organism of Egypt was ruled and directed by two powerful social elements—the priesthood and the Pharaohs. At this time it furnished the markets of the then civilized world. However, Egypt's greatness was not alone in its commercialism. There was created within it the disciplined energy which reared those monuments of stone which have preserved its language, religion, history, and life. It is probable that from the Egyptians have come those first beginnings of writing and those earliest historic expressions of the religious instinct. Egypt was great too in her ideas. There arose, however, a day of decline. With power and wealth there came the inevitable tendency to pleasure—the moral standard of the priesthood and the Pharaohs was lowered—action was relaxed, and then began the epoch of foreign bondage and finally national ruin. Around this large area of life has Mr. Glovatski placed his picturesque work. The vehement struggle between the priesthood and the Pharaohs could not be more powerfully written. The book ends with the tremendous climax of the destruction of both forces and the consummation of Egypt's doom, beginning with the accession of powerful tyrants from Assyria and Persia. The tale is interwoven with the tragic pictures of popular passion,—the glory of triumph, the fierceness of war, the ecstasy of love. There is characteristically depicted for us the racial conflicts and temperamental peculiarities of Jews, Greeks, Assyrians, Phœnicians, and Libyans in their varied relationships with Egypt. The scenic effects of *The Pharaoh and the Priest* are in every manner splendid. Music, ritual, drama, poetry, sentiment, joy, melancholy, all meet and mingle according as the development of the plot demands it. It is in every sense an interesting and thorough piece of work. Perhaps it lacks too much the strain of romance to fully gratify the ordinary modern reader, but this takes away nothing from the objective value and strength of the book.

6.—*The Manor Farm** is a novel by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). The author has given us several other books, principally dealing with pastoral life in England. William Barnes, the poet, has demonstrated how much of romance and beauty there is in the simple duties of the English peasant folk.

* *The Manor Farm.* By M. E. Francis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The love story before us is another picture of the same truth. Like the breath of an English meadow in early spring, it is sweet, pure, and wholesome. In these days such a production ought to be commended.

7.—We do not remember to have seen a purer and more wholesome story than *The Wyndham Girls.** And this distinction it achieves without the copious admixture of piety so common to most books for the young written by Catholic authors, and which, however good in itself, often proves distasteful. Besides, *The Wyndham Girls* is bright and sprightly, often keen and humorous, always noble—in a word altogether delightful. The courage and single-heartedness of the three charming girls in their struggle against the comparative poverty to which they were reduced by the dishonesty of the trustee of their inheritance, will be an inspiration to any girl.

This is Miss Taggart's most ambitious work, and it is eminently successful. It will make an excellent holiday gift to girls.

8.—The latest volume of Messrs. Benziger's "Round Table" series is this collection† of short stories by representative German Catholic novelists. They are twelve in number, and each is preceded by a biographical sketch, bibliography, and each but one by a portrait of its author. Among the stories is one by Father Spillman, S.J., whose novel, *Lucius Flavus*, appeared recently in this country.

9.—These memoirs‡ of Dr. John Stokoe give further testimony to the brutal treatment received by Napoleon at the hands of the British government while he was a prisoner on St. Helena. The writings of O'Meara, Las Cases, Antommarchi, and Montholon, all eye-witnesses, were the first to tell of it, and they held popular credence until the publication of Dr. Forsyth's *History of Napoleon's Captivity*, in which use was made of papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's custodian at

* *The Wyndham Girls.* By Marion Ames Taggart. With illustrations by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company.

† *A Round Table of Representative German Catholic Novelists.* With Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *With Napoleon at St. Helena.* Being the Memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, Naval Surgeon. Translated from the French of Paul Frémeaux by Edith S. Stokoe. London and New York: John Lane.

Longwood. Forsyth made it appear that Lowe, not Napoleon, was the outraged person, and public opinion followed him. Dr. Stokoe's memoirs discredit Forsyth and corroborate O'Meara and the rest. Dr. Stokoe was at St. Helena from June, 1817, to September, 1819, and relates what he saw during that interval. His way was not strewn with roses, and he was called back to England to be returned to St. Helena and there court-martialed.

He was not a skilful narrator, and his memoirs have not been given as they left his pen. The present writer has told the story in his own words, and explained it as he went along. It is an interesting but melancholy story. One can get no better idea of the indignities Napoleon suffered than from his own words to Stokoe: "I should have lived to the age of eighty if they had not brought me to this vile place." The simplest family communications were denied him, and he, before whom Europe had trembled, was a captive on a pestilential island and compelled to suffer the intolerable persecution of a narrow-minded, suspicious governor.

10.—In the *McBride Literature and Art Readers** the author, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, has rendered a genuine service to the teachers and children of this country. While a wave of art "talk" has swept over the land, there has been nothing until these books appeared to help either child or teacher to a true interpretation of the artist's meaning. We had a surfeit of the terms "tints," "tone," "depth," "color," "light," and "shade"; but of the great truth that the artist had to tell not a word had been said, nor in many cases could be said, because, forsooth, the artist had a religious truth to portray, and religious truths have become unpopular and unknown, or else must not be mentioned because they would interfere with the sale of the text-book.

The pictures are admirably selected. In the first books are placed those that relate to the infancy and childhood of the Saviour or that tell of his love for children. There are, also, pictures of child life and of animal life, but in each case the picture is a copy of a masterpiece, so that from the beginning the child sees only the best in art as well as in literature.

The Teachers' Manuals accompanying the series give the

* *McBride Literature and Art Readers.* New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

most improved methods of teaching reading, and explain so much about the pictures that they are most valuable, not only to the inexperienced but to the experienced teacher.

A charming unity and variety run through the series. The Fourth Book gives historical pictures; the Fifth, reproductions of famous marbles; in the Sixth and Seventh the works of Raphael, Da Vinci, Murillo, and other great artists stand side by side with selections from the great literary lights, Newman, Manning, Browning, and others.

Pictures and brief biographical sketches of the authors give the children some knowledge of their Catholic heritage. These books would be valuable for this reason alone.

In artistic arrangement, in selection of material that is new and excellent as well as of that which is old and classic, in all that appeals to a child's sense of beauty and interest, in suggestions that are most valuable to the teacher—this new series of readers holds a unique and valuable place among the text-books for Catholic schools.

11.—The late Anglican bishop Creighton's *Thoughts on Education** is a fine contribution to that great present need, a wholesome pedagogy. Unfortunately the little work is very fragmentary, consisting mainly of half-reported discourses, scattered notes, and occasional addresses. But a unifying principle binds them together nevertheless; and this is the great and noble principle that a child's soul must grow in the knowledge of divine as well as profane science, and that consequently the teacher but continues the creative work of God and assists the uplifting inspirations of grace. Let the following sentences speak for the work: "Religious teaching, it must be remembered, cannot be differentiated from all other instruction and taught by itself at certain hours of the day. Religion must influence all the teaching given in the school. A child is just the creature who ought to be taught the most dogmatic religion possible. The object of education, after all, is character. We wish our children to grow in love, that their love may abound in knowledge. What we are engaged on in education is the formation of character, not the formation of certain aptitudes for reading, writing, and doing sums. I would remind you that it is not success that makes the man, but his power of enduring for righteous-

* *Thoughts on Education.* By Mandell Creighton, D.D. Edited by Louise Creighton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ness' sake. Every teacher is engaged in a great process of creation; he is liberating human character from the inertness which surrounds it, and is striving to call it to a consciousness of true life. Remember this, that after all the great object of education is not knowledge but the formation of that capacity for judgment for which we have been praying as the special gift of the Holy Ghost." Whether the book contains a complete theory of education or not, and we have said that it does not, such sentiments as these, coming from one of the most erudite historians of our age, give to it a rare value which will commend it to all lovers of the spiritual as opposed to the mechanical theory of education.

12.—We have come upon a study of Matthew Arnold * by Mr. Herbert W. Paul. The author has given very thorough attention to his subject. That his judgments concerning the great English critic are always accurate must be left to the wisdom of the reader to express. Literature concerning the position of Matthew Arnold is constantly increasing. This is proof enough that he has made an impression on the literary thought of the age. The book before us is lively and interesting. The author's conclusions are valuable; their correctness can be the better judged when more is said and written concerning Mr. Arnold. In three or four chapters Mr. Paul has given a most serious analysis of the poetry of Matthew Arnold. He likewise discusses his prose-writings, philosophy, politics, and his views of education. The chapter on his theology is especially clear. As Mr. Frederick Harrison saw nothing coherent in Mr. Arnold's principles of philosophy, so Mr. Gladstone charged him with presenting the Christian religion in such a form as to be recognizable neither by friend nor foe. Mr. Russell and Professor Saintsbury never regarded Arnold's religious essays seriously. Mr. Arnold's Biblical criticism was taken for the most part from Ewald, Gesenius, and Kuenen. His *Saint Paul and Protestantism* and *Literature and Dogma* are not accurate theological works. He rejected not merely miracles but the personality of God. He thought it a very mischievous statement that "the God of the Universe is a Person." God was the Eternal, and the Eternal was "the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." It was quite within

* *Matthew Arnold.* By Herbert W. Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the method of Matthew Arnold to substitute sometimes his own words for the sacredly constituted and traditional words of the New Testament, and to interpret for himself disputed passages. To all of this the author, Mr. Herbert Paul, concludes wisely—Christ's teaching must be taken as a whole or as we have it; we cannot pick and choose. Mr. Paul's position is, that we must take all or nothing of the Scriptural record. His criticism of Mr. Arnold's position would have been more complete if he had studied the argument for the necessity of an authoritative body to interpret the Sacred Books. Perforce we must differ from Mr. Herbert Paul in many of his theological opinions. The book is his own, as his judgments of Matthew Arnold are his own, and he honestly and seriously presents them to us. In discussing his religious thought it would be fair to add that in Mr. Arnold's address to the London clergy at Sion College he gravely argues that the state should adopt "some form of religion or other—that which seems best suited to the majority." His highest conception of the Established Church is found on page thirty-seven of his work, *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, where he says that it "is to be considered as a national Christian society for the promotion of goodness, to which a man cannot but wish well and in which he might rejoice to minister."

In all things pertaining to Mr. Arnold the work of Mr. Herbert W. Paul is well worthy of consideration. It is a real contribution to the study of a distinguished English critic and poet.

13.—A unique volume* is that prepared by "a friend of little children," M. A. Ward, for the purpose of aiding mothers to impart to the very young a slight knowledge of Sacred Scripture. In a small volume of 140 pages he presents for each day of the year some few lines quoted either from the Old or the New Testament and serviceable both as spiritual nourishment and as aids to religious knowledge.

Another small volume† recently issued is made up of a series of fifteen highly-colored pictures and prayers, one for each decade of the Rosary.

* *Texts for Children.* Arranged for every day in the year. By M. A. Ward. With a Preface by Rev. Father Gallwey, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.

† *The Holy Rosary in Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.* By Fr. Gerard Beccoro. New York: Benziger Brothers.

14—In his *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints* * Father Meyer presents the reader with a sound and simple *résumé* of Catholic ascetical teaching upon certain first principles of spiritual development. There is abundant common sense in these pages as well as profound wisdom; the author's instructions are imparted in kindly, earnest, encouraging spirit; the authenticity of his teaching is vindicated by his wide experience and by a familiarity with the authorities on his subject matter which none could doubt who peruse these pages. The book serves to remind us that time and space are as naught before the truth of good, and that the first steps in the spiritual life are what they have always been—self-knowledge, self-control, and energy.

15—The Abbé de Bellevüe has chosen a striking subject for his recent volume; † he discusses the work of the Holy Spirit in the sanctification of souls. Being a professor of dogmatic theology, the author very naturally treats his question in a strictly scientific way, and clings closely to the technical side of the numerous points that come up for consideration. His erudition and his wide reading on the matter in hand are apparent at every step. The book can scarcely fail to suggest many wonderful things to the thoughtful reader; yet the subject it treats will not be effectively grasped by a great number until translated from its rather rigid theological form into language more easily understood and more deeply sympathized with by the unprofessional reader.

16.—The recently published volumes of essays and addresses ‡ by the late John Fiske deal with the two studies which have been long and honorably associated with his name—American history and the Spencerian philosophy. In these papers the merits and the shortcomings characteristic of their author are very conspicuous. The evidences of wide reading are here, the generally reverent spirit, and the luminous style, sometimes, however, disfigured by colloquialisms and Yankeeisms which hurt one in the writings of a scholar. On the less

* *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints.* By R. J. Meyer, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Œuvre du Saint Esprit ou La Sanctification des Âmes.* Par Abbé de Bellevüe. Paris: Victor Retaux.

‡ *Essays, Historical and Literary.* By John Fiske. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

favorable side, John Fiske appears here as that which he will doubtless be in the estimate of posterity, not an original thinker nor a profound and independent investigator, but as a *rapporteur*, an organ of utterance and interpretation for greater and deeper men. When he ventures on a broad generalization of his own, one feels an instinctive insecurity in the ground chosen for the position; for Fiske's mind lacked the patience, the ripeness, the caution, and the freedom from preconceptions by which great intellectual leaders attract hosts to follow them. His judgment could be even grotesque. For example, in the essay on New France he declares that the Inquisition actually depleted the Spanish people, so deadly was its work in cutting off "the brightest and boldest," leaving only "the dullest and weakest"; "and accordingly the Spaniard of the nineteenth century is, as compared with his contemporaries, a less intelligent and less enterprising person than the Spaniard of the sixteenth century." Now, we have absolutely no intention and no desire of defending the Spanish Inquisition. Nevertheless we deem it a highly fantastic and utterly unscholarly thing to say that the Inquisition had much the same effect in Spain as the Napoleonic campaigns had in France; that is, that it was so colossal an engine of destruction as to bring deterioration to the Spanish character and disaster to the nation's career. The Inquisition was not so huge an agency as this by any means, and the decline in Spanish power must be sought in other and far deeper sources. Another instance of our author's unwholesomeness of imagination occurs in the same essay. Speaking of the celebrated Indian raid on Haverhill in 1697, in which Mrs. Dustin was taken prisoner, he says: "These bloodthirsty savages were devout Catholics, brought into the Christian fold by Jesuit eloquence, and daily they counted over their rosaries and mumbled their guttural Pater Nosters. To the natural delight which the Indian felt in roasting a captive, they could add the keener zest which thrilled the soul of the follower of Loyola in delivering up a heretic unto Satan." We can only say of this unhappy sentence that, apart from the bitterness and narrowness it displays, and judged solely by its absurdity in making a gang of savage cutthroats conscientious in their daily rosary, and by its violation of historical truth in implying that the followers of Loyola ever handed heretics over to capital pun-

ishment, it does little credit to Mr. Fiske. From such exhibitions of a quality worse than mediocrity, we gladly turn to the really fine work in these volumes, which is best seen in the essays on United States history. There are several good monographs on our great statesmen and a notably fine paper in vindication of the Boston Tea Party. We may add to these a lively account of the author's personal relations with Huxley as one of the best essays in the group. In summary we would pass the judgment that Mr. Fiske's reputation as a thinker, a cautious scholar, and a literary critic suffers from this posthumous publication, but that his past fame as a student of American history is quite sustained by it.

17.—Michael Davitt's book on the Boer War* is both a vivid account of the South African campaigns and an ardent arraignment of the British government and army. Mr. Davitt is a trained writer; he was on the scene of conflict, and his Celtic sympathies are deeply moved by his theme. Consequently he gives us a stirring history with many eminently well wrought descriptions, and presents us above all with a first-hand narrative of the pathetic struggle which closed the national life of a free people. The war is minutely described up to the month of May, 1900. As Mr. Davitt left South Africa at that time, his account of the guerrilla warfare of the last months of Boer resistance is more condensed and rapid. All through the book run that fierce resistance to power as oppressive of weakness, and that fiery sympathy with a people in the field for freedom, which spring so spontaneously from an Irish heart. Those whose convictions as to the war are one with the author's will find this history inspiring reading indeed.

* *The Boer Fight for Freedom.* By Michael Davitt. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Library Table.

The Tablet (8 Nov.): The Bishop of Southwark, in his sermon at the funeral of Dr. Butler, mentions that the deceased was in a most true sense a theologian alive to the needs of the time, having been a most receptive pupil of his illustrious master, W. G. Ward. The best-known characteristic of his devotional life was his devotion to the Holy Spirit. He was moreover in the fullest sense a priest. "He could not conceive a higher call to sanctity than vocation to the priesthood, and he could not understand how any work for God, be it the preaching of missions or retreats, or the direction of souls, or the great work of education, could be regarded as unsuitable for a priest unless he took upon himself other obligations in addition to his priesthood. For this we owe him a great debt of gratitude, both for his example and for his teaching. Both alike they warn us against those theories of the relative perfection of states of life which may have their place for academical discussion in the schools, but which, when translated into the practice of daily life, may easily become a snare and stumbling-block in the path to perfection of individual souls."

(22 Nov.): Mentions some of the theses defended by Father Holzapfel, O.F.M., in his candidacy for his Doctor's Degree at the University of Munich: No writer earlier than the eleventh century holds that St. Lazarus and his sisters came to France. Arguments most weighty can be adduced against the opinion that the marriage of St. Henry II. was virginal. The Rosary was neither instituted nor propagated by St. Dominic. From Papal Bulls it can clearly be proven that the translation of the Holy House of Loretto is not a historical fact. The simoniacal election of the Supreme Pontiff from the year 1179 to the year 1506 appears to have been valid. That the historical lessons of the Breviary are in great need of correction was openly declared both by Benedict XIV. and by the Fathers of the Vatican Council. Civil officials are not to be disturbed if *bona fide* they legislate

against the rights of the church. The Bull of John XXII. which is claimed to allow the Sabbatine privilege is spurious.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Oct.): P. Dubois writes that though the nature of the fire of purgatory has never been defined by the church, the people, and the majority of the people, know only "the theory of material fire." But modern apologists have enough to do in defending authentic dogmas, and sometimes cannot afford to go out of their way to defend a simple "thesis of the schola." The theory of the material fire of purgatory has not always been taught unanimously in the church, and the theory of figurative fire is not without a basis in tradition.

(15 Oct.): P. Dunand discusses a doctrine quite prevalent in Catholic schools, that the pains of purgatory differ from those of hell only in point of duration. But this teaching is worth just what the reasons that support it are worth, namely, very little.

(1 Nov.): Reviewing M. Houtin's History of Scriptural Studies during the Nineteenth Century, P. Venard finds that, though not perfectly dispassionate, it is a valuable book and teaches, among other useful lessons, that the inferiority of the Catholic clergy in Biblical studies has had disastrous consequences.

(15 Nov.): P. Bricout (the editor of the *Revue*) applauds the establishment of the Biblical Commission, and in proclaiming his loyalty says: "Every one can realize how much it cost me to close our broad and hospitable *Revue* to my old professor, the learned Abbé Loisy; but I did it in obedience to the honored Cardinal Richard." P. Delfour presents an interesting critique of Zola, "who escapes all literary classification for the decisive reason that he is a 'barbarian,' by his own admission." P. Godet comments upon the noble soul and splendid talent of the late F. X. Kraus, "a profound and learned historian, ranking with Moehler and Döllinger—and even surpassing them in the variety of his knowledge and the suppleness of his mind—and standing in a glorious position beside M. de Rossi, among the Christian apologists of the nineteenth century. A sincere and devout priest, his

character was graced with virtue and with genius." It is noteworthy that when a youth he entered the Jesuit novitiate, but had to obtain an indefinite leave of absence for his health's sake. As he never formally withdrew, he remained until death, as he was wont to say, "a prospective Jesuit."

(1 Dec.): In reply to M. Gayraud, P. Durand, S.J., contends that the Holy Father's teaching upon Scripture is not opposed by the view that in historical matters, which are but a secondary object of the inspired writer, we can look for only a relative exactness—many details remain within the field of opinion. This has been often proclaimed before, by Loisy, Lagrange, O.P., Lévesque, S.S., Dr. Clarke, Lucas, S.J., Gigot, S.S., Prat, S.J. It would be a grave error to suppose that once the Pope has declared the inerrancy of the Bible, Catholics have but to accept that pronouncement without troubling themselves as to its precise meaning and scope. Like every formula it has to be explained.

P. Maissonneuve gives a most interesting *résumé* of a course of Biblical lectures delivered by P. Lagrange at Toulouse to an audience composed of ecclesiastics, both regular and secular, journalists, university professors, and a limited number of ladies whose zeal recalled that of Paula and Marcella and Eustochium.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): In the light of the recently published "Letters from the Seminary" of Ernest Renan and of the proposal to erect a statue in his honor, M. L. De Lauzac De Laborie discusses the crisis in Renan's soul.

(10 November): M. Brunetière, in a paper on the progress of Catholicity, gives the following signs of a great future for the church: 1. The utter downfall of materialism, and the precarious tenure of the agnosticism which has succeeded it. 2. The prodigious growth of Catholicity in the United States; a growth so wonderful that Pobedonostseff, the Procurator of the Russian Holy Synod, confesses himself terrified at it. 3. The conversion of types of men so diverse as Newman, Manning, and Hecker proves that every aspiration of the age will find its satisfaction in the ancient faith.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): A writer comments on the remarkable change of view regarding the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Formerly when certain conscientious exegetes timidly and most moderately ventured upon a discussion of this question, they suffered violent assaults—*Les Études*, as always, marching along bravely with its trumpet: Heresy was being encouraged, the faithful were being troubled. Such audacity should be denounced in the name of orthodoxy and principle. But at present P. Hummelauer, S.J., teaches unequivocally and without interference, that Moses wrote but part of the Pentateuch; and Rome, instead of being troubled at his ideas, summons him to a place on the Biblical Commission.

A. Baumann reviews Mlle. Camille Bos' recent study of the Psychology of Belief, a subject nowadays quite *à la mode*. After praising the book highly, the critic comments upon the lack of scientific sincerity which characterizes the majority of apologetical works, and which makes it seem as if for many Catholics, especially priests, there must exist two kinds of truth—that which the church is sent to teach and to conserve at all costs, and that which the scrupulous think it well to hide for ever lest the faithful be scandalized. Now, since, particularly in exegetics, a great many erroneous beliefs are mixed in with religious truth, it is almost impossible to take a step forward without striking against some cherished notion, hence our apologetical works are deprived of almost all scientific value. He then recalls the suppression of M. de Ségur's *History of the Council of Trent* and the condemnation by the Index of the famous book on St. Theresa by Fr. Hahn, S.J. How joyfully proud Catholics would be if their religious society were marching at the head of progress in religious science! It is a depressing thought, however, that the now prevailing attitude inhibits progress, and that no advance is made until some insurgent rises and begins to discuss what otherwise would have lain hidden in the mind of learned men who keep silent out of respect for the simple.

Études (5 Nov.): Fr. Prat contributes an article on progress and tradition in exegesis. He praises Leo XIII. for

establishing the Biblical Commission, which will furnish authoritative explanation for many questions now clamoring for solution.

Science Catholique (Nov.): Discussing the question of St. Joseph's freedom from venial sin, Dom Lajat, O.S.B., holds, that we may be permitted to believe that St. Joseph was exempt from all venial sin after the time of his marriage with our Blessed Lady.

Revue Générale (Nov.): Eugène Gilbert in a review of Paul Bourget's much discussed work, *L'Étape*, speaks in terms of highest praise of the author, and says his book will rank among the foremost artistic works of our age.

Démocratie Chrétienne (Nov.): H. Du Sart continues his exposition of the economic materialism of Karl Marx. E. Depène reviews, and comments favorably on, "The Workingman's Apostolate," an article by Father Cuthbert which appeared in the June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Jérome Zimmermann discusses the plan to establish throughout France circles for the study of social questions; he advocates immediate action and endorses the programme of La Sillon. Mgr. Bande, Bishop of Tortone, explains the relation that the social problem has to the work of the sacred ministry; he urges his priests to study deeply the social questions of to-day.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Nov.): A. Gherardi undertakes the examination and refutal of Dr. Portigliotti, who in a recent volume has attempted to prove that Savonarola was mentally unbalanced. S. di P. R., commenting upon Feminism, notices two recent articles in the *North American Review* and proclaims the Duchess of Sutherland's contribution to be fair and temperate, but Vernon Lee's article to be one of the kind which render the movement ridiculous by exaggeration. Deep religious sense and thorough Christian training, both practical and intellectual, are indispensable for the ideal woman.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Nov.): P. Bessmer contrasts heart-reading by the saints with the phenomenon of spiritism, etc. He collects instances from the life of St. Philip Neri to show how different that saint's power was from the alleged abilities of somnambulists, mind-readers, Indian fakirs, and the like.

Comment on Current Topics.

Authentic Statement of the Present Condition of the Indian Question.

The report of Father Ketcham, the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, to the Archbishops is a model of clear, concise statement, and it puts into the hands of the people an authoritative statement of the relations between the government and the Catholic Indians.

The first thing that impresses one on reading the report is the evident desire on the part of the present administration to give to the Catholic Indians their long denied rights. The first step in this direction was the revocation of the "Browning Ruling." On September 30, 1896, Hon. D. M. Browning, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in answer to the question "whether parents of Indian children have a right to decide where their children shall attend school," said: "It is your duty first to build up and maintain the government day schools as indicated in your letter, and the Indian parents have no right to designate which school their children shall attend." This iniquitous ruling, on account of which Indian parents were outraged in their natural rights, prevailed until it was revoked by President McKinley at the solicitation of Archbishop Ireland. Before the revocation was carried out the President was shot, and the real abrogation was not given effect until eight months later, January 17, 1902, through the practical desire of President Roosevelt to yield to Catholics their full rights.

The second step was the appointment of Archbishop Ryan and Charles J. Bonaparte on the Board of Indian Commissioners. The Board is a body of ten citizens eminent for intelligence and philanthropy, appointed "by the President solely" and serving "without pecuniary compensation." A request was made that Archbishop Ryan be appointed to the place made vacant by the death of Bishop Whipple, P. E. Bishop of Minnesota; it was answered by the appointment of two Catholics, Archbishop Ryan and Charles J. Bonaparte. Inasmuch as over one-third of the Indians are Catholics the fairness of these appointments is evident. As the report says: "The courage and justice displayed by President Roosevelt in these two appointments entitle him to the highest commendation of his Catholic fellow countrymen."

In the matter, however, of the withdrawal of rations the Catholic schools have sustained a loss of not less than $25,000 a year, while hundreds of Indian children are deprived of food and clothing guaranteed them by treaty, after most earnest efforts to prevent it. This was finally made effective by an interpretation given to the law by Attorney-General Knox. It is a matter of consoling comment, however, that the Indians were never more anxious to patronize Catholic schools, although in doing so they suffer a loss of many of the material comforts that are gained by attendance on the government schools.

Finally, it is important to state that the Indian Bureau, while acknowledging a certain utility in the "Carlisle plan," which establishes a sympathetic co-operation with the church in cultivating the religious beliefs and fostering morality among the Indian children, still it does not believe that this compromise can be a basis of permanent and effective settlement. For this reason it is absolutely necessary for the Catholic people to support, and thus make permanent, the mission schools.

The Question of Schools.

The statement presented in this issue of the present financial condition of the Parish Schools in the City of New York is valuable, not only on account of its authoritative character but and especially on account of the full and complete statement it furnishes of the efforts the Catholic parents are making to safeguard the religious belief of their children.

These efforts are not measured by what is given to support the parish school system, though this is considerable. In the Borough of Manhattan alone the cost of maintenance is $328,989, which, added to the interest on the investment, makes easily over $500,000 a year, and for the whole State this would amount to a million and a half. The sincerity of the Catholic belief in the necessity of the parish school is measured just as well by what Catholic parents yield up of the superior facilities of the public school system. As citizens of the State they are entitled to enjoy their share of the $49,331,957 expended for public instruction, and there is no class of citizens that would profit so much by the unequalled facilities the State affords in educational lines. But because of their profound conviction that the conscience must be trained as well as the mind, and that a dogmatic religion must be taught in childhood's years, they freely cast the public educational facilities aside and spontaneously pay out a

million and a half of dollars each year, in order that their children may be imbued with a sense of religion.

A Consideration for Taxpayers.

The figures just issued from the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction indicate that during the last school year $49,331,957 were paid for the support of education in the State of New York. The average cost per pupil was $41.14. If there were added to the 1,268,830 pupils on register in the public schools the 150,000 in the parish schools, six millions more would be added to the burdens of the taxpayers. It is very interesting to know that a poor Catholic laborer on Avenue A is educating Mr. Waldorf Astoria's child on Madison Avenue, and by his devotion to an ideal he is lightening the citizens' burden by $6,000,000 every year.

Death of Abbé Magnien.

The late Dr. Alphonse L. Magnien, S.S., president emeritus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, was one of the most widely-known priests in America. Born in Lizere, France, 1837, and called to America some years after his ordination, he was appointed to the presidency of St. Mary's in 1878, which office he held till a year ago. Under his administration three new houses were founded and the work of the Sulpicians widely extended through the country. All of which is an evidence of Abbé Magnien's executive ability and commendable foresight. His influence over the very large number of priests who were trained under his care ever endured for good, and Cardinal Gibbons looked to him for many years as his intimate adviser and counsellor. Prudent, judicious, possessing rare tact, wise in the affairs of men, sympathetic with the needs and hopes of the American people, zealous for the advancement and progress of the Catholic Church, his death marks the passing of a most notable figure in American ecclesiastical history.

Methods of St. Vincent de Paul Society recognized.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York City is just getting some measure of the public recognition that it deserves for the charitable work it has done among the needy poor. The report that has been recently issued indicates that there are 1,179 active workers, and

that during the year ending September, 1902, 46,578 visits were made.

The methods of charitable relief in vogue in the St. Vincent de Paul Society have frequently been commended by philanthropists, because the visitors do not go as detectives to spy out fraud but in a spirit of religion to bring relief. They look upon the poor as the needy ones of the flock, and while every reasonable care is taken to prevent deception, still the spirit of brotherhood animates the workers. In most cases the visitor is one of refined instincts, and certainly of religious spirit, and while he gives the necessary corporal relief with one hand he tries with the other to minister to the spiritual necessities of the poor.

Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, the president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, has been selected to be the chairman of the next annual convention of the State Board of Charities.

The Biblical Commission.

The question that, perhaps, presents most difficulties on the matter of religion to-day is that of the Bible. Nine years ago Leo XIII. issued his encyclical "Providentissimus Deus," in which he sought to anticipate and to forewarn. His latest act, the appointment of a Biblical Commission, is a striking evidence of his intimate knowledge of the needs of the time, and his unceasing care for the welfare of Christianity. Outside the church the true notion of a divinely inspired Bible is all but dead. Within the church, while there is ever a voice that speaks unerringly in cases of necessity, human knowledge and learning ever have their play. Criticism, begotten of fresh discoveries and new theories, has assumed large and at times serious proportions. The naming of this commission is a happy recognition of the grave questions which Biblical study presents, an emphatic encouragement to Catholics to keep abreast of modern science, and a guarantee that scholarship, prudence, and kindness are to mark the solution of Scriptural difficulties. The commission is to consist of a number of Cardinals, assisted by distinguished men of different nationalities noted for their Biblical knowledge. A part of the Vatican library has been assigned and every assistance promised them by the Holy Father.

A. P. DOYLE.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

DURING the eighth annual convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs, recently held in New York City, there were some stormy scenes and much need of parliamentary rules to keep the speakers within the limits of decorum. At one stage of the proceedings it was moved that representatives of the press be excluded, and the vote was carried. Some who were qualified delegates as well as writers for the papers were filled with conflicting emotions, and departed with the expelled journalists. It was charged also that one of the candidates for the highest office was defeated by only a few votes on account of her religion, after the most hotly contested election on record. The delegates responsible for such doings should not be allowed on any future occasion to misrepresent the organizations for advancing the true interests of women.

Ethical culture is often very intangible. The following statement from one of its advocates should precipitate a speedy downfall of masculine supremacy:

"It is woman's own fault that her position in the world to-day is not so high and so privileged as it should be," said Miss Zona Vallance in the course of her lecture on "Women and the Ethical Movement" before the woman's conference of the Society for Ethical Culture at Tuxedo Hall, New York City.

"As a matter of fact, women, by reason of their sex and the social and economic demands its possession entails, have been the heaven-designed founders of the ethical culture movement since the days of Eden. But they have been disloyal to their prerogatives. They have lagged in the march of progress, spiritual and economic. They have been content with the presentation of a masculine God, masculine priests and rulers. The idea of power has been inalienable from that of brute force. Now that the world is coming gradually to some realization of the greatness of intangible things, we may hope for a dawn of justice. But it behooves women, all self-respecting women, to be found in the vanguard of self-assertion to-day. And this position is not unwomanly, but most truly the contrary, because never before has the hand of woman been so sorely needed as now in the affairs of the world.

"So far we have been content with the field of philanthropy. We will be untrue to our God-given mission if we halt at the boundaries of the political arena. The worship of a high sexless ideal instead of a masculine personality cannot fail to elevate and enlarge the whole tone of woman's thought. A non-theological view of conduct would strike at the root of the evils in the existing economic construction of society."

In the discussion that followed it was asked if the conception of woman as a citizen, in the broadest interpretation of the word, was not the highest that could be held. To this Miss Vallance warmly assented, and, in reply to other inquiries, said that in addition to her place in the home and the recognition accorded to her as a factor in the political world, the woman of ethical culture persuasion should bend her energies to the enlightenment of and industrial emancipation of women in the busier walks of life. The women's trade unions of England were suggested as worthy of imitation.

The condition of Catholics in the Middle Ages is often misrepresented in popular manuals of history. Some very important matters were discussed and settled before the sixteenth century. The following brief summary shows that it was the Catholic Church by her teaching and legislation which abolished slavery in Europe. She began early her labors toward the ultimate extinction of slavery, and never let up the constant pressure of her influence till it ceased to exist. Evidence of this is found in the canons of the Council of Elvira, in 305; that of St. Patrick, celebrated in Ireland in 450; that of Agde, in 506; of Arles, in 549; of Macon, in 585; of Paris, in 614; those of Toledo in 589, 633, and 675. The second Council of Lyons excommunicated those who enslaved others. A council in 922 declared that he who sold another into slavery was guilty of homicide. A council in London in 1102 forbade the selling of men, and called it an infamous traffic. Pope Gregory XVI. published apostolic letters against the slave trade. Other councils and legislation might be mentioned, but enough has been given to show that the power of the church was always exerted against slavery. She was alone in the work in the early and Middle Ages.

* * *

Sir Francis Cruise, a distinguished physician of Dublin, has devoted much time to the investigation of the authorship of the Imitation of Christ, a book written by one who had absorbed the wisdom of Holy Scripture.

Year after year the holiday excursions of Sir Francis Cruise were directed, not to the favorite watering-places and other health resorts in which the prosperous citizen spends his allotted days of retirement from the usual routine of his habitual labors, but to the interesting neighborhood in which lived and died one of the purest and noblest sons of the Catholic Church, Thomas à Kempis.

Some fourteen years ago he collected the results of his investigations in a volume which is allowed by even the secular authorities of the press to contain all that is likely to be ever known of the career of St. Thomas à Kempis and the authorship of the Imitation of Christ.

It is well known to the reading section of the public that a great deal of doubt was attached to this authorship ever since its first appearance. The first edition of the collected works of St. Thomas à Kempis was printed, without date or name of printer or place of publication, at Utrecht, in the year 1473, by the famous typographers, Nic. Ketelaer et Ger. de Leempt, and presents the very exceptional peculiarity of owing its great attraction to the bibliophile to an item which it does not contain—the celebrated De Imitatione Christi. There were several editions and translations of the Imitation brought out within the next few years with the prefixed name of the famous chancellor of the University of Paris, Joannes Gerson. It is, accordingly, no wonder that the authorship was a subject of contention.

But the fallacies have all been clearly exposed by Sir Francis Cruise; and the inhabitants of Kempen, the native town of the true author, have paid the Dublin physician the high compliment of calling one of their streets by his name. The immediate cause of the conferring of this most exceptional honor was the stimulus given to the patriotism of the inhabitants of Kempen by the appearance in a German translation of a pamphlet on The Authorship of the Imitation of Christ, which was published for Sir Francis Cruise by the Catholic Truth Society in 1898. This pamphlet has also appeared in a French dress.

MGR. FALCONIO,

THE PRESENT APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. FEBRUARY, 1903. NO. 455.

OUR NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

HIS Excellency Mgr. Diomede Falconio, the newly appointed Papal legate to the Church in the United States, was born at Pescocostanzo, in the diocese of Monte Cassino, Italy, on the twentieth day of September, 1842. Just before his eighteenth birthday, on September 2, 1860, he entered the Order of Friars Minor, or, as they are commonly called, the Franciscans. Having been ordained a deacon, he came to America in the month of November, 1865, where eventually he was to see many years of labor. In January, 1866, he was ordained priest by the Right Rev. John Timon, C.M., the first Bishop of Buffalo. The administrative abilities of the young priest were immediately recognized, and the same year he was appointed vice-president of Allegany College, of which institution shortly afterwards he became president. From that time he successfully occupied positions of dignity and responsibility. In response to the invitation of Bishop Garfugnini, he accepted the office of Vicar-General of the diocese of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. Shortly afterwards, on leaving this country, Mgr. Falconio was made Provincial of his own order in Italy, and again, in October, 1889, General Procurator of the order. On the 2d of February, 1893, Leo XIII. honored him with the Bishopric of Lacedonia, and on November 29, 1895, raised him to the archiepiscopal see of Acerrenza and Matera. In all these positions Mgr. Falconio, by his personal holiness, his practical wisdom and ability to govern,

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

showed himself worthy and capable. The Supreme Pontiff, on the 22d of August, 1899, appointed him as Apostolic Delegate to the church in Canada. He held that office until last year, giving additional proof of his fitness as an administrator and a representative of the Holy Father, endearing himself to all with whom be came in contact, and advancing the welfare of the Catholic Church throughout the Dominion. Just before he left Ottawa a public reception was tendered him by the Knights of Columbus. His departure from Canada elicited from the whole city sentiments of regret as well as of appreciation of his good work.

Last year he was appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Church in our own country. He is not a stranger among us, as the record of his life shows. His many years of experience in this country, where he began his priestly labors, have given him the most thorough knowledge of its people, their aims and their hopes. His work has included both the academic sphere of the school and the practical sphere of the public ministry. His knowledge, therefore, has the value then of being not alone theoretical but also experimental. For one who is to govern successfully and to the best advantage the church in the United States as an Apostolic Delegate there are needed an intimate knowledge and the sympathetic insight. And because Mgr. Falconio has had peculiar advantages in obtaining both, we feel that his work will be a potent factor in the continued progress of the Catholic Church in the United States. From the first years of his residence he gave evidence of his sincere love for our country. He is indeed a citizen of the United States, and his appointment is considered a mark of the highest esteem for our government, since he is perhaps the only churchman in the diplomatic service of the Pope who is an American citizen. He was naturalized in 1864, voted for General Grant in 1872, and received from that President a photograph which he still treasures.

The repeated evidences of his ability in the past in posts that were difficult to fill give us every warrant for his success here. The best wishes of the American Catholics are with him that his efforts may be crowned with all success, and that his work may advance the honor and glory of the church which he represents.

SAINT CHANTAL: A TYPE OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD.*

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

AMID the difficulties weighing heavily upon us nowadays we receive comfort and inspiration from the remembrance of those great renewals which have sometimes come to arouse souls from slumber and to save religion from decay. One such is that of three centuries ago,—perhaps the most significant in history,—when the stirring of God's spirit awakened so vast a host of saints and heroes that the age which had set in hopeless gloom under the menace of a general European apostasy gave place to the rising of a splendid dawn in whose brightness the church stepped forth to combat with renewed strength, to resist, to check, and to beat back the destroying hordes that had swept in upon her with a violence as much more dreadful than the barbarians' as the treachery of unnatural children is more fearful than the invasion of foreign foes.

A famous essayist has indicated with what astonishment the student comes upon this story of rejuvenescence; the Catholic sees in it but another record of God's careful dealing with his church, something quite in accord with what faith has learned to anticipate. To-day that memory lends us heart and hope to look for greater things still, to believe that the epoch we are now confronting is to be inundated with the inflow of God's infinite love, is to be succeeded by a period of triumph more glorious than the ages of faith, as these in turn were better than the timid days when Christianity hesitated, with a first trembling step, upon the threshold of the pagan world. It nerves us thus to look back over the course of history and to number the miracles of grace strewn along the centuries—so many evidences of divine favor—and to see how God's touch transforms threatening shadows into luminous veils, helping to reveal His care and love.

The dark places in our way are illumined even to-day by the great light sprung up from holy men and women and noble

* *St. Chantal and the Foundation of the Visitation.* By Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. Translated from the eleventh French edition by a Visitandine. With a preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 2 vols. Pp. 477—460.

deeds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. St. Charles and St. Philip, St. Ignatius and St. Teresa, St. Francis, St. Chantal, and St. Vincent, yet speak to us, and teach us to trust in the God who can, if he will, raise up their equals from the very stones. And anxious to see our own age quickened with the same divine breath of faith and goodness, we turn feverishly to study the past and to discover what means Heaven then made use of to renew the face of the earth.

A long study it must be, if completed, for it has to carry us over the whole range of Christian virtues, into every condition and every need of Christian life. Schools and missions and monasteries; great preachers, great penitents, great catechists, and great confessors; saints who dwell in cloisters, and saints who visit the poor, and saints who nurse the sick; nobles and peasants, young and old, men and maids and widows, clerics, religious, and layfolk,—it is a surging sea of love and sacrifice. Over against the kingdom of evil is set the kingdom of Christ, the undaunted fellowship of the Cross, if not to conquer finally, at least to face the mad onrush of sin, to stop and stay and turn the leaping tide that bears down upon the world as if to engulf it pitilessly and for ever.

There are many types to choose from if we seek a patron or a model in the persons who graced the church within the hundred years following the birth of Protestantism. The present moment seems opportune for a mention of one of them—St. Jane Francis de Chantal, for as we read her life precious lessons unfold before us like odorous blossoms on their native stem. Very recently there has been published a new edition of Mgr. Bougaud's *St. Chantal*—a book which for literary grace, scholarly finish, honest, judicious, and thorough revelation of fact, seems to be all that readers could desire. It is a volume alive with inspiration, one to encourage the weak and to stimulate the strong, one that instructs and uplifts and edifies; while at the same time it is a work of art pleasing eye and mind and heart alike, satisfying as few books have done both our longing for spiritual refreshment and our sense of the fitness of things. No better excuse for a comment upon it would be needed than the hope of increasing the number of those who are indebted to it for a renewal of light and strength.

For another reason, too, attention may fittingly be directed to St. Chantal at this present hour. Never before, even in the ages of chivalry, has woman occupied so great a place in the

public eye or appropriated so large a share of public concern as now, when, without relinquishing her traditional titles to esteem, she has acquired many new ones. Scientifically, academically, commercially, socially—as maid, as wife, as mother—before university faculties and before courts of law, everywhere and in every way she is engaging thought and presenting credentials that force acknowledgment of her importance. If indeed we stand upon the threshold of a new civilization wherein man's boldest and holiest hopes are to find a larger measure of realization; and if religion is still to assert its claim powerfully to mould and sway the general mind and will; and if nowhere better than in woman's soul are humanity's ideals safely enshrined, then truly is it of supreme importance that there should never fade from memory the vision of those valiant women of history in whom the perfect Christian character stands forth personified.

If religion is to grow young again, it must be with woman's aid. If ages yet unborn are to reveal new mysteries of devotedness and fidelity, and deeper knowledge and purer love are to be given to God by a future race welded together in unity of belief and service; if man's upward growth is to continue itself in the things of the spirit too, and God's dearest plan to be fully realized; if all this is more than a senseless dream, then, as a necessary condition to its fulfilment, must woman thrill to her inmost being with an appreciation of the spiritual significance of Christianity to her. To her, more than to any other, must religious frivolousness seem intolerable. A deep, heart-quaking sense of God; an intimate and affectionate personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ, his character and his thoughts; a vital grasp upon the truths he came to tell and to die for; a sublimely heroic practice of those virtues which Christianity has ever extolled and cultivated with peculiar care,—these, if the world is to be saved, must be infused into the mothers and teachers and sisters and wives of the generations to come. In the souls of their women do we find the measure of a people's moral nobleness; make them truly spiritual, and real degradation remains unknown.

As a type of Christian womanhood, St. Chantal challenges our attention most. That she embraced the religious state and organized a community; that she drew up rules and founded convents and governed provinces; that during long years she commanded and obeyed with equal distinction; that miracles were wrought through her; that her fame spread abroad, and

that at last her name was graven on the Calendar of Saints,—these are special manifestations of momentous significance indeed, but of less world-wide interest by far than the more fundamental characteristics which span the broadest intervals of space and time and link her with each of those who tread the way of the perfect, and make her a model for all whose lives flower in one great effort to realize the noblest feminine possibilities. She passed her days in varied fields of activity, and in each of them shone brilliantly. By turns she was maid, wife, widow, and religious—an image of the Christian ideal of each. Few, therefore, can excuse themselves from concern or imitation on the plea of lacking the bond of any common vocation or responsibilities. As a young girl in society, as mistress of a household, as a wife, as a nun, St. Chantal rises before us the vision of what women should ever be under pain of abandoning for ever that crown of glory prepared for them by the Creator when he made the thirst for perfection so peculiarly their own.

St. Chantal is a lesson to her sisters of all time, because what the Kingdom of Christ will ever be calling for is women who are clear in judgment and strong in will; who fix their ambition immovably upon lofty ideals and yet are never unfaithful to daily routine; whose meekness is thorough, whose penance is practical and docile, whose generosity with Jesus Christ can be surpassed by no sacrifice a woman has ever made for the sake of one she loved.

The first convent of the Visitation presents a scene of peculiar and impressive beauty. It is not because of having abandoned home and friends that these nuns remain graven for ever in the memory of Christian women, for most of these latter have been destined for a station within the arena of human interests and cares and strifes. What impresses us as we read is the display of that same singleness of purpose and generosity of spirit which must penetrate the maidens and wives of this modern world if, under Christ's magic touch, it is some day to blossom like the rose. This is why we look so reverently upon the vision that rises out of the shadowy history of seventeenth century France when we reach the story of the Visitation. We behold young women of noble birth, the petted children of fond parents, spoiled favorites of society, hurrying at the divine invitation to exchange luxury and honors for the poverty and obscurity of the cloister. It is no new scene of course, for never have beauty, wealth, and noble names been

absent from the offerings laid upon the altar of Christ's love. Yet these sacrifices seem to recur with unusual persistence in pages which tell of the epoch when France was expiating inglorious weakness by the surrender of its best and fairest, and nurturing with its very heart's blood the rising homes of Visitandines, Carmelites, Ursulines, and Poor Clares. Among the first fruits of St. Chantal's mission we find many a notable instance: Marie-Aimée de Blonay, daughter of one of the patriarchal families of France, intellectual, brilliant, studious, gifted with rare business ability; Marie-Jacqueline Favre, beautiful, high-spirited, intelligent, a charming dancer and devoted to amusement; Marie-Péronne de Châtel, young, handsome, skilful at music and verse-making, a fine conversationalist, an exquisite singer of her own ballads and roundels, and the fiancée of a most estimable young nobleman. There were many like these among the first Visitandines, and near them others of very different origin, such as Anne-Jacqueline Coste, first a shepherdess and then a domestic, and Sister Simplicienne, a peasant girl who could neither read nor write. Here are white-haired widows beside young maidens scarcely more than children; innocently ignorant souls alongside those who have felt and shrunk away from the fierce blast of temptation. Gathered together into a group possessed of but a single mind and heart, and devoted to the pursuit of perfection, these women form a picture typically Catholic, visible nowhere else except in that church whose mission it is to spread the teachings of Christ and to keep his spirit alive in all places and ranks until the end of time. One and all have felt their souls flame up in holy resolve. They are valiant women, with a temper such as heroes have, and only in the permanence of their spirit lies the hope of the Christian Church.

Led by the dauntless St. Chantal, the band of elect souls began that splendid history whose sequence is the life of the Visitation. Their galaxy shone with its own bright peculiar glow even in the star-studded firmament that hung over the world in the age when they first arose. Under the moulding hands of two saints the new institute grew and developed, and finally took on those characteristics which mark its special place in the ranks of religious congregations. Less stern, yet no less devoted than other rules, the Visitandine observance called for exactly that combination of meekness and strength which those who first drew to it were so conspicuously capable of offering;

their rule seemed to be made for them and they seemed to be made for it.

Yet we should misinterpret them if we presumed that their significance began and ended with their fidelity to the particular details of their personal vocations. Assuredly, had they been called to other stations in life they would have displayed the same earnestness, the same unselfishness, the same quenchless yearning for high and holy things,—though altered in form and expression. Otherwise they would not be speaking so effectively now to the hearts of later generations. But as it is, readers who are in religion may imitate St. Chantal's observance of rule; readers who are in the world may act as she would act in a like position. It would not be unprofitable, indeed, were each reader of this biography to attempt to study out the hypothetical conduct of the saint if transferred to the present day and to the condition of a normal Christian woman in the world. Certainly she would be punctual at Holy Mass and frequent at the Sacraments, well versed by meditative study in the story of Christ's life and in the secrets of his teaching, kindly and meek in thought, unselfish, considerate, beneficent in deed—or at least striving for all this, and quickly rising from each failure to renew with eagerness the struggle for that perfect knowledge and love which bind the human soul to its divine Spouse. There are more possibilities in a great character than can be realized in the few years of a mortal life, and the reader who learns something of the character of St. Chantal from this book will be able to interpret her mind successfully and to be enlightened upon questions which the saint herself perhaps never actually faced.

What an inspiration, then, is the life of this valiant woman! —an inspiration far broader in its reach than the suggestion to embrace a particular state of life or to observe a special form of religious rule, an inspiration impelling souls to strive for perfection in whatever conditions they find themselves to be, and to believe that no detail of existence—poverty or wealth, leisure or occupation, social prominence or obscurity, a disposition studious, or gay, or artistic—can be a real obstacle to a soul set on fire by the contact of the Holy Spirit and consumed with ardent love for Christ.

Probably few religious-minded women grow to maturity without at some moment or other entering into debate as to the possibility of their being destined for the habit of a nun;

yet in the providence of God the vast majority are to serve Him best and to attain their fullest perfection outside the convent's shelter. It would be a serious mischance, therefore, were the significance of St. Chantal's life so unduly narrowed as to be limited in application to those who are summoned to abandon home and friends and go into the desert. As religious the first Visitandines will remain models for ever; but they have further value too, because they, and in particular their foundress, seem to appeal with unusual directness to Christian women in the world, whether meek or spirited, whether fired with great ambitions or bowed under discouragement, whether active, impulsive, and practical in bent, or dreamy, poetical, and mystic. For what all of them need is a persistent stimulus to dare spiritual achievement, an incentive to direct Godward that great surging tide of love which sweeps in and bears them away from the things of self and rolls on furiously until it encounters some object on which to expend its mighty force. They want to be taught to join strength with sweetness, to set constancy above emotion, to wait and suffer and die in the interests of a divine, as they know so well how to do in the interests of a human affection. Comparatively it is a trifling thing whether God be worshipped in this state of life or in that, so long as He is worshipped as He Himself wishes. It is all-important to appreciate this, otherwise the call to be perfect may come to be regarded as an exclusive attribute of one single sphere of Christian life; whereas, in truth, the vocation to love and serve God unto perfection is the prerogative of every soul born into the world, and its surest way of answering that call is to sanctify those duties which spring from the providential circumstances of its state. Somehow, St. Chantal seems like one apt to understand and sympathize with those cravings for perfection so often experienced, and so often, alas! misunderstood or distrusted by those whose lot is cast in the great tumult of the world. Long before dreaming of her own vocation to the convent she had yielded to the torment of this soul-hunger, and begun to shape her conduct so as to develop spiritual faculties and make herself more capable of receiving God. Meanwhile, she remained always practical, always energetic, always firm, ever attentive to minor domestic duties, ever devoted to the care of her children. Would not such a one be quick to perceive and to foster the first timid yearning of a soul for the sacred privileges of divine intimacy?

Could she be aught but solicitous to nurse the faint stirrings of flame in the smoking flax? or other than wise to direct by practicable and reasonable suggestions those souls whose aspirations for perfection must be fulfilled, if at all, only in the way that is possible for dwellers in the world?

Why it happens that St. Chantal appears under this aspect it would not be easy to say. Perhaps because she was so true a reflex of that saint whose broad conception of piety has wrought the perfecting of a multitude of souls, and whose encouraging doctrine on the spiritual possibilities of women in the world was the burden of many a discourse and many a letter. Or perhaps because her skilled biographer has seized this point and quietly impressed it upon the reader's mind without manifesting his purpose. However it has come about, assuredly it is providential in its aptness. Religious have so many books, so much encouragement and incentive, so many models; whereas those outside are in an almost acute need of being frequently and emphatically reminded of their splendid possibilities. And in some sort the present biography appears like a heavenly message to this effect, proclaiming that whatever their circumstances may be they are under the stress of a divine vocation and summoned to tread the paths of the perfect. St. Chantal is revealed as a character so sensible, so human, so experienced; her views of devotion are shown to be at once so broad and so fervent, so stable and so flexible; her meekness is so constant, her sympathy so deep, her friendship so true and tender, that none with a truly human spirit can feel alien to her.

The republishing of this book, therefore, is a deed worthy of profound gratitude; and a well-grounded hope bids us expect from it a mighty inspiration to Christian women, that, feeling the gentle breathing of the Spirit, they may awaken to a new sense of their divinely given rights and privileges, and bending in good earnest to the cultivation of these, may help to set the gleaming crown of a spirit made perfect on the brow of a race reborn. Then shall we understand the divine mission of the gracious figure that started forth from the shadows of heathendom at Christ's word to move above and before humanity's onward march—the Christian woman, a visioned pledge of all things lovely and sacred and of good report that man may hope for while the invisible Kingdom of God is still unwon.

A STUDY OF THE CHILD.*

BY S. M. J.

PÈRE Bremond has undertaken to plead a cause, and he opens the case by marshalling to the front a series of illustrious witnesses: a French archbishop and an English cardinal; a famous Frenchwoman, queen in all but name, and a famous Englishwoman, the acknowledged queen of poets; novelists and philosophers; idealists and realists; men and women of the most varied character and condition in life, dissimilar in many ways but at one in the cause which Père Bremond has at heart. In the face of such testimony the judgment of the court of public opinion, in which the case is even now being tried, is a foregone conclusion.

L'Enfant et la Vie! The child and its preparation for life! On whom does the chief responsibility rest? How is the work to be successfully carried out? Many a pamphlet, many a book, has already gone forth in answer to these vital questions. Many a life has been devoted to the solution of this problem. Has it been satisfactorily solved? Or does it remain for the twentieth century to grasp the true principle underlying its solution, and carefully, patiently to work it out? "Yes," and "No." From the days of the sainted monk of Jarrow to those of Brother Azarias, there have been men and women thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of Christian education, and to-day they are not found wanting. But not less is it true that to-day, as in past ages, the young are but too frequently the victims of culpable ignorance, or misguided zeal, on the part of parent or professor, or both.

Père Bremond has certainly made a singularly original and powerful appeal on behalf of the child. He has done more: he has thrown open the vast portals of human intelligence, and brought his readers face to face with great minds. As we turn over the leaves of his book, we are at first perplexed, then fascinated, then astonished, then convinced, and lastly filled

* *L'Enfant et la Vie.* By Henri Bremond. Paris: Victor Retaux, 82 Rue Bonaparte.

with enthusiasm. We lay the book down and take it up again; not lightly, carelessly, but thoughtfully, reverently; not as a thing, but as a person, a friend; nay, it is to us as many friends; some we have long known and loved; others are introduced to us by Père Bremond, and they come with the charm of those in whom at the first glance we recognize the gift of God—Madame Julie Lavergne, for example. Père Bremond pronounces her name with an unmistakably warm accent. We at once divine her exceptional worth, and gradually perceive in her the realization of an ideal wife and mother. "Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her." We are resolved to become better acquainted with her.

From the story of Madame Lavergne's life and works, the author passes to the general consideration of the mother's influence on the literary formation of the child. There is no denying his proofs positive that the mother gives the bent to the child's literary tastes, and that, in a certain sense, no professor can supply what she may have failed to bestow. Not all mothers, however, can read their babes to sleep to the musical numbers of a great poet, as did Madame de Maistre, whose famous son thence came to style Racine "sa sublime mère." But Père Bremond would have all mothers so penetrated with the love of things beautiful as to transmit this taste to their children. "Il suffit d'être pénétré du goût de belles choses, pour imprimer le même goût à vos enfants par une douce et irresistible contagion" (p. 103).

An admirable chapter on the Priest as Professor of Literature closes the first part of the book, leaving on the reader's mind an impression of the truth of St. Jerome's saying: "Carmen pertinet ad sanctos." Part Second deals with the development in children of the "Religious sense." An entire chapter is devoted to the preaching of Arnold of Rugby; another to M. Louis Dimier's Romance of a Collegian—*La Souricière*. The pictures painted, whether at Rugby or in Paris, are well worth attention. Père Bremond's notes and comments on them are even more suggestive.

The main body of the book thus consists of two parts, with three chapters in each. But not a word of the Avant-propos, or of the Preface, or of the Introduction should be passed over lightly. The Appendix shows how familiar the author is with

the cream of educational literature, secular as well as religious, Protestant as well as Catholic. It is a long step from the young monk of Bec, whose abbé was "lectioni deditus, temporis parcissimus, rigidus disciplini zelator," and, worse still (as the old chronicler puts it), "puerorum adolescentium plane incuriosus" (p. 143), to the Anglican minister who so dearly loved children that the thought of them "ne le quittait pas quand il écrivait, ni quand il prêchait," even giving "une couleur spéciale à ses prières" (p. 259). But the same fundamental thought which, in the opening chapters, serves to connect so many apparently diverse ideas, preserves throughout its unifying and harmonizing power, and keeps us to the very end of the book under the sway of the author's brilliant conception and admirable execution.

As to adverse criticism: Some Frenchmen may point out that overmuch space is allowed to English views; some Catholics, that overmuch weight is attached to the opinions of the heterodox. But in the cause of education are not Arnold of Rugby and Ihring of Uppingham names to conjure with? And now, as in the Master's day, are not the children of this world at times "wiser in their generation than the children of light"? Do not the beautiful books of Mother Loyola of York enjoy too solitary a distinction among Catholic works for children? At the same time the fact is to be emphasized that no mental or moral gifts, however great, can supply the lack of the true faith; no religious exercises, however attractive or well organized, take the place of the Sacraments and Sacrifice of the Catholic Church; no merely human influence, however high and holy, be for one moment comparable to the grace and love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Père Bremond insists on these facts.

"God speed," then, to *L'Enfant et la Vie!* Let the book go on its way, and find a home in every library. We extend our regrets to those whose imperfect knowledge of French will not permit them to appreciate and enjoy the author's singularly clear and flowing idiom; and we trust that, for their sakes, a judicious translation, or, better still, what Père Bremond himself styles "Un travail de libre imitation et d'adaptation personelle" (p. 278), may be undertaken by competent hands. As a specimen of such a work, we subjoin a free translation and adaptation of some notable passages:

"There is a certain quality of the imagination which pro-

perly belongs to childhood. One ought never to lose it." This saying of Doudan's is applicable to all classes of persons; it is more especially true of those devoted to the education of children.—*Avant-propos.*

What, then, is education? It is the breathing in by the child of the moral atmosphere surrounding him; not the formal lesson, or the official counsel of his elders; but the unthinking word, the involuntary gesture, by which they unconsciously reveal to him their innermost thoughts.—*Preface.*

"To my mind," says Boudrillart, "the home is the only school in which to learn the existence of the golden mean between the false ideals and barren realities of life; there only is acquired that practical view of life which is sometimes lacking to a younger generation brought up in the midst of pleasures and satisfactions of every kind, without at the same time experiencing the trials and disappointments which counterpoise them" (p. xxiii.)

"It is no doubt the professor's function to develop the mathematician, the chemist; but the man, that is the moral life in man, is perhaps formed before ten years of age; and if this life has not acquired its form at his mother's knee, it will be a great misfortune. If, however, the mother, as is her duty, has stamped on the forehead of her child a divine character, it is almost certain that the touch of vice can never wholly efface it. The youth may, without doubt, slip aside from the straight path; but he will describe, so to speak, a curve which will eventually bring him back to the starting point."—*Joseph de Maistre, quoted on p. xxxvi.*

St. Francis of Sales is the patron of story-tellers. "He used to compose little stories for recreation," as St. Jane Frances de Chantal testified during the process of his beatification. A little story! Do you know of anything more charming? Is there in all literature a more fascinating career than that of the maker of stories? To clothe one's cherished ideas, forgotten or opposed by others, in flesh and blood; to bring them forward through the development of a simple plot; to lead them by mysterious paths to the very gates of the unsuspecting, and perhaps rebellious, human mind; or, without a hint of motive or of purpose, to confide our dearest memories to a personage of our own creation, and thus cause admirers of him, or her, to fall in love with our own ideals; to amuse little chil-

dren by the story of strange adventures; to distract the mind, calm the feelings, or console the heart of the grown-up children which, thanks to the spiritual transformation brought about by the sorrows and banalities of life, we all remain; these are the privileges of the maker of stories (p. 36).

Madame Lavergne was an incomparable mother. In her maidenhood she had been impressed by the words of St. Paul: "The mother shall be saved by the children she brings into the world." So, after the birth of her eighth child, she could write: "The number of these little pensioners of the good God does not alarm us. He is rich enough to provide for them, wise and good enough to keep them in the right path; moreover, who knows but that He may do us the honor to choose one or other of them for his special service?" (p. 43).

Madame Lavergne passed the first seven and twenty years of married life in the ordinary occupations of a good, sensible wife and mother. Many a young girl, no doubt, whose head has been filled with romantic notions, will find such a life very commonplace, very far from her ideal. Now I think that, on the contrary, those uneventful days of household accounts, business letters, and the care of children, were steeped in the truest poetry and laid the foundations of a literary work which would have been less exquisite if it had not clung with the deepest of roots to those early days of simple devotion to duty, of labor and of prayer (p. 45).

Many look upon poetry as a luxurious sort of occupation, the charm, or the pride, of hours of sentimentality and reverie. Misunderstanding it thus, and disfiguring it, they either laud it to the skies in the simplicity of their enthusiasm, or drag it to the ground in the name of common sense. True poetry is something more solid. With feet always firmly fixed on the earth, its glance is upward and inward; it is always in touch with the real; nay, more, it is itself the real, not as viewed with disdain by an indifferent or careless passer-by, but transfigured in the heart of a lover. Bending over the real with a tender and benevolent curiosity, the poet perceives what there is profoundly human beneath the thick, rough outer covering of things; and, at the same time, divines and pays homage to the invisible presence of God, so good, who has chosen every creature as the temple and the symbol of his own beauty. To interest one's self thus in all things which lie in our path; to

see first, and through all, the soul, always attractive in its essence; to read in that soul God's tender ways,—this is the secret of poetry, above all of that poetry in action, the most beautiful of all, which we name "Charity." While artists are translating into verse, or on canvas, the impressions they receive from the realities of life thus transformed, there are charming souls who express an emotion analogous, but purer and more sincere, by the smile on their lip, the gentleness of their glance, the tender forethought of their daily acts (p. 46).

"There is one thing wanting to you, my child," said the priest, "and up to this time it has not entered into your religion. It is the understanding of the friendship of Jesus Christ. . . . Jesus Christ is man, just as you yourself are; you have a right to speak to Him, to unburden your mind to Him, to talk with Him at length, importunately, on trivial matters even, just as you would talk with other men. . . . For all that He is really God, He has lost nothing of His manhood. Everything that, in any human being, would reassure you, win your affection, dispel your fears, encourage your confidence, you will find in Jesus; and you will find it in so exquisite and perfect a manner, that the mere thought of it is enough to bring tears to the eyes. What is there human that is not in Him, except sin—the only thing that one never has wanted to share with one's friends, the only utterly useless evil, which adds nothing to human nature? . . . No, Alex, you have no conception who Jesus is, for you think to possess Him only in heaven. It rests with you, my child, to draw close to Him on earth" (p. 237).

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

THE TASSO OAK AT SAN ONOFRIO.

Legislative Library
Ontario.

TASSO AND THE CHURCH OF SAN ONOFRIO.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

IN the region of Trastevere, on the Janiculum hill, to the right of the Lungara, stands the Hieronymite Monastery of San Onofrio. Its exterior is small and plain, and the garden is now neglected, damp, and marshy. Seventy-five years after Raphael's death it was the scene of the last illness and demise of one of Italy's greatest poets.

Then, as now, it was chiefly celebrated for its magnificent view of Rome and the surrounding country. Standing on its terrace you can see the enormous dome of the Vatican, and the city bounded by the Pincian Hill and the Capitol. The Tiber, in its deep bed, is plainly visible flowing under its bridges; while here and there are ruins on its banks, and spreading out on either side of the river is the Palatine Mount. Further east the white convent walls, dark cypress-trees, and pale green olive orchards, with over all the blue Italian sky, make a charming

picture, especially when the rising sun mantles everything in robes of flame-color and gold.

In the garden still stands the oak-tree planted by the poet, and the whole place breathes of quiet and peace. Inside the monastery there is a fresco, the only one in Rome painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and in its portico are paintings by Domenichino and Pinturicchio. The convent also has many memories of St. Philip Neri, who frequently came there.

In olden times it was far from the streets and thoroughfares, and many cardinals and princes sought it for rest and repose when wearied by the cares of the world. In his later days, the poet with whose memory San Onofrio will ever be associated says—speaking of his First Communion—"I now feel confident that I then received into this earthly body of mine the Son of God, who deigned to show me the marvels of His working because He beheld me receive them, *i. e.*, the Elements, into a dwelling place yet uncontaminated, simple and pure."

Throughout his whole subsequent career, when sorrow, disappointment, and human sin darkened his life, this faith remained triumphant. It shines forth in his poetry and in his conversation, perhaps at times less clear than at others, but in the end the flame burned with renewed purity and truth, illuminating the last days of one whose poetry was as united and harmonious as his life was broken and incomplete.

Torquato Tasso was born in Sorrento on the 11th of March, 1544. He was educated at Naples and Rome, and later at Bologna and Padua; but he always regarded Bergamo as his real country, as his father was born there and the elder branches of the family lived there.

The records of his ancestors reach back to the twelfth century, and his father before him was a poet of considerable talent. Italy at that period was made up of a number of small Italian courts that vied with each other in splendor and cultivation. Each prince endeavored to have the wittiest and cleverest men attached to his court. Conspicuous among these princes were the Dukes of Urbino and Ferrara. The d'Este of Ferrara were the most powerful family in Italy, and of the noblest blood in Europe. They owned territory that stretched from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Genoa, and at that time were at the height of their grandeur and renown. In later years these two courts exercised a dominant influence over Tasso's life.

CLOISTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

The scholars and literary characters who filled Rome under Pope Leo X. were scattered by the invasion of the imperial army under Bourbon. They gradually returned, until in the time of Paul III. and Julius III. schools of painting, sculpture, philosophy, and classic and polite literature. were reopened. Tasso, then twelve years old, was instructed by Maurice Cataneo, an eminent scholar, soldier, and gentleman. St. Charles Borromeo at the same time was laboring to reawaken religion in Italy, and there is no doubt that the young Torquato heard his sermons and was influenced by them.

His father tried unsuccessfully to make him a lawyer, and sent him to Padua, supposedly to study law. After being there a year he produced an epic poem, the "Rinaldo." Of this poem Serassi says that "the 'Odyssey' is called by Longinus the production of age, but of the age of Homer," and that "the 'Rinaldo' is the production of youth, but that youth Tasso's." He was only eighteen when this poem was written.

In 1562 he went to the University of Bologna. Two years before, Bologna, which had fallen into decay, was restored by

Cesi, Bishop of Narni, who was appointed governor by Pope Pius IV. The schools and college buildings were rebuilt on a magnificent scale, and the best teachers and professors were engaged. Here Tasso formed many friendships, among others with Francesco Maria, son of the Duke of Urbino, who always remained loyal to him, and later did most to aid Tasso in his misfortunes.

While at Bologna Tasso commenced his beautiful epic poem, "Jerusalem Delivered." Even at this early age there are traces in Tasso of his realization of the emptiness of life; he speaks of his soul as being "sent to sojourn as a pilgrim in his body."

At twenty he is described as being "tall, strong, and active; of stately carriage; a little near-sighted; but of a grave and melancholy beauty. He excelled in warlike and knightly exercises; and knew all the learning of his age. At times he was taciturn and gloomy, and of an absent mind; but he could also be brilliant and charming both in manner and eloquence. He early acquired a high reputation for honor and genius. By birth he was noble, and in person most fascinating."

In 1565 Tasso went to the court of Ferrara to enter the service of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este. Here he met with his unrivalled success as a poet, as well as his greatest oppression and affliction as a man.

From this time began his courtier life and dependence on princes. It is no reflection on Tasso's character that it was so. The custom of the age was for the great princes to have a train of men attached to their court of varied accomplishments and wit. They were supported by the favor and gifts of these princes, and in return contributed to the splendor and amusement of their courts.

There was less individual independence in those days than now, and perhaps, also, as a rule, less poverty among people of refined birth. Tasso, who was industrious, truthful, sincere, and charitable, was also courteous, obliging, and kind-hearted to all. He was always graceful and particular in his dress, and excelled in sport and knightly exercises. He sang well, and was simple and humble in discussion; of deep religious faith, and open to correction. With such a character and personality, and with his gifts, he should have been a successful man; but it was only for a time that fortune shone on him. Instead of

success his life was one long tale of disappointment, imprisonment, and suffering. Most writers are agreed that this was because of his unfortunate love for Leonora d'Este, daughter of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, with whom he had lately taken service.

He says of her: "On this, the first day that the beauteous serenity of her countenance met mine eyes, and I beheld love walk there, if reverence and wonder had not turned my heart to stone I would have perished with a double death."

At that time Tasso was twenty-one; Leonora thirty, and her sister Lucrezia thirty-one. From the first the sisters showed the poet every favor. He read and sang to them, talked with them, and they procured for him the privilege of dining at the "tavola ordinaria," or daily table of the princes. This was considered a high distinction, for which Tasso was very grateful.

In 1570 Lucrezia was married to Francesco, son of the Duke of Urbino, which threw Leonora more into Tasso's society. He read to her portions of his "Jerusalem Delivered," and it is supposed that in the episode of Sofronia and Olindo he celebrated his own and Leonora's love. All this could not fail to arouse jealousy in the rest of the court, and displease the Duke d'Este, whose pride took offence at his daughter looking with favor on a man so much her inferior in rank.

About this time Tasso made a journey to Paris with the Cardinal d'Este, where he became a great favorite with Charles IX., who would have heaped presents on him had not Tasso refused. This was the more praiseworthy as he was in reality very poor. His patrons were far from liberal, and although Tasso was never wasteful or extravagant, and was very particular not to run into debt, he was constantly in need of money for actual necessities.

He has been said by a modern writer to have been in his later career a mixture of Odysseus and Hamlet. Certain it is that the clouds were gathering around him. Leonora never married; but how far she returned his love is not known. That she exercised some strange power over him, and that he broke away from her only to return when he could have been more successful elsewhere, history has fully recorded.

It was a custom of men of the age to ask advice on their works. Such men as Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Ariosto

TASSO, THE POET LAUREATE OF ITALY.

sought criticism from their friends. This was a mark of high genius, and a fashion which Tasso followed. The poet was not proud or vain of his talent; but he was high-spirited and longed for earthly distinction and renown. His language in the "Jerusalem Delivered" is full of novelty and majesty. He originated and became the champion of the epic unity against Ariosto, who believed in diversity as a fundamental principle of the epic. It is a proof of Tasso's power that he gained glory against the long-standing supremacy of Ariosto in the same half century, and living at the same court. While at Ferrara he wrote his pastoral lyric drama of "Aminta," whose melancholy verse suited the music of Palestrina, which was then be-

coming fashionable. This drama was acted at the Ferrarese court. Another of his poems, "Rinaldo," combined the regularity of the Virgilian with the attraction of the Romantic epic. It was a new thing in the sixteenth century to make much of women in poetry, and this Tasso has done. His Armida, sent forth by the infernal Senate to sow discord in the Christian camps, is converted by her love for a crusader. Clorinda donned armor and fought in a duel with her lover, receiving baptism from his hands in death. Another heroine, Erminia, seeks refuge in a shepherd's hut. These three pagan women are most beautiful creations.

Tasso had many enemies, particularly the private secretary of the Duke of Ferrara. This caused his great friend Scipio Gonzaga, afterwards cardinal, to urge him to quit Ferrara; and made Tasso think of going to the Medici in Florence. Much of this ill-will remains a mystery; but it seems to have had something to do with some private papers which Tasso mentioned in his will, made just before his trip to France, and which he wished destroyed. It is a pity he did not destroy them himself, as he was watched and spied on, and his rooms entered in his absence.

Sorrow, discipline, and desolation moulded and formed his character, correcting his faults of pride, and saving him from unbelief. He had for a short time been tinged with doubt, questioning the immortality of the soul, eternal punishment, God's particular providence, and the Incarnation. These doubts he had resisted; but it was not until he had endured to the full the discipline of sorrow that his faith became strong and unwavering. He says: "Now in great part I smiled at my past doubts, not because I knew how to solve them, or could explain what Thou art, O my God, or because I fully understood Thy nature and Thy essence; but because I comprehended that Thou art incomprehensible; and that it was folly to think of containing Thee, who art infinite, in the narrow limits of our human understanding, and of measuring by the measures of human reason Thy goodness, Thy justice, Thy immeasurable omnipotence."

Many princes offered Tasso an asylum; but he declined all their overtures. The petty sovereigns of Italy were among the most jealous of mankind, and their records are full of fearful tragedies. Alfonso accused Tasso of madness, and harassed and

tormented him in numerous ways. He did not want to ruin Tasso openly and drive him away, thus losing the prestige of being his patron; and his conduct can only be accounted for by supposing he had been made aware of the love between his daughter and the poet.

Tasso was arrested one evening in the room of the Duchess of Urbino and accused of drawing a knife on a servant of the duke. It was given out that he was insane. He was taken to the duke's country place at Bel-riguardo, where he underwent moral torture from the duke and was shut up in a tower—a great punishment for a man who hated solitude. As he would reveal nothing he was taken back to Ferrara. Here he was treated like a madman; given physicians, and immured in the Convent of San Francesco, where he was constantly watched. He says he foresaw the plans for him long before they were carried out.

From the convent he wrote to Scipio Gonzaga: "Either I am of melancholy fancy and almost mad, or else I am too fiercely persecuted. This only way I see which can lead to peace, or quiet my anxieties."

The watch on him must have been relaxed, for he escaped to his sister Cornelia at Sorrento, going to her in the guise of a shepherd. Here he stayed a year, and might have been subsequently happy and free; but, against the advice of his friends, he returned to Ferrara in 1578. His persecution recommenced two days after his return, and again he fled and tried to enter the service of other princes. By this time, however, his reputation as a supposed madman had got abroad, and every one shunned him until the Duke of Urbino took pity on him.

Tasso went to Turin, where he was most kindly received by Prince Charles Emmanuel and Girolamo della Rovere, Archbishop of Turin. All the nobility vied with each other in attention to him, and not a whisper was breathed of his being insane. His friends tried to get his books and some pecuniary assistance from Alfonso. The duke wrote that he was ready to receive Tasso back, and, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, back Tasso went. About this time Alfonso was on the eve of making a third marriage with Margherita Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua. On Tasso's arrival in Ferrara the duke and princesses closed their doors to him, and no one noticed him. He tried to get his books and writings, and failed. All

THE ROOM IN WHICH HE LIVED AT ST. ONOFRIO.

promises made to him were broken. He was insulted, irritated, and inhumanly treated, until at last he broke out in reproach of the duke. It was enough; he was seized by the duke's order, and sent to Santa Anna, a hospital for lunatics of the lowest class. He says: "Nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance."

For fourteen months he was kept in close seclusion, nearly all the time with no one to speak to: a fastidious, sensitive, refined man, doomed to hear all the noises of a mad-house. It was only by the mercy of God that he did not go mad in reality.

He employed his time in writing sonnets and dialogues. One can but wonder at his fortitude, his industry and constancy under his trials and suffering. He says: "I think and then rethink, and thinking, madden."

His friends used every effort to obtain his release, but unsuccessfully.

About this time Tasso had first a letter and then a visit from Father Angelo Grillo, a monk of Monte Cassino, a not inconsiderable poet, philosopher, and theologian. He came to

Tasso's assistance just in time, and gave him sensible and affectionate help. It is probable that Tasso would have sunk under his prolonged afflictions but for this monk. Tasso was also at a later period indebted to him for more serious benefits, and in a great measure to his help for his final release. He sent Father Grillo a sonnet which runs:

"I sowed, another reaps. I water, lo!
A noble plant, a not unworthy swain;
Others the fruit receive, and me disdain,
And in my heart, for fear, I hide the woe.
I bear the load; the watery deep I plough;
The profits others gather."

In his prison Tasso was visited by many learned and noble men, and received presents of his own works beautifully printed and bound. He was released from prison July 6, 1586, after an incarceration of seven years. He went at once to Mantua to Duke William; and the following year he made a pilgrimage to Loreto in the Marches of Ancona. He affirmed he had constant communings with a spirit, an idea probably the result of his long imprisonment. In his fits of abstraction he imagined he was conversing with another person, when he was really talking to and answering himself. From Loreto, in November, 1587, he went to the papal court at Rome, and hearing there that the Duke of Ferrara objected to his freedom, he fled to the Benedictine Monastery of Mount Olivet, at Naples. This religious house, which stands on a hill above the Bay of Naples, had a lovely garden and was rich in beautiful trees—pines, cypresses, firs, and olives. There was a deep glen in the woods above the monastery, and the building itself was large and roomy. It formed an ideal retreat for the world-weary and heart-sick man, and here he remained four or five months, treated with kindness and distinction by the brothers as well as by all Naples. His mind and health revived, and here he wrote a poem called "Il Principio di Monte Oliveto." It relates that in 1312 John Tolomei of Siena, having become blind, recovered by prayer, and resolved to devote himself to a religious life, and withdrew with two companions, Patrizio Patrizi and Ambrogio Piccolomini, to a retreat in the mountains. The poem describes the visions of angels, the flaming stairs in heaven, the appari-

tions he received of the Blessed Virgin, and the supernatural charges given to him. It goes on to speak of the building of the house, and the spread of the Benedictine Order. Most of this poem is very fine, and Tasso seems to unburden his own sorrow in John Tolomei's solemn and pathetic denunciations of the anguish and unrest of an earthly life. This feeling grew and strengthened in Tasso with time.

A Fastidious, Sensitive, Refined Man.

Among his friends at Naples was Manso, Marquis della Villa, who later became his biographer. Manso invited him to his castle at Bisaccio, a small town in the Abruzzi Mountains. Here Tasso joined in the sports of field and hunt, and chased the wild boar. For these out-door pastimes he had always, as an accomplished cavalier, a great aptitude. With Manso, a poet and author as well as a nobleman, he held pleasant commune. Manso was also a great friend of Milton's, and the English poet visited him during his Italian tour. Many writers think that the "Paradise Lost," and Milton's religious subjects, and his predilection for epic poetry, were inspired by Tasso.

From Naples the poet returned to Rome and went to the Hospital of the Bergamaschi, where he was rescued in great poverty by his cousin Alexander, and taken back to Naples.

An effort was made to recover for him his mother's inheritance, which had been lost during his father's life-time, and which had passed into the hands of the Prince of Avellino, heir of Scipio de Rossi, his mother's last surviving brother. The prince agreed to pay him an annuity of two hundred ducats, as well as a considerable sum in addition. The rest of Tasso's life was passed between Rome, Naples, and Florence, and he wrote and composed to the last.

In 1594 Pope Clement VIII. and his nephew, Cardinal Aldobrandini, wanted to crown Tasso poet laureate of Italy; so he went to Rome in November, but the ceremony had to be deferred owing to the illness of the cardinal.

Independence and comfort, with honor and renown, came, however, too late. Tasso himself, whose health had been more or less broken since his long imprisonment, became seriously ill. He was sent by Cardinal Cintio in his private chariot to San Onofrio. On April 1, 1595, he ascended the Trasteverine Hill in a severe storm. Seeing a cardinal's coach coming up the hill, the prior and brothers hastened to welcome him. Here the poet began, as he says, his "conversation in Heaven"; he received the Sacraments and passed his time in prayer, meditation, and in the society of the good fathers.

He died on the 25th of April, 1595, chanting the verse, "Into Thy hands, O Lord." The day before his death he received Holy Communion, and exclaimed as it was brought to him, "Expectans, expectavi Dominum!"

He was borne from the monastery where he died arrayed in a splendid gown, with the laurel wreath that he never received in life encircling his brow. The funeral car passed through Bargo and the piazza of St. Peter's, and back to San Onofrio, with a great company of monks, courtiers, professors, men of letters, nobles, and scholars in its train.

His burial took place at San Onofrio; many orations, epitaphs, and sonnets were composed in his honor; but no monument was erected over his grave until two years after his death, when the monks put up a small marble slab. Cardinal Cintio wished to erect a memorial, but failed to do so.

Ten years after Tasso's death Cardinal Bonifanzio Bevilacqua of Ferrara, whose parents had been great friends of Tasso's, reared a stately monument in the church with the poet's por-

THE MONUMENT TO THE POET IN THE CHURCH OF SAN ONOFRIO.

trait in relief; and a life-sized statue of him was placed on the principal piazza in Bergamo. It represents him in flowing robes, with the laurel crown on his head and a book in his hand.

A similar one was erected in Padua by students of the university; but the most interesting and accurate representation of him is the cast in San Onofrio taken from his death mask. The slab over his grave was placed there at the instigation of his friend the Marquis Manso. It reads:

D. O. M.
TORQUATO TASSO
OSSA
HIC JACENT
HOC NE NESCIUS
ESSE HOSPES
TRES HUJUS ECCL
P. P.
M. D. C. T.
OBIT ANNO MDXCV.

A modern writer says of Tasso: "His chief fault in verse, and more so in prose, was one of the age—an over-indulgence in words and recondite allusions. His style, in a word, was too redundant. Of his favorite books we may name Plato, Virgil, and Dante, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine. On being asked by a young Sorrentine what was most needful for students, he replied: Perseverance; and what next? Perseverance; and what in the third place? Perseverance. It formed in him the grace of constancy, which he said at St. Anna's was 'his one only rock of refuge.' It strengthened in him habits of resolution, energy, constancy, and study, which, joined to what was the light of his later life—continual meditation on the Incarnation and Passion of Christ—made of him the noble and purified character he became, sanctified in fortitude."

A DAWNING DAY FOR THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

THE development of affairs in Ireland during the past few months has been of a momentous kind, and in the eyes of many of the best judges they portend an outcome that will in the near future give vastly beneficial results to the general body of the people of that country.

Counties, cities, and towns have been proclaimed. Members of Parliament and other leaders of the national agitation have been thrown into jail by the removable magistrates. But every time that Ireland passes through a period of particular distress like this, one may look out for good substantial progress as a result of the reaction.

Then again, for the first time in the history of the Irish land fight, the landlords have begun to hang out signals of distress. They have formed a Landlords' Trust, and they are at intervals holding conventions and conferences, and discussing projects for the relinquishment of their properties. They have even taken under advisement the question of meeting representatives of the tenants in a body with a view to solving the huge problem that confronts them. It would seem as if they recognize that the hour of their departure is drawing nigh. And no event, it is admitted on all sides, would conduce so potently and effectively to the ending of Ireland's troubles as the coming of the day when the tillers of the soil will be the owners of the soil.

REDMOND'S REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

Mr. John E. Redmond, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, has made the following interesting statement on this subject:

"I am convinced that we are near the settlement of the agrarian question. We see it in the continual proposals for conferences between landlord representatives and tenant representatives, and in the revolt on the part of a great number of

the landlords against the few leading and wealthy politicians who have been guiding them to ruin and destruction. I believe that by a comparatively short struggle, carried on with courage and determination and a spirit of self-sacrifice by the people, we will reach the end of this question, and then there will be no obstacle in the way of Home Rule, and all the Irish people will be able to meet together and make a demand for an Irish Parliament, and when that Irish Parliament is assembled, as I believe it will be in our own life-time, then a new era of prosperity will arise for Ireland.

"For the moment, however, things seem to have assumed a gloomy and painful aspect in Ireland, and yet every day that passes we have more cause for joy and self-congratulation. The Coercion Act is being widely applied, the constitution is being suspended and men are being arbitrarily deprived of their liberty. This is a monstrous state of affairs, but it is entirely motived by the cheering fact that the national movement is making giant progress. Not for one hour during the past twelve months has our cause stood still. On the contrary, there has occurred in that time an extraordinary spread of the United Irish League and an extraordinary increase in its power. To-day there are more branches of the United Irish League than there ever were of the Land League or of the National League. And these are real working branches in the fullest sense of the term. There is a palpable increase in the spirit, the hope, and the determination of the people, and friend and foe alike recognize that there is at the present time a movement more real, more alive, and more formidable to Ireland's enemies than ever in the past.

"As long as the English government remains on the defensive in Ireland, it is difficult to arouse the people, but the moment that Dublin Castle takes the offensive the spirit of the nation is stirred. A year ago there was on the statute book an Irish Coercion Act, but it was not in operation. Now the British government has discarded the mask of constitutionalism and is applying its system of martial law. We rejoice in this fact, for it is a confession to the world that England cannot rule Ireland except by suspending the constitution, and it is the best means of organizing the national movement. In itself, however, it is a monstrous state of affairs, and one that would justify any resistance, even an armed revolution, and for my

part I would despair of ever obtaining any real benefit for the people of Ireland if this action was not resented. Coercion would be a very powerful weapon against Ireland if the people exhibited a craven spirit; but if they exhibit an attitude of determination, self-sacrifice, and contempt, then coercion as a weapon will break in the hands of those who try to use it and can be picked up, so to speak, from the ground and used by the people themselves. For the moment there is only one way to meet coercion, and that is by contempt, concrete practical contempt. The Irish members of Parliament recently arrested are showing the spirit that will break this coercion in their supreme contempt for the alleged tribunals of justice before which they are dragged. The penalties which they can inflict—after all, what are they? Why, we all of us have had our turn on the plank bed and at the skilly, and are any of us the worse for it, and is England any the better? And then we can use coercion for coercion. The Irish party and the Irish question to-day dominate the English Parliament, and though the English government have a large majority, we are able to keep the parliamentary machine from doing effective work. Similarly in connection with our struggle against the landlords, coercion must be our plan of campaign. The landlords are beginning to talk compromise, but the only way to obtain a useful compromise is by relentless and remorseless fighting against those who are striving to crush the tenantry of Ireland. We are now making that fight and winning that fight, and the settlement will come soon."

HOPE IN ENGLAND'S CONFUSION.

Mr. Michael Davitt on the same subject said:

"I think the situation, as far as the political future of the Irish national movement is concerned, is most satisfactory and hopeful. Ireland is again to the front with English parties owing to coercion and other causes, and this, together with the prominence again assumed by the land question, is a moral guarantee that the question will be faced for final solution in an early Parliament. The fight on the Education Bill gives distinct prominence to the matter of Irish government. This fight for the control of England's schools is an English, not an Irish, question, and yet the issue may be finally determined by Ireland's representatives. It is the result of the Act of Union

to make Ireland a determining factor in England's domestic politics. The enemies of Home Rule are really in a humiliating position. They are sending Irish members to prison for advocating 'picketing' against land-grabbers, and are coercing the country in order to put down the League, and yet on the other hand they are appealing to Cardinal Vaughan to bring religious pressure to bear on the Irish party itself to save the government. All this is good and hopeful for the Irish cause. The anomaly will ultimately be remedied and justice will be done at an early date,—and whether the British Parliament likes it or not, to the suffering people of Ireland."

STOP EMIGRATION.

In Ireland itself there is in progress active discussion of the ways and means of bettering, in a practical manner, the condition of the country. Particularly interesting is the unanimity with which on all sides it is asserted that the first and most necessary step for the alleviation of the nation's woes is to stop emigration. Dr. T. S. McArdle, the noted surgeon, recently lecturing in Dublin, said:

"There is urgent necessity for immediate and persistent efforts on the part of every educated person in Ireland to stem the torrent of emigration which is draining away the very life-blood of the country. Each of us should put the question to himself, 'What have I done to check this hemorrhage?' We cannot rebuild a nation by an act of Parliament. Its growth must come from the root, and every individual in Ireland has the power, if he has the will, to aid in the regeneration of his country. I have often thought that a nation is like an individual in being inclined to look back to the halcyon days of its youth. When we grow old we are ever willing to recount the feats performed when fear had no place in our vocabulary. This is not as it should be. A nation can no more live on memories than we can grow young on the retelling of our juvenile prowess. A nation should know no autumn. Between spring and summer the pendulum of its life should oscillate. The type of a nation's life is the beautiful evergreen plant, budding in spring, flowering in summer, but defying alike the chills of autumn and the snows of winter. Of all the nations this should be true of Ireland. With a race as prolific as the soil it should own, the country ought to teem with vigorous

life, instead of being the harbor of the old and necessitous. In studying the problem of life here we should eliminate exaggeration, and instead of proclaiming that Ireland is the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, we must make some sacrifice so that the country we profess to love may not become one vast workhouse, from which the light of heaven and the joys of earth are rigorously excluded."

Mr. John Redmond on the same subject says:

"The real danger that Ireland has to face is a continuation of emigration. Should it continue at the present rate for a few decades more, where will be the Irish nation that we desire to emancipate? Why, the Irish race will have left the shores of Ireland. People are tempted to go to America by the extravagant accounts of the wealth and opportunities of that country. I tell you the poorest agricultural laborer living in his hovel by the roadside in Ireland is a happier man than the artisan or laborer who in America earns three or four times his wages."

MAKE THE PEOPLE CONTENTED AT HOME.

With remarkable unanimity, also, those who have set themselves to find the solution of this problem contend that a primary point is to make life more cheerful and agreeable in Ireland. "I believe," says Mr. Redmond, "that the emigration evil will never be stopped until the land question is settled; but in the meantime it may be mitigated by the generous efforts to revive industries all over Ireland, and also, what some may deem a minor matter, by endeavoring to bring back some life into the daily existence of the people. I know of nothing more terrible than the deadly dulness in some of the rural parts of Ireland, and it is not strange that men living under these conditions should be lured away by the reports which they get of the kind of life in America, the brightness, the energy, and the strife there. It seems to me that if the amusements of the people were more promoted than they are at present it would be well. It seems a pity that the old Irish crossroad music and dance have disappeared. And it would be well if reading-rooms and libraries, and all sorts of athletic exercises and games, were promoted throughout the country. And if, in addition, an endeavor was made to improve the material condition of individuals in Ireland, and do something to further the light-

ness and happiness of the every-day life of people, I am convinced we would be doing a great deal to stop emigration."

The Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, who although a Unionist in politics is admittedly a whole-souled and patriotic Irishman, has this to say on the same topic: "A vital question is how to make it not only possible but also pleasant and desirable for our countrymen to remain at home. Emigration is as much due to the dulness and sterility of our rural life as to its absolute necessities. With regard to the purely economic problem we have to face not only the Irish land question but also the great rural problem of the exodus away from the country districts. We have not only to thoroughly reorganize our agricultural industry on its purely economic side, but in some way or other to provide some offset for the ever-growing attractions of foreign countries and even of our own towns. The Gaelic movement is an important factor in the right direction, and I believe none except those connected with it can realize its great potentiality for dealing with the social and intellectual side of our country life."

QUESTION OF LAND TENURE.

But most salient and most urgent of solution of all the grievances of Ireland is the question of land tenure. As the systematic ill-treatment of the tenants, and the systematic discouragement of their tendency to make improvements on their holdings, had brought the agricultural districts down to a point of misery and wretchedness beneath which it is practically impossible to descend, and as the landlords had blusteringly flung out a challenge of defiance and non-compromise, the matter of the compulsory expropriation of the landlords was for the past few years ever finding a wider and more serious consideration. Men of the position and importance of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain put themselves on record as advocating some plan of compulsory purchase. The question has now reached a point where action seems so near that the landlords are in alarm. A scission has occurred in their ranks.

There are those of them who would willingly listen to compromise, and, while there is yet time, make the best terms they can in getting rid of their properties. The leaders among them, however, the more wealthy and stiff-necked, haughtily refuse to listen to reason. At the Irish Landowners' Con-

vention held in Dublin in the end of August, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Abercorn, a resolution suggesting a conference between landlords and tenants with a view to a settlement of the land question was withdrawn, and resolutions approving of the new Landlords' Trust and of a scheme of government compensation to landlords for all damage wrought to their property were adopted.

The resolution approving of the trust was moved by the new Irish peer, Lord Barrymore, who, as Mr. Smith-Barry, had a certain notoriety as a rack-renter and a ruthless evictor, and it is interesting enough to merit reproduction: "Resolved, that we highly approve of the action of our Executive Committee in having made arrangements for the formation of the Irish Land Trust, 1902, as a permanent organization to assist landowners and others to defend their legal rights and liberties against hostile combinations; and we hope that this important movement will be liberally supported by all persons who have a common interest in defending the rights of property and the free enjoyment of the liberty to which every British subject is entitled." In an accompanying speech the noble lord said they should take joy unto themselves for the fact that the Landlords' Trust had secured the approval of the better part of the press in England, and had provoked the entire disapproval of the national press and of the national parliamentary party in Ireland. These landlords' conventions are always held privately, with the newspaper representatives excluded, and the fact that in this case the official public announcement contained mention of an abortive resolution on the question of a conference with the tenants was taken as a warning to the "small fry" landlords that such a line of action would not be countenanced.

And yet a growing number of the minor landlords are unquestionably in favor of extending a small fragment of olive branch towards the tenants. They are eager to part with their estates if they can get adequate value for them. They believe that at the present juncture the British government could be induced not only to assist purchasing tenants by lending them money, but should make up the difference between what the tenant wishes to pay and what the landlord is prepared to accept. They point to the possibility of considerably reducing the police force throughout the country, and they foresee a perfectly peaceable country, and freedom from unrest, with a

consequent saving of large sums to the state. They believe that the Englishman knows little about Ireland, and cares less. He is aware that it is a place that is periodically in the throes of agitation, which sometimes causes him to feel uneasy, and to get rid of this state of things, to purchase peace, he would not be against the statesman who offered to expend a few million pounds.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN LANDLORD AND TENANT.

One of these landlords—Captain John Shawe-Taylor—published a letter suggesting a round table conference in Dublin, to bring together men who, by general consent, are best entitled to speak for the landlords and the tenants. "An honest, simple, and practical solution," he adds, "will be submitted, and I am confident that a settlement alike satisfactory to landlord and tenant will be arrived at." Another landlord, Mr. Villiers Stuart, declared that "our greatest need at present is for both sides to be able to meet and talk business pure and simple, eliminating the passion, prejudice, cant, and bitter feeling which unfortunately surround our Land Question at the present moment." The idea was widely taken up. Even Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, expressed his approval. "No government," he said, "can settle the Irish Land Question. It must be settled by the parties interested. The extent of useful action on the part of any government is limited to providing facilities, in so far as that may be possible, for giving effect to any settlement arrived at by the parties. It is not for the government to express an opinion, either on the opportuneness of the moment chosen for holding a conference, or on the selection of persons invited to attend. Those who come together will do so on their own initiative and responsibility. Any conference is a step in the right direction, if it bring the prospect of a settlement between the parties nearer, and in so far as it enlarges the possible scope of operations under such a settlement."

The Nationalist members of Parliament seemed to be somewhat at odds on the subject. A Dublin newspaper, that is regarded as accurately expressing the sentiments of Mr. Timothy M. Healy, M. P., welcomed the project of "a conference composed of capable lawyers and financiers, assisted by some practical-minded and experienced landlords and tenants," and holds

that such a conference would "secure to our gentry that which they are absolutely entitled to receive—the full value of their properties." Mr. William O'Brien, on the other hand, does not like the idea of the conference. He says: "I can scarcely imagine a greater misfortune for the country than that we should be kept all the winter dangling over these proposals of conferences, or that the people's attention should be turned away by these vague hopes of conferences with persons unknown, turned away from that policy of relentless and remorseless fighting which can alone force the government to proffer us a really great Land Purchase Bill next session."

PROPOSED LAND PURCHASE ACT.

An excellent sign of progress is seen in the fact that at a landlords' convention held in Dublin in the middle of October, with the Duke of Abercorn and a multitude of belted earls attending, the question of the conference was debated. Lord Mayo proposed the resolution, "that it is desirable a conference of representatives of landlords and representatives of tenants should take place to consider and deal with the Irish Land Question." This resolution was voted down by 77 to 14. An amendment to this effect was adopted: "That, inasmuch as we have indicated, in the resolutions which we have agreed to today, the nature of the settlement which we believe the majority of the landowners of Ireland would be willing to accept on the question of Land Purchase, we cannot see that any good could result from any conference such as has been suggested." This amendment was meant inferentially to pledge the Irish landlords not to accept less than thirty years purchase of their nominal rent, combined with a number of other substantial financial advantages. The convention, possibly as a counter-proposal for the conference, accepted the following resolution: "That, having published a statement on the Irish Land Question, setting forth our views on the matter, we would welcome a similar statement on the part of the tenants, with a view to assist the government towards a solution of the existing difficulties of the situation."

The point was later raised that the landlords who had managed the convention were not the legitimate spokesmen of the majority of their brethren in the country. A Dublin newspaper started a canvass of the lord-lieutenants and the deputy-

lieutenants of the various counties, to know if they were for or against the conference, and the majority of answers returned were favorable to the affirmative side of the proposal. Then a poll was opened to investigate the sentiment of the county councillors on the same subject. And so conference or no-conference is, for the hour, one of the burning subjects of debate in Ireland. That the conference will come and will be of a practical kind is believed by many, and even preparations are being made for it. Schemes of land purchase have been drawn up, and of these one is so important that it is attracting wide attention and commendation. It is the work of Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., the noted Ulster Unionist, who is working heart and soul for the betterment of the Irish tenant throughout the country.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL'S SCHEME.

His scheme proposes to give the landlords twenty-three years' purchase of the rents as fixed by government commissioners. The government, he proposes, shall advance the money—$500,000,000 is his calculation—half in cash, with which they can pay off the mortgages, and half in a four per cent. stock. The tenants are to pay two and three-quarters per cent., and the advantage to them in reduction of rent will depend on the length of the period of repayment. If it is forty-nine years, their reduction will be about fourteen per cent.; if seventy-three years, then the reduction will be about twenty-six per cent. on the rents. The effect of the proposals on the incomes of the landlords is worked out in detail by Mr. Russell, and his figures go to show that the plan would be one to which no reasonable landlord would take exception. The unreasonable landlords may take it that these proposals indicate the high-water mark of any offers that are likely to be made from the tenants' side. Nobody is likely to offer them more. The government also gets well out of it, and the annual loss under any of the schemes of bonus suggested by Mr. Russell is one which they might well face with unconcern.

A symptom of the new spirit of courage and determination that is now animating the public in Ireland was manifested in a very energetic way during the past couple of months. In the early part of September the capital of Ireland was proclaimed under the provisions of the Coercion Act. This was regarded

more in the nature of an insult than an injury, and far from passing unresented, the act has been made the subject of so much agitation in-doors and out-of-doors that Chief Secretary Wyndham, who had early been regarded with a spirit of toleration from the fact that he is the great-grandson of the patriotic Lord Edward Fitzgerald, must have rued the day that he thought of interfering with the constitutional privileges of the City of Dublin.

The only explanation that seemed to offer itself of the action of the English government was that, seeing that the popular agitation was spreading fast, they thought it would be advisable to do something to "strike terror." The idea was hardly worthy of statesmen. The proclaiming of a commercial centre like Dublin without visible justification was calculated to produce indignation rather than terror, and it did, in reality, arouse the wrath not only of the Nationalists, but of a great many of the Unionist party in the metropolitan area. And that justification was lacking seems clear from the recent public pronouncement of Justice Wright, a strenuous Unionist, and a strong supporter of the government. Judge Wright, opening the commission for the city and county of Dublin, congratulated both grand juries on the condition of the calendar. "The cases in Dublin," he said, "are exceptionally light considering the extent of the city and its population." Regarding the county of Dublin he said: "Apart from these cases, few in number and light in character, according to the police returns, the cases of undetected crimes—that is to say, crimes known to have been committed, but for which no one has been made amenable—are very few. In addition to the cases specially reported, there are the usual statistics of cases not specially reported—minor offences or crimes—and they show, as compared with last year, no increase, but rather a falling off. Taking all these classes of cases, the condition of the county is in a very satisfactory condition of peace and order and, on the whole, crimeless."

In indignant protest against the proclamation of Dublin meetings were held in the Mansion House under the presidency of the lord mayor, public demonstrations took place in Phœnix Park, and week after week orators systematically harangued gatherings of Dublin people in various quarters of the city. The proclamation had the effect of stirring up agitation, of in-

creasing the membership of the United Irish League, and of swelling the fund for the waging of Ireland's battle.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH'S PROTEST.

Typical of the feeling at this juncture the following letter from Archbishop Walsh, dated October 3, and addressed to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, is worth recording:

"MY DEAR LORD MAYOR: A diocesan engagement hinders me from being present at the Mansion House meeting to-day, but I feel that I should be unworthy of the position which I hold if I did not, at least by letter, take part in the protest that will go forth from that meeting against the action of the Irish Executive in putting our peaceful city under the operation of the Coercion Act.

"Fourteen years ago, as your lordship no doubt well remembers, I took it upon myself to suggest the holding of a conference between leading representatives of the landlords and leading representatives of the tenants of Ireland. I was not without hope that by means of such a conference a basis of agreement could be arrived at for an equitable settlement of the land question. My suggestion was favorably received by not a few landlords, who manfully gave public expression to their approval of it. But the good example thus set was not at all generally followed, and the only result was the addition of one more to the lamentably long list of what Mr. William O'Brien at the time described as the 'lost opportunities of the Irish gentry.'

"Just now, a not dissimilar proposal has come from the landlords' side, and has been received in a spirit of true statesmanship by Mr. Redmond and others of our public men, accredited representatives of the interests of the tenants. We have in consequence been witnessing many indications of the growth of a spirit of conciliation between landlords and tenants throughout the country. Allow me to express the hope that—vigorous as our protest must be against the insulting proclamation of our city—nothing will be said or done at to-day's meeting that could hinder the development of that better feeling which, but for the recent untoward action of the Irish Executive, would, in all probability, have by this time extended its beneficent influence over the whole field of public life in Ireland.

"In spite of all the trouble that has arisen there is, I venture to think, much that gives ground for hope that the time is at hand for the removal, at length, of two long outstanding Irish grievances, for the settlement of our land question on the only basis upon which it ever can be settled—the abolition of the present harassing system of dual ownership in Ireland—and for the settlement also of our education question on the only basis upon which that question ever can be settled, the unqualified recognition of the right of the Catholics of Ireland to absolute equality of treatment in their own land.

"I cannot but think that if the statesmen who are responsible for the good government of this country had realized the extent to which they were jeopardizing the settlement of those two great questions, they never would have taken the unfortunate step which has of necessity given rise to so much angry feeling.

"In response to the appeal that has been made to the country by the Bishop of Raphoe and his co-trustees of the National Defence Fund, I enclose a check for £20, and beg to remain, my dear Lord Mayor, your lordship's faithful servant,

† WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin."

IMMEDIATE OUTLOOK IS BRIGHT.

Although there continues to be grievous suffering among the peasants in the West of Ireland, and particularly in the so-called Congested Districts, the present condition of the entire country is more encouraging than at any time for many years past, and the immediate outlook is bright.

A summing up of the situation has been made in a concise, interesting, and authoritative way by Cardinal Moran, who went from Ireland to Australia in 1884, and who left Ireland last month after a three months' visit, which comprised a tour through a large part of the four provinces.

"The first thing," says Cardinal Moran, "that strikes a visitor after being away from Ireland for several years is the wonderful absence of crime, as reported both in the official announcements and declared by the judges and magistrates from the bench. I do not think there is any country in the world that presents so striking a record of complete exemption from serious crime. Another feature that cannot fail to impress

a pilgrim from Australia is the present administration as compared with the late administration of the country under the grand jury laws. The present administration is in the hands of the urban and county councils, and they have shown great wisdom and prudence, and in my opinion have fully justified the departure of the government in placing the administration in the hands of the people. The moneys of the towns and counties have never been more faithfully or more economically administered. Everything is carried on to the greatest possible advantage of the people as regards roads and institutions and all matters connected with local administration.

"A third feature which struck me is the remarkable development of industries throughout the country under the technical board, and also in connection with the National schools. New schools seem to have arisen on every side, and the people seem more anxious than ever to avail themselves of the educational advantages presented. In some branches of technical education Ireland seems to have outstripped all competitors, as, for instance, in connection with the lace-making industry, and also in the matter of illumination. I do not believe that the Irish schools in these are surpassed by any in the world.

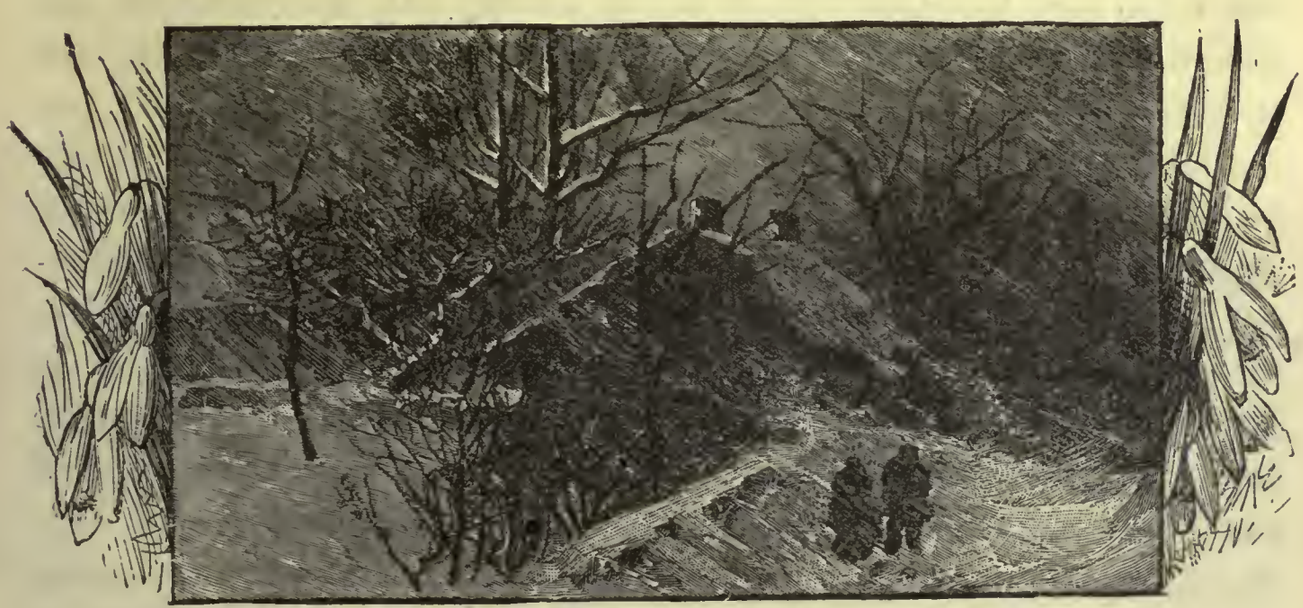
"The autonomy granted to the urban and county councils may be, I earnestly hope, a preparation for the full and complete autonomy which alone will restore harmony and satisfy the just aspirations of the people.

"On the question of compulsory sale I would say that, at least as far as small holdings are concerned, it would be the greatest possible boon to the tenants and to the landlords themselves. I have seen in several parts of the country, side by side, the small holdings of which the tenants are proprietors under the various land acts, and the small holdings of those whose tenancies are precarious. There could not be a stronger contrast. The contentment and prosperity of the small tenants who had become proprietors cannot fail to impress the most careless, as compared with the discontent and insecurity of their fellows, which discontent and insecurity lead to discomfort and dissension in many ways.

"It is said that the fear of Home Rule by the governing party in England is inspired by the belief that Home Rule would lead to separation. The idea, however, is entirely wrong. No sensible man in the whole of Ireland would dream of

separation. In the first place, it is impossible; and in the second place, even it were possible, the interest of Ireland would be entirely opposed to separation. Just as in the case of the colonies at the present time the whole world has recognized that the colonies do not desire separation, and the whole world has witnessed the earnestness shown by the colonies in the late South African war. The same would be the result in Ireland if the government were administered in accordance with the wishes and aspirations of the Irish people."

The bogie of separation, alluded to by the cardinal, seems at last and somewhat unexpectedly to be losing its terrors for the British Unionists. It sounds rather strange to be informed that the Conservative leaders are actually studying the question of forestalling the Liberals in conceding to Ireland a form of Home Rule, or in "creating a subordinate national Legislative and Executive," to use the phrase which they prefer. Yet such, it is affirmed on excellent authority, is the case. Articles on the subject in leading conservative reviews are attracting much attention, as they are from the pen of conservatives who speak always with authority and sometimes as inspired by those in higher places. The fact is alluded to here, not for discussion but as the most remarkable and significant indication of a brighter outlook for Ireland.



A BICYCLE TRIP TO THE GROTTOES OF MARMOUTIER.

BY MISS DE LA FONTAINE.

THE traveller who follows the right bank of the river Loire can find no better road, nor one more interesting, than the twenty miles which stretch from the "Château of Langeais" to Vouvray, a village situated on a hill, five miles further up the river than Tours. Leaving the castle of the Valois kings behind us, we wheeled steadily up the valley until the quaint old pagan tower called the "Pile de Cinq Mars" rose up on our left, with a cluster of neat little houses gathered around its base. It was here at Cinq Mars that we first made a closer inspection of those dwellings in the rock for which Touraine is famous, and which recall, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the manner of living in the days when "Gaul" had not yet changed its name into "France."

Formed of a yielding, calcareous substance, these rocks are made use of by the Tourangeaux as cellars, store-rooms, greenhouses, and habitations. Most of these latter have only one story, but in some cases they have two, and the interior is remarkably comfortable and roomy. The staircase is cut out of the rock, and the traveller strolling among the vineyards on the cliff above is astonished to find smoke emerging from chimneys at his feet.

To the passer-by these cliffs, as seen from the banks of the Loire, are extremely fascinating. In some places the ivy, allowed to grow wild, overhangs the brow of the rock with its luxuriant foliage, while tufts of wild flowers, wallflowers and valerian, spring out from every crack or ledge, relieving the dull background with bright patches of color. In other parts, where man has interfered, terraces, rich with trees and flowers, succeed each other, half way up the cliff. Especially is this the case when we have passed the town of Tours, with its fine bridge and old cathedral, and are on the road to Vouvray. But we have not gone far when we stop once more, before the most ancient of the cave dwellings, the famous grottoes of Marmoutier.

It was in the days of Cæsar that the Romans first came

across a tribe of Celts, the Turons, established on the banks of the Loire. These they civilized; making a road, building an aqueduct, and founding a town, which they called, first Cæsarodunum, then "Urbs Turones," or city of the Turons, whence the modern name of Tours. With the coming of the Romans dates also the entrance of Christianity into that part of Gaul; and St. Gatian, one of the pioneers of the faith, became the first Bishop of Tours, in the third century. His life was anything but peaceful, however; persecutions were frequent and severe, and the shepherd and his flock were often obliged to seek places of concealment, in the line of rocks which we have mentioned above, and which extends for many miles along the right bank of the Loire.

At that time the cliffs were not exposed to the public gaze as they are to-day. The road from Orleans to Angers followed the heights above the river; while down in the valley thick woods and impenetrable brushwood masked the entrance to the caves in which these early Christians hid. These cells, hollowed out in the rock, partly by nature but mostly by the hand of man, were the first places of worship used in Touraine. In one of them St. Gatian was accustomed to say his Mass. But the saint whose fame has attracted pilgrims for sixteen hundred years to the grottoes of Marmoutier is the glorious Martin, the Apostle of Gaul. St. Martin was a native of Hungary. His father having moved with his family to the north of Italy, the son was obliged to serve in the Roman army, and was sent with the troops into Gaul. The parents were pagans, but Martin himself had early been instructed in the faith of Christ, although, according to the custom in those days, he remained a catechumen for several years.

During his stay at Amiens he was remarkable for the purity of his life, and the following anecdote is a striking illustration of his great charity to the poor. It was in the midst of a severe winter, says the historian Sulpicius Severus, that Martin, marching with some of the troops out of the gate of Amiens, met a poor man scantily clad and trembling with the cold. The passers-by took no heed of the wretched creature's appeals to their charity, seeing which the young soldier, touched with compassion, drew his sword and divided his cloak into two halves, one of which he gave to the beggar.

In the following night Martin saw, in his sleep, Jesus Christ wrapped in that portion of the cloak which had been given

away, and he heard our Lord say to the angels who accompanied him: "Martin, who is yet a catechumen, clad me with this garment." This vision encouraged our saint to leave the army of Cæsar and to dedicate himself entirely to the service of God. He was baptized by St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, and throughout the remainder of his long life St. Martin labored incessantly for the conversion of souls. But it would take us too far from our subject if we followed his career during the seventeen years which elapsed before the inhabitants of Tours elected him as their bishop, on the death of St. Litorius. Lured from the monastery at Liguge by a stratagem, and carried in triumph to Tours, St. Martin dreaded the effects of a close contact with the world, and bethought himself of the almost impenetrable woods in which St. Gatian and his companions had lived, and in which the broad, sandy Loire in front and the steep rock behind would effectually guard him from intruders.

He took up his abode in a hole in the rock, not far from the cell of St. Gatian, and there the report of his sanctity attracted so many disciples that cells were built in the woods outside the rocks. This was the origin of St. Martin's monastery, or "Marmoutier."

Alas! a few towers and a splendid old doorway alone remain to bear witness to the size and beauty of the abbey, built on the spot by St. Perpeta, one of the successors of St. Martin. The pilgrim, however, may yet visit St. Gatian's cell and kneel on the rock where St. Martin was wont to pray, and even to entertain heavenly visitors. Now it was St. Peter and St. Paul who visited him in his cell; and several times Our Lady herself, accompanied by St. Agnes and St. Thecla, favored him with visions. The father of lies, however, enraged at the holy bishop's zeal and piety, laid a snare for his humility, and appeared to the saint, passing himself off as our Lord Jesus Christ, and wearing a royal mantle and a golden crown. But St. Martin was not deceived. He put the devil to flight by these words, full of faith: "I will believe it to be my Lord," he said to the apparition, "when I shall see him, not clad in purple and wearing a diadem but bearing on his body the marks of his Passion."

Meanwhile the fame of St. Martin spread abroad, so that even from the most distant countries of Europe visitors came to Marmoutier. Among these was St. Patrick, who spent four years in this monastery before undertaking the great work of

his life, the conversion of Ireland. Nor has this saint been forgotten in Touraine, for in a village on the Loire (St. Patrice) is still shown a hawthorn bush, which has blossomed miraculously every winter since the day on which St. Patrick rested under its shelter, on his way to Marmoutier. Another visitor to the monastery was Sulpicius Severus, who wrote St. Martin's life. This young man gave up rank and a good position at the bar in order to retire to a monastery in Aquitaine. His veneration for St. Martin, whose eloquence and zeal had turned him from his worldly ways, was unbounded, and he never failed, at least once a year, to spend some days at Marmoutier. St. Martin, on his part, cherished a great affection for the historian, and confided to him his difficulties, the visions he had been favored with, and the many trials he had to endure through the malice of the evil one. After the death of the holy bishop, Sulpicius Severus, inconsolable for his loss, left his monastery in Aquitaine, and spent the last years of his life in St. Martin's cell at Marmoutier.

The successor of St. Martin in the See of Tours was St. Brice. Brice had been taken care of by our saint from his earliest childhood, but as he grew up vanity, sloth, and the love of riches stifled all his good qualities. Even after he had received Holy Orders this unruly disciple continued to lead the same manner of life, and he more than once repaid St. Martin's unfailing kindness by rude and mocking words.

The following anecdote is related by Sulpicius Severus: One day a sick man came to the monastery, who, meeting Brice, asked him where he could find the holy bishop. "If you are looking for that madman," answered Brice, "there he is yonder, gazing up to heaven like a lunatic."

The sick man made no rejoinder to this gibe, but hastening to St. Martin, was immediately restored by him to health. Then said our saint to Brice, "Now do I look like a madman?" And as the young man endeavored to deny his words, St. Martin added: "I have prayed for thee, Brice, that thou shouldst be converted from thy ways. Know that after my death thou shalt be elected Bishop of Tours, but thou shalt have much to suffer in thy episcopate."

Brice laughed at this prophecy and went from bad to worse, but our saint's admirable patience won at length the victory, and the disciple improved so much in his conduct that he was

chosen by the inhabitants of Tours for their bishop, after the death of St. Martin. Then it was, however, that the second part of the prophecy came true, for the errors of his past life rose up against Brice, and the slanders spread by his enemies obliged him to leave Tours and go into exile for several years. This trial, however, only purified his heart and added to his merits, and after his return to his diocese he kept for himself a place of retirement in a hollow, dug out of the rock which is known as the "Grotto of Brice."

It was when St. Brice was still alive that the wonderful death occurred of the seven cousins of St. Martin—three brothers of one family and four of another. These seven cousins had left Hungary in their youth, and had sought out their illustrious relative in his solitude of Marmoutier. They were received by St. Martin with open arms, and lodged in a grotto adjoining the cell in which St. Gatian had lived a century before. Here they remained for forty years, their love for each other being so great that the knowledge that death would one day separate them, alone troubled their happiness. St. Martin, however, who had watched over the cousins during his life, never ceased to intercede for them after his death, and twenty-five years later, on the eve of his feast, he appeared to them in their cell and bade them confess their sins, for at break of day they would all appear before God. The cousins rejoiced exceedingly at these tidings, and having sent for a priest, they spent the night in preparing for death. When morning came the priest said Mass, and when the seven had devoutly received Holy Communion, they laid themselves down at the foot of the altar and their souls passed away while they were at their prayers. Thus peacefully did they die, and so fresh and lifelike was their appearance after death that the people who came in thousands, attracted by this miracle, exclaimed on seeing them: "Truly these men are not dead, but are asleep!" And thus it is that the oratory in which the seven cousins had lived and died, and where their holy bodies were laid, has been called by the voice of posterity "The Chapel of the Seven Sleepers."

St. Martin did not die in his cell in the rock, but at Candes, a little village some miles further down the river. After his death several towns wished to possess his remains; but the superior claims of Tours being admitted, the whole population went out to meet the body of their beloved bishop and a

splendid basilica was erected over his tomb in the heart of the city. The pilgrims, however, who pray at his shrine never fail to cross the river, in order to visit the cell in which the saint had lived, and to drink from the fountain dug out of the rock by St. Martin himself. This spring of fresh water exists to the present day. But one more grotto is mentioned by historians. This was the cell of St. Leobard, dug out of the rock, just above that of the Seven Sleepers, and reached by a staircase cut in the rock.

St. Leobard was a nobleman of Auvergne, and had been at one time chancellor to Theodebert, King of Austrasia. Out of devotion to St. Martin, he came to Marmoutier and took up his abode in a cell, outside the monastery. There he lived for twenty-two years, giving himself up to meditation and prayer, and employing the remainder of his time in copying the manuscripts of the Fathers of the church, and in excavating the rock, in order to increase the size of his grotto. St. Leobard is the last mentioned of the hermits in the rock. But the cliff was used once again as a hiding place by the last of the monks of St. Martin's when, in the time of the Normans, Rollo swept down on the banks of the Loire, destroying the monastery and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Rebuilt by Eudes de Blois in the tenth century, Marmoutier was restored by the Benedictines to its ancient splendor. But in 1791 the great Revolution spread throughout the land, and the monks were dispersed, never to return. The beautiful abbey was sacked and pillaged; and the grottoes, desecrated and profaned, were left to crumble to pieces.

Yet when I entered St. Martin's cell the other day not a stone was out of place, and the afternoon sun, shining through a stained glass window, lit up a little altar before which I knelt and prayed. The nuns of the Sacred Heart have bought up the ruins, and by their care the cells of these early saints have been rescued from oblivion. May St. Martin bless them for the good deed and save them in these days of persecution from the fate of so many other religious orders! Monastery bells are silent, convents are empty, the Jesuits and Carmelites have led the way into exile. O St. Martin! do not abandon the land you evangelized, but obtain from God that once more Touraine may be the "garden and delight" of what may it no longer be irony to call "*Catholic* France"!

LOUVAIN: ZIGZAG NOTES ON A BELGIAN UNIVERSITY TOWN.

BY REV. JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

QUAINTNESS seems to be the traditional prerogative of every city of Belgium. To speak of quaint Antwerp, quaint Bruges, quaint Mechlin is like predicating that the rose is red and the violet blue. Were we therefore to state that Louvain is a quaint old town, the natural ejaculation might be echoed back: "Of course it is; Louvain is a city in King Leopold's dominion."

The city is not without its modern aspect. The majestic railway station is as fine a building as a tourist would exact; and the entire neighborhood of the station is redolent of modernity. Stately railway stations are of frequent recurrence in Belgium. Their size and elegance speak well for the genius of the native architects. Many hundreds of thousands of francs have been expended to erect them; yet, in spite of the lavish cost, the little country seems all the richer for these elaborate stations. Travelling itself is no more comfortable in Belgium than it ought to be. On the subject of such comforts, however, I do not set myself up as an authority; for most of my travelling was done in student days, and generally too in student fashion; that is to say, in the third-class compartments. Our custom of usually travelling in third-class was jocularly attributed to the fact that there wasn't any fourth; it was also maintained that the third-class compartments were not a whit slower than the others. In these third-class compartments we sat in two rows, knee to knee, facing each other. There was no cushion whatsoever on the seat, and the plank seat itself was really not quite wide enough for comfortable seating. Still, we did not mind these petty trifles, as long as we were whirling through some historic region; we did not care what we were sitting on, for our young heads at least were aloft in the clouds.

Just in front of the depot, adorning a spacious open square,

THE CITY HALL IN LOUVAIN.

is the towering bronze figure of Van der Weyer, a native of Louvain, and one of the men to whom the country owes its freedom. The Declaration of Independence dates in Belgium from the year 1830; and Van der Weyer was one of the signers. The greedy Dutch, to whom the Allies had allotted Belgium in 1814, simply did nothing but plunder Belgium for the next sixteen years; taxation became extortionate, and then the intermeddling with religion finally determined the people to rise. The Flemings of the north, constituting the Germanic element in Belgian citizenship, and the Walloons of the south,

constituting its Latin element, joined hands for once in all sincerity and drove the avaricious Lutherans back home to the dikes of the Zuyder Zee. In this attaining of national independence the Belgians were backed up by the armies of France, much the same as the American Colonials had been in the days of Yorktown. Van der Weyer of Louvain was ever afterwards conspicuous in Belgian politics until his death in 1874, remaining always a Liberal and fighting hard against the influence of the clergy. The tenets of laicization, schools with the religious element eliminated, civil marriage, divorce, and unlimited suffrage, were his life-long contentions. The "Catholics"—employing the name here merely in its political sense—argued that to erect a statue to Van der Weyer at Louvain, the seat of a great Catholic university, was an affront to the religious sentiment of the country. The Liberals retorted that the man's distinguished patriotism was everything, and that while differing from the church authorities in political principles, he was yet after all a co-religionist with them in point of creed.

In Belgium a man's religion is taken for granted; so that to say a man is a *Catholic* means simply that he belongs to the conservative party in politics. In the same way *un bon journal* or *un journal catholique* means, not necessarily a good newspaper nor a religious gazette, but merely an organ which in politics favors the Catholic or clerical party. The responsible cause for such political alignment is the intimate relations between church and state. Individually the clergy, good, strong, clean, well-educated men, and still possessing immense influence over the people, deprecate the necessity which drags them into the maelstrom of politics. Much, however, as they love retirement, the religious and moral interests of the country are paramount in their consideration, and to defend these against the attacks of ever aggressive radicalism becomes to them a conscientious duty, and one from which, be it said to their credit, they never attempt to retreat. To the Liberals, therefore, the clergy are decidedly opposed, regarding them as men of destructive principles, menacing the nation with ominous forces, impiety, irreligion, and secret-societyism.

Elections take place on Sunday. It is the only day ever chosen for this purpose. No laborer would think of "taking a day off" merely to vote; time is too valuable for that. At the churches, particularly in the rural parts, the hours of the Masses

CHARLES V. AND HIS TUTOR.

on election-days are set earlier than usual and the services are shortened; in the country districts, too, the clergy bestir themselves energetically to "get out the vote." There is no doubt but that their campaigning has telling effects; for it is always outside the cities that the Catholic ticket polls its heavy majorities, the farmers voting like a single man. The cities themselves are Liberal; wherever there are mines or factories the working hands are solidly Liberal, and during the heat of election campaigning the latter show themselves very insulting and very hostile to any one wearing the soutane. The city of Louvain, despite its long succession of religious traditions, is rarely able to poll much of a Catholic vote. The mayor whom it returned successively for several years was an out-and-out Liberal, although it must be confessed that he proved an excellent executive. This mayor was known to be fanatically devoted to Freemasonry; indeed, I have seen the Masonic emblems sculptured in stone upon the façade of his beautiful house. Nevertheless he was a regular attendant every Sunday at High Mass in the Church of St. Pierre, Louvain's historic

temple. Of course he never went to confession; still, it was very evident to my mind that the man had at one time made his First Communion, and it looked very much as if some day he intended to make his last.

Louvain has all the appearance of an overgrown country town; one might call it Sleepy Hollow, notwithstanding the fact that the latest census credits it with a population of forty-two thousand. In many things it is decidedly backward. There is not a single steam fire-engine in the town. If there were, it would be a question where to turn for water. There are great, clumsy, picturesque pumps at nearly every corner, and around them one sees buxom figures gossiping, for all the world like a picture from Van Ostade or Jan Steen; but hydrants, as we understand them, are unknown. There are no sewers. Electric lights are still future possibilities. A narrow-gauge tramway, operated by steam, now runs from the railway station along the southern boundary of the city, and turning thence at right angles passes the Porte de Namur into Héverlé and the suburban villages. This accommodation is a concession to the Zeitgeist; but the running schedule is limited to five trips per day. Within the city proper the nearest approach to rapid transit is a primitive horse-car which runs up the Rue de la Station as far as the Hôtel de Ville. The distance is merely a step. You are hardly inside and have handed your ten centimes of fare to the conductor when the journey ends. The line really accommodates no one; it makes no attempt to traverse the city, but sets you down at quite a considerable ways from the university; and more remote still are the American College, the church of the Jesuits, and the Béguinage. Up and down that single track the car goes rumbling from morning till night, unhampered by a single siding. You could stand at one end of the line and throw a stone to the other end.

The stores at Louvain are really sights. I do not know anything prettier than the window displays. The entire stock of the establishment may be concentrated in the limits of that display; but no matter, the arrangement is sure to be tasteful. I have paused often, even in some dingy back alley, to admire the beauty of the window arrays. The queerest combinations are sometimes met. One store-keeper, for instance, will deal exclusively in kettles and hats, another in stationery and clothes-lines; where the connection lies between the two arti-

A FLEMISH PEASANT GIRL IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

cles of merchandise is a mystery unsolved. I remember a beautiful store in the Rue de Namur: one of its two front windows contained an elaborate display of lanterns—every form, every quality; the other window contained every description of lace caps and linen caps for old women. A store in the Rue de Malines had one window fitted up with a stock of umbrellas; the other window was filled with boots and shoes. Another store in the same street had one window filled with crockery and table ware; the other window was filled with

medical paraphernalia, artificial limbs, and, strange, lugubrious sight, an assortment of glass eyes!

The sight-seer at Louvain has certainly one treasure to behold which is not duplicated the world over, and that is the Hôtel de Ville. In size it is not as pretentious as Ghent, Bruges, or Brussels, but in the richness of detail it goes far beyond any of these; and in that wealth of detail it reaches to a limit which is nothing short of marvellous. The elegance, the harmony, the beauty, the purity of its architectural lines go above anything which a writer might say in its praise. The exterior ornamentation simply abounds with exquisitely sculptured figures, set into the walls at graceful intervals. When Napoleon beheld that Hôtel de Ville he exclaimed: "Ah, that's perfect." Then, shaking his head despairingly, he added: "I'm afraid it's a little bit too heavy to cart off to Paris; but that is where it belongs—in Paris, the heart of the world, the centre of all that is art and civilization." One who sees the Hôtel de Ville at Louvain will always see it; because he will never forget it. Louvain is as unique among the city-halls of Europe as Milan is among cathedrals.

The dominating fame of Louvain attaches to its university. Founded early in the fifteenth century, it has ever since been a factor in the world's history. For quite a period it could number an annual attendance of 6,000. We must remember that in days long gone by, Flanders and Lombardy vied for the world's commercial supremacy. Antwerp was neck-and-neck with Venice; and Louvain itself, once a city of 200,000 inhabitants, was all astir with prosperous weavers, toiling for the market of Antwerp. To-day the university can boast about 1,800 students. In the course of its career it has encountered signal opposition. The chief of the *soi-disant* Holy Roman Empire, Joseph II., who from his palace in Vienna carried on such a disastrous flirtation with the Jansenists, was first to suppress Louvain; and when Doumouriez, after his cannonade of Valmy, pushed on eastward and overran the Belgian lowlands with his horde of victorious revolutionaries, the squelching of the university was effectively continued. It was like an entirely new institution when the Dutch resurrected it in 1817. Since then it has gone ahead again to prosperous fortunes, and at the present hour it ranks with the first universities of the world. Hebbelynck, the president, is a man of brilliant reputation as

MGR. HEBBELYNCK, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

an Egyptologist, deeply versed in Coptic researches and an authority on the hieroglyphics. A tireless worker himself, his gospel is ever one of hard labor. In a recent address to the School of Electro-Technology his one great injunction was: "Shun idleness: multam malitiam docuit otiositas."

Thoroughness seems to be the characteristic. The students take the long way around to reach their sheepskins; and the consequence is that where you find a professional man in Belgium, you find an individual of very superior education. In addition to the old-time branches of law, medicine, and divinity, there is at Louvain a School of Diplomacy and Con-

sular Studies, which is fast becoming popular, and provides a class of instruction long needed. Then, too, there are a College of Brewing *(Brasserie)* and a College of Farming *(Agronomie)*. There is an ever-increasing demand for these scientific farmers, I am told. They receive immense salaries; but their sphere of employment is often in distant regions, constant calls coming from Russia, India, and South America, requesting such graduates to take charge of vast plantations.

The presence of the College of Brewing is entirely *apropos;* for in industrial circles Louvain is catalogued as one of the beer cities of the world, ranking with Munich and Pilsen. The sign, "Louvain," therefore, which may be seen in so many cafés between Paris and Cologne, is significant of Louvain's white beer. Baedecker's page styles it "a sickly drink"; and though I have never tasted of it myself, I have met with informants who coincided thoroughly with the Guide Book. One student told me that it tasted like the soap-suds which used to get into his mouth long ago when blowing bubbles as a child. Another characterized it as "harmless, but poisonous: not fit to drink." Still another student, an embryo physician, more syllogistically inclined, when I asked him if the white beer of Louvain was a beverage of much virtue, replied:

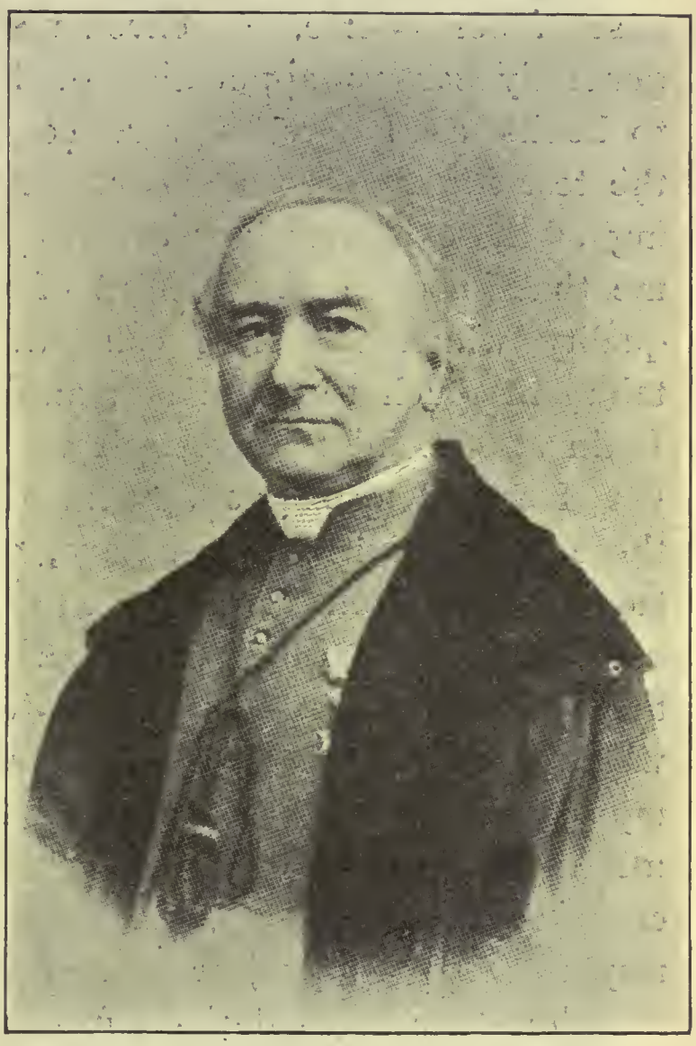
"*Distinguo:* for utilitarian purposes *concedo.* It is a first-class thing on a hot day to assuage the thirst of a hard-working laborer—*v.g.*, a ploughman or a stone-cutter.

"For recreative purposes, *nego.* For instance, if I, a studious collegian hailing from that unequalled city of which your own Longfellow wrote, and of which some other lesser poet very correctly exclaims: '*Formosis Bruga puellis gaudet!*'—if I were to lift a toast to the fair ones of Bruges, it would never be with a beaker of Louvain's bleached fermentation!"

The students of Louvain are little given to athletics. Occasionally a few of the bloods take a saddle horse and go for an afternoon spin on the boulevard. The old ramparts which at one time encircled the city are now turned into peaceful boulevards, delightfully adapted for a drive or a stroll. There is a *Club nautique*, with a fair-sized boat-house on the pleasant ship-canal which connects Louvain with the sea; here too one meets with collegians whose fancy favors the oar. In winter there is skating, in which also a great many of the university men seem to indulge with great ardor. They are very fleet skaters, and

race well on thin-bladed, long-projecting skates. Figure-skating is a foreign art to them, however. Sometimes an American seminarian or an English boy from the swell college of the Josephites would give an exhibition of figure-skating on the ice. His skill would soon be sure to bring around him a spell-bound multitude of admiring beholders. I knew a young American priest, at that time a post-graduate at the university, who was at once lionized whenever he appeared on the ice.

On half-holidays in spring the students used to go out occasionally to the park of the Duchesse d'Aremberg for an afternoon of archery. The sight was well worth seeing. With their bows slung over their shoulders, everybody gaily chatting and smoking, they would crowd along through the middle of the street, preceded by a band of musicians. Such an occasion was sure to be a gala event for every little lassie and every tiny urchin in the neighborhood. Bareheaded —barefooted too when not in clattering wooden shoes —they would pour into the street by hundreds and go capering giddily along in a simple happy dance ahead of the band. It was a scene from the Pied Piper of Hamelin in real life. In pretty little lines of nine or ten they would join hands, girls with girls and boys with boys, all frisking along to the music, like a battalion of intoxicated brownies. The throng of dancing midgets would increase in number as they went tripping merrily on. At the gate of the city their carnival would dissolve; and the little ones, contented and perhaps out of breath, would scatter back into the by-lanes to their homes of squalor.

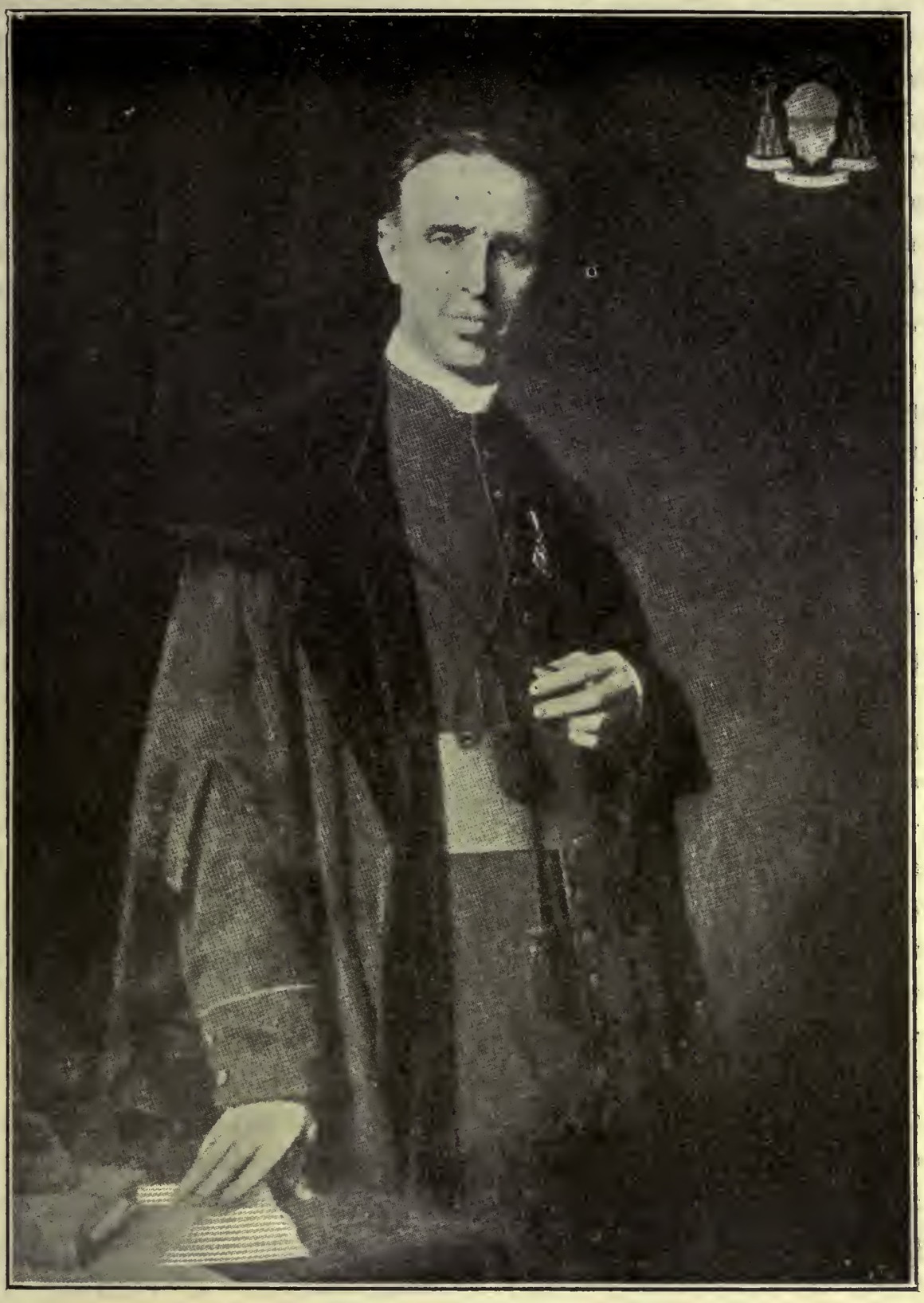


MGR. CARTUYVELS, VICE-RECTOR.

The strength of Louvain as a school of Catholic theology

cannot be exaggerated. Its equal is to be found at Rome perhaps, but its superior is nowhere. There are at Rome, of course, advantages which a seminarian does not get in the Belgian university: such as the city itself; the multitude of public monuments, libraries, galleries, and museums; the eminent dignitaries whom the student sees or maybe comes in contact with; the thorough spirit of ecclesiasticism, the intimate acquaintance with church forms and traditions, the familiarization with splendid ecclesiastical ceremonies. In these things Louvain can make no superior vaunt; her distinction means merely the thoroughness of her course, the excellence of her professorships, and the generally earnest application of her student-body, men devoted to books as I have never seen them elsewhere. At Louvain the test for degrees is extreme in its rigor. The public defending of theses enters largely into this test. It always seemed to me that in open disputations of this kind the possession of that quality which the Irish call "the gift of the gab" was an attainment much to be prized, and that the easy handling of the Latin speech might be set down as another very fortunate gift; yet I have seen good, fluent Latinists go utterly to pieces in these disputations; and I have, on the other hand, seen Irish lads—Irish Jesuits from the novitiate classes in particular, men whose stock of Latin was sparse and defective,—I have seen these Irish scholastics cover themselves with glory. No matter who the defender was at these public theses, he invariably got my sympathy; and I must say too that he always reminded me of the "African dodger" at a country fair—everybody crowding anxiously up, only too eager for that brutal opportunity to seize the projectiles and "hit him on the head."

The advantages derived from being in close association with a great university have caused most of the religious orders, at one time or another, to erect special houses of their own at Louvain; in much the same manner, the Catholic University established in recent years near Washington, and now under the presidency of the well-known Mgr. Conaty, seems to be inducing several of the religious orders to settle and erect establishments near our own Capitol. The Jesuits and the Dominicans were especially in evidence at Louvain, and added no inconsiderable amount to that city's scholarship. I cannot say that the young scholastics belonging to these orders really took degrees, nor that the rules of their particular societies would per-



MGR. MERCIER, PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHER INSTITUTE OF PHILOSOPHY.

mit them such a vain gewgaw as the attaching of titles to their names; but I do know that on occasions they were called upon to attempt tests which, if successful, would have entitled them to degrees. Whenever a Jesuit held public defence, there was sure to be a white-robed Dominican in sight with a bundle of handy objections. It meant Thomist *versus* Molinist, and it was bound to be a first-class duel, *sans treve ni merci.* All who

enjoyed good sparring crowded eagerly to these contests; and a spirit and rivalry showed itself such as one sees at a Yale-Harvard match game. The logicians were trained to do battle royal. On particular occasions the hall would be jammed with people of distinguished quality. Erudite country curés would leave their accustomed seclusion; abbés of literary note would pour in; bigwigs from the city pastorates would attend, and professors with many scholarly initials tagged to their names would watch and listen; there might be half a dozen bishops in the front chairs, and behind them a row of canons wearing capes of honor. The Papal Nuncio from Brussels sometimes came, clad always in the full insignia of his office. At times there were visitors from great distances. Learned guests and doughty objectors might generally be expected from Blynbeck, Holland, where many of the German Jesuits, expelled from their own country during the Kulturkampf, were living in retirement. It was sure to be an event of great interest and magnitude.

The American College of Louvain, now presided over by Canon Jules De Becker, D.D., Ph.D., is a conspicuous institution. Its student membership, aggregating about a hundred picked men, is made up for the most part of young Europeans whose purpose it is to fit themselves there for the missionary dioceses of the United States. There is always a minority sprinkling of American-born young men along with them. The course of studies used to embrace certain classes at the Jesuits', others at the university, and still more at the college itself; at present nearly all the classes tend to the university. Mgr. De Neve, a fine old gentleman who prided himself on his blunt roughness, but who was merely straightforward and outspoken, held long the presidency of this eminent college, and engineered a great deal of its success. Mgr. De Neve had spent years in Michigan, serving a considerable time as vicar-general of Detroit. He understood the American character thoroughly; and his heart and soul were wrapt up in the well-being of the American missions. Despite some few provoking absurdities, he was yet a very excellent man; born and schooled a diplomat, keen in perception, versatile in epigram, and a fluent master of several languages. It was his practice to disguise English with a confirmed Down-East accent, the cleverest of counterfeits. He was wont to term himself "an educated peasant," though indeed there was about him an ease and gentility of manners speaking

more of the feudal patrician. In the châteaux of the nobles he was a welcome visitor; and sometimes when dining out he would bring an American lad along with him in order to stimulate inquiries concerning the interesting topic uppermost in his thoughts His friends of the nobility were good contributors to his work; and of that work he was as proud as a

SOME RELICS OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE.

monarch. "The main purpose of my college," he once said to me, "is to educate young men for the American episcopate"; and when I searched the list and counted up the startling number of his alumni who had become prelates, I agreed that the "Old Man," as his students fondly called him and as he liked to be called, was entirely correct in his statement. The only establishment surpassing it as a nursery of bishops is the famous American College in the Via del' Umilta at Rome; even that is but slightly ahead.

The annals of Louvain enumerate many masters. It has belonged to the nondescript dukes of Brabant, and successively to the nations of Spain, Austria, France, and Holland. The celebrated Irish Brigade, which knocked about Europe for over fifty years and made Fontenoy possible, helped to defend

Louvain once against the Dutch. One of the city's minor streets still bears the strange appellative, *Rue des Dominicains Irlandais*, although at present there are no Irish Dominicans in any part of the Belgian kingdom. During the days of trial and exile which succeeded Cromwell, many Irish were sent to Louvain to be educated; and one of these exiles, Thomas Stapleton by name, became Rector Magnificus of the university, a dignity which rendered him of national prominence. His term of office was very successful, and a handsome memorial was erected to him and still bears public commemoration of his services.

The princes of the Spanish domination were very partial to Louvain. The Emperor Charles V. spent much of his youth there. His boyhood tutor was that Adrian Dedel—Adrian of Utrecht, as he is called from his birthplace—whose father, emigrating to Flanders and becoming a burgher of Louvain shortly after his son's birth, reared the latter a thorough Fleming. Dignities followed fast in that son's life; university distinction, the tutelage of the prince, a chancellorship, a city vicariate, a prelacy in a Spanish archdiocese, and then finally, to crown his life's honors, the tiara of the Papacy. He lives in history as Pope Adrian VI.; and the epitaph upon his tomb at Rome states that he considered his being called to reign his greatest misfortune.

On the four sides of the market-place at Louvain are yet to be observed many houses of graceful Spanish architecture. Their antique façades rim in that paved quadrangle with a very picturesque framing. That crowded picture, too, is well worth seeing on almost any randon forenoon. The plump, simple face which inspired the Madonna of Peter Paul Rubens is numerously in evidence; and the men, with their dull blue cambric blouses, look very important as they haggle over beets and cabbages. Ouida's "Dog of Flanders" is there too, no insignificant part of that spirited scene. Truly the canine has more than a dog's life of it in Louvain. He is a beast of burden first and a domestic custodian afterwards. Early morning always sees hundreds of these poor dogs harnessed to small carts and headed for the city market-place with a load of fresh vegetables. I have often wondered which they merited the more—admiration or pity.

NIGHT.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

TELL me, Night, if but in whisper,
The great secret that you own.
Many a time we 've sat together,
You and I alone.
Will it ever be unspoken
While we two our watches keep—
Die with silence still unbroken
Far away from sister, Sleep?
I have loved you in lone hours,
When no other one would stay;
To your vigils gave the powers
That, beseems, I owed the Day.
Uncomplaining, still remaining,
I watched every mood you know;
Searching still your glances waning
Just afore the morning's glow.
Still with anxious eyes beseeching
For the answer unexprest—
For the answer overreaching—
That one word to make me blest.
That one word, you, Night, seem hiding
From our leaden, mortal eyes;
That one word thro' all abiding
Veils from us, Night—Paradise.
For it is a single word, Night,
Which you must conceal from view;
And with such dark silent might
Hide your dearest secret too.
For it must be but a word, Night,
But a magic, wondrous word,
While you darken lovers' sight,
Holds expectant, though unheard.
Word it is to wait a life for,
And to watch till your lips part;
Word that will allay all strife for
Other loves of human heart.
Oh! to those who 've kept the tryst,
You will say it at the last;
With Death's troth in morning mist:—
Love is here though life has passed.

A PEN PICTURE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

THE SUCCEEDING CENTURY—1366 to 1466.

WE have come now to the year of our Lord 1466, when the nobles of England are destroying one another in what is known as the War of the Roses—the merciless civil war between the Houses of York and Lancaster—and, disgusted by so much bloodshed, let us enter the Benedictine Abbey of Durham and pass a peaceful day with the monks. The bell that is ringing tells that midnight is passed, and the footsteps which echo along the corridor leading from the cells to the chapel are the footsteps of the monks going to Matins—the night office—which marks the beginning of another day of prayer and of labor. Matins ended, we see them returning to their cells to have another sleep until the hour of five, when the bell will ring again for the office of Prime. After Prime the community assembles for a little while around the sub-prior, and now is held what is called the Daily Chapter, when faults are corrected, when affairs which interest the monastery are talked over, and when each monk is told what is to be his work through the day. And the day passes quickly enough. And when, after High Mass, we enter the refectory at ten o'clock—the hour for the principal meal—our appetite is more than keen, for our lungs have been pretty well exercised at Matins and at Prime. Nor do the monks get overmuch to eat, and they wait on one another by turns. Peasant's son and baron, gentleman and no-gentleman, are distinctions unknown within the abbey walls, and yonder tall, lean individual, whose deep-set, hungry eyes are fastened upon the platter of radishes coming towards him, is Father Godmund, while the one who is handing him the radishes is the eldest son of a nobleman named De Granville, whose ancestor came to England with William the Conqueror. Here let us observe that these two Benedictines—both gray-haired men—are great friends; their study doors adjoin, and

in the big cupboards full of old manuscripts they often choose the same Doctors of the Church and the same profane authors to study; and they, and other monks like them, had more to do than we imagine with the revival of letters in the Middle Ages.*

One stormy winter's day, in the year 1466, these two friends were seated side by side in what was called the Common House, which opened out of the cloister; and as they sat warming themselves at a wood fire their conversation was interrupted now and again by the violent blasts of wind which made everything rattle. But before we repeat any of their conversation let us observe that Father Godmund was widely known as the parish doctor, and he had many patients among the poor people who flocked daily to the abbey for treatment; while Father Granville, as he was familiarly known, had a magnificent voice and gave singing lessons to the young men of the singing school, which was supported by the monastery.

"Truly, the Black Death was a gigantic calamity," spoke Father Godmund. "Although 'tis more than a century since it disappeared the nation is still suffering from its effects."

"Ay, the pestilence swept away half the population of the kingdom," said Father Granville. "And in our own community here everybody died except the abbot."

"And it has had far-reaching effects," continued Father Godmund. "It has everywhere changed the system of farming; so many villeins perished that the nobles, as well as our own communities, have not been able to work their land on the same principles, and they have been obliged to give a good part of it up to sheep-grazing."

"Ay; and what is worse," said Father Granville, "the loss of so very many of the clergy by the Black Death has forced the bishops to give the vacant livings to young and half-educated clerics, while our own monastic houses, by the diminution of our numbers, have found it hard to maintain the old discipline and to perform our religious duties as well as we did before the pestilence." †

"Too true," sighed Father Godmund. "And to make matters still worse, we have now this bitter feud between the houses of York and Lancaster, which has already lasted more

* F. A. Gasquet, O.S.B., *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.*
† *Ibid.*

than ten years and which is making men so uncommonly ferocious; nor does it show any sign of coming to an end."

"Ay, this war among ourselves," said Father Granville, "is completing the work of the Black Death, for by sweeping away the pride and flower of our noble families it is surely tending to exalt the kingly power."

"And the new nobility which the king will create," said Father Godmund, "will be nothing but political adventurers who, like enough, will have a covetous eye on church property."

"Ay, nothing but political adventurers," repeated Father Granville, shaking his head. Then after a pause he added: "But besides the far-reaching effects of the Black Death and this interminable civil strife, there are to-day a good many people who still hold to the teaching of John Wycliffe, who declared, among other things, that the king should distribute ecclesiastical property among the laity. And although 'tis almost a hundred years since that remarkable man did cease to preach, Wycliffism is by no means dead."

"Ay," said Father Godmund, "Wycliffe did seize on weak points. He harped on certain abuses which have no doubt harmed religion in our country. Wily, money-loving counsellors did obtain the ear and did abuse the confidence of the Pope, and they were given ecclesiastical benefices here, although those Italian clerics neither spoke our tongue nor lived among us, and I do fear lest it may have tended to weaken the ties which bind our people to the Head of the Church." *

"Happily for his soul, Wycliffe submitted in the end," said Father Granville. "He made a confession of faith before he died; and 'tis said that he was a man of exemplary morals." †

"I believe he was," said Father Godmund. "But is it not a thousand pities that the exalted rank which the Sovereign Pontiff holds as the spiritual ruler of almost the whole civilized world should be threatened by Wycliffism? And I do fear at times lest the evil which Wycliffe did in this kingdom may spread into France and Germany; 'tis worse than the poison of a snake, which kills only the body."

"Well, come what may," said Father Granville, "we have the Divine promise that the church will not perish." Here they both lapsed into silence for a few moments; and while

* Lingard, Edward III. † Lingard.

they were silent the tempest increased in fury; perhaps each one was striving to penetrate with his mind's eye the years which were coming—years of desolation for religion in England; when this very monastery of Durham, grand even in its ruins, would be tenanted only by rooks.

"Well, to speak of something more cheerful," said Father Godmund presently, "I have this day finished printing a dozen copies of *The Canterbury Tales*, a poem composed by one Geoffrey Chaucer. Oh, what a useful invention printing is!"

"It is indeed," said Father Granville. "And how strange that we did have to wait until Anno Domini 1440 to see the first book printed."

"And now, if you like," continued Father Godmund, "I shall read you something else which I have put into print: 'tis a brief account of the uprising of the peasants in the last century."

"Yes, do read it to me," said Father Granville, "for I consider that uprising a very interesting episode in our history."

Here Father Godmund opened a little book and began to read as follows: "The revolt of the villeins in many parts of the kingdom of England in the year 1381, during the reign of Richard II., is worthy of note as being a wide-spread effort of the poor people to shake off the fetters in which they were bound by a warlike and haughty aristocracy. It may be broadly viewed as a movement—no doubt before its time—in the direction of a Christian commonwealth; and more than one priest might have been seen marching at the head of his congregation, while it is a noteworthy fact that in East Anglia several gentlemen of ancient family, and of their own free will, were leaders of the rebels.

"Nor can this sudden outburst of energy on the part of the latter be understood unless we take into account the humble preachers of the Order of St. Francis, whose lives and sermons did proclaim the Brotherhood of Man in Christ. In the early summer of this year, 1381, the villeins in different parts of the kingdom were summoned by mysterious messengers to come together with such weapons as they were able to procure and to march upon London. And before many days thousands of them might have been seen carrying scythes and spears and long bows and cross-bows, some of which had done good service under the Black Prince, wending their way through the

forests and along the sheep paths, and all of them as they trudged towards the capital kept singing:

"'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

"Every nobleman, the moment he got tidings of their approach, fled in haste to his castle, and having raised the drawbridge, he watched them with rage in his heart as they tramped by, singing as they went along:

"'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

But some nobles were caught unawares. Very few of these, however, were put to death; only the most unpopular ones were beheaded. And among the first to suffer was Sir John Cavendish, Chief-Justice of England. He was a marked man, for it had been his duty to enforce the oppressive 'Statute of Laborers,' which compelled artisans and others to work for the same wages as they had received before the Black Death; and the Chief-Justice's head was carried many miles on a pike. Here let us observe that many of the peasants believed that if they only could get possession of their young king—he was not yet out of his teens—they could persuade him to grant them all they desired. And as they drew near to London their watchword became 'King Richard and the true Commons.' And when at last the different divisions of this great army, which numbered not less than a hundred thousand, came together at the end of their long march, it was the king's banner that they unfurled on Blackheath, a broad open space on the outskirts of the capital. Two banners of St. George marked their headquarters, and the principal leaders of the multitude were a priest, named John Ball, and a laboring man of more than common wit, named Wat Tyler. Within an hour after the army had assembled on Blackheath every road which led into the city was closely blocked, and the young king, his mother, and all the ministers hastened for safety to the Tower. But Walworth, the mayor, who alone kept his head during the panic, deemed it the part of wisdom to come to an understanding with the rebel chiefs, and after a brief parley with Wat Tyler, he consented to let down the drawbridge and allow the villeins to enter the city, on condition that they would do no harm to

anybody or anything and that they would pay for whatever they took. And now across London Bridge poured a seemingly endless stream of human beings from the moors and forests and fens, and all gaping with wonder and awe, for never in their wildest dreams had they dreamt of a city so grand as this city.

"And now for three whole days the revolted peasants were masters of the capital of the kingdom. And unhappily, poor human nature being what it is, and mindful too of what they had been made to suffer, the spirit of vengeance did at length awaken in their breasts, and many fine mansions were put to the torch, and many a gentleman, who was suspected of being connected with the government, was speared or beheaded, while around the base of the Tower angry mobs did surge and shout for the heads of the ministers who were hidden within its strong stone walls. At length it was proposed to storm the Tower and get possession of young King Richard by force, for in him the too-confiding, maddened villeins still placed their hopes. It was at this critical hour that Richard, who had been watching from a high turret the burning houses and the heads carried on pikes, threw down a message in which he promised to meet the rebel leaders on the following day at a spot called Mile End, two miles from the Tower. Accordingly, on the following day at the appointed place the rebel leaders came, accompanied by sixty thousand of their followers, and here they were met by King Richard and several of the highest nobles, not one of whom felt sure that he was not going to his doom. And now four things were asked of the young king: "'First: A complete abolition of villeinage. Secondly: That laborers should pay no higher rent than four pence an acre. Thirdly: Liberty to buy and sell at all fairs in the kingdom. Fourthly: Pardon for the offences which had been committed.' Now, these four demands were willingly granted, and the villeins, wild with delight, turned back towards the city, impatient to tell their comrades that henceforth they were all to be free men. But, most unfortunately, just as they were entering London, the Tower was surrendered by its garrison, and immediately the mob poured in, and Leg, the farmer of the hated poll tax, was quickly beheaded, together with Archbishop Sudbury, whose head was placed high on London Bridge. Here be it said that this prelate suffered not because

he was archbishop, but because, holding the post of chancellor, it was he who had introduced the poll tax. He was a kind, good man, and there is little doubt that had Archbishop Sudbury's life been spared he would have warned King Richard and his nobles to take to heart the lesson of this great uprising of the villeins, and in future to treat the poor people in a more Christian-like way. But, strange to tell, all did not meet the fate of Leg and the archbishop; a few managed to escape out of the Tower, and among them was the Queen Mother, who met her son as he was coming back from Mile End. And they both found a safe retreat in a big, fortified building, where they passed an anxious day; for although a good number of the rebels had already turned their faces homeward, feeling sure that their young king would keep his word and that they were no longer to be villeins, many still remained in the city, burning and plundering. On the morrow King Richard—who certainly did not lack bravery—sallied forth a second time to meet his unruly subjects, accompanied by half a dozen faithful knights and a few men-at-arms. He found Wat Tyler, who, as we have said, was one of their leaders, at a market-place called Smithfield, not far beyond the city walls; and now precisely what words passed between them we do not know. But it is said that Tyler, who appeared to be nowise abashed in the king's presence and whose manner was perhaps unduly familiar, was presently struck from his horse by Walworth, the mayor, who wore a suit of armor under his official robes, and the moment he fell to the ground he was stabbed to death. Immediately a thousand bows were bent and a thousand arrows were ready to let fly towards the king and his small party; and who can say what might have happened had a single arrow been discharged? But at this crisis in the fate of the kingdom, young Richard struck his horse with the spurs and galloped towards the excited villeins, who were between him and the city gate, crying out, 'I am your leader; trust in me.' And strange to relate, so very childlike was their faith in him that without a murmur they let him conduct them several miles out into the country, where, after making them a brief but affectionate address, he bade them return to their homes, telling them again that their wrongs would all be righted. And the villeins believed what Richard told them and they went homeward.

"But not many days after they had departed the king began what has been called his Bloody Assize: and Tressilian, the new Chief-Justice, was his zealous tool in the work of vengeance. He heard Richard say to a band of unarmed peasants, who had come to greet him as their best friend, 'Villeins ye are and villeins ye shall remain,' and to show his zeal Tressilian had all these poor people brought before him for trial, and he spared none: he disembowelled every one; and disembowelling was a very painful death.* In fact, the new Chief-Justice, as he journeyed from manor to manor and village to village, with his executioner armed with rope and razor, did hang and disembowel so many villeins that at length even the friends of order thought him too severe.† And while it may be plausibly argued that the villeins needed a severe lesson, the king undoubtedly erred on the side of severity. He might have tempered justice with mercy, for he had pledged his word to the peasants that he would be their friend. But although the work of blood went on for several months, let it be said to the credit of the poor people that King Richard's vengeance did not tame them; a spirit of resistance has continued to smoulder in their breasts; those who hold them in villeinage have learned to fear them, and through this fear, no doubt, the lowly ones in the end will wring from nobles and king the rights which have not been granted to them through love."

Here ended Father Godmund's short account of the great uprising of the peasants in the fourteenth century. Then, after a moment's silence, Father Godmund said: "Truly 1381 was a terrible year for the kingdom. But good may come out of that upheaval; indeed nothing good is to be got without pain."

"Ay, if the people of England only keep true to their religion," said Father Granville; "if Wycliffism does not continue to spread, as alas! I fear it may; if covetous men do not seize the property of the church and destroy our monasteries, it is not unreasonable to hope that one of these days, with more schooling and with increased intelligence, we may be able to found a Christian commonwealth."

"Yes, yes," said Father Godmund, "a Christian commonwealth. It may be a long way off; we may have to go through

* Lingard, Henry IV., *Disembowelling of Sir Thomas Blount.*

† Trevelyan, *England in the Days of Wycliffe*, p. 247.

many tribulations before it comes, but for that blessed day let us wait and hope and pray."

Just as he finished these words the room became very much darker, the wind outside blew more furiously than ever, and what must surely have been an earthquake shook the building. It startled Father Godmund and Father Granville, and as they were looking at each other and wondering what was going to happen an immense stone from one of the towers of the monastery crashed through the roof and fell right between them without touching them. It was indeed a most miraculous escape from death, and dropping upon their knees they offered to God a prayer of thanks for their deliverance. They were still upon their knees when, strange to tell, the wind all at once subsided, then the clouds broke apart, and the sunbeams streaming in through the shattered roof lit up every nook and corner of the room.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!" cried Father Godmund, clasping his friend's hand, who was trembling with emotion. "And so may it be with dear Durham Abbey: Gloria in excelsis Deo!" answered Father Granville. "Evil days may be coming, but in the end our dear Lord will give to us again sunshine and peace."

BY RICHARD STEARNS.

CHAPTER I.

IT had been sultry all day, and the low rumble of distant thunder was ominous. From a veranda which overlooked the Potomac, Captain John Carlton was watching the fast approaching shower, and the lowering clouds that folded themselves about the neighboring hills. Soon large drops began to fall, and the stately row of hemlocks that guarded the way from the mansion to the road waved wildly, and shook the wet from their limbs, as the gusts of wind passed down the line.

The house was one of those good old-fashioned manors found scattered all through Virginia and the South. It was low and long, with the servants' quarters at the extreme right, while at the left might be seen the family chapel, a picturesque old building of Gothic architecture, completely clothed with a rich growth of ivy. The granaries, once so well stored with golden corn and undoubtedly the scene of many an animated husking-bee, were now empty and passing into decay. It was a grand place for pondering over the past, for dreaming of the future.

President Lincoln had just issued his first call for volunteers, and Captain Carlton, favoring the cause of the North, had been among the foremost to respond. He was going to leave his mother and little sister Lucy that very night, and a gloom was over everybody and everything. When evening came the storm had spent itself, and the captain, after bidding his mother and sister an affectionate farewell, departed. Little Lucy could not realize what it all meant, and in after years all she remembered of her brother's departure was his gay uniform as he went dashing away on horseback into the night.

Years rolled by and Lucy grew to womanhood. A fairer creature there never was in all the country round; always cheerful, always bright, and possessing one of the happiest of natures. Having received her education at home, she had been well instructed in the teachings of the Episcopal belief, and it was a joy to her mother, and a source of consternation to her many friends and admirers, when she one day announced her wish to join the Episcopal sisterhood. Not many months after, her desire was fulfilled.

Her first year in the community was a happy one. It seemed a foretaste of Heaven, and as the delicate flower is warmed and strengthened by the sun's rays, so was she warmed and strengthened by the fire of Divine Love. But a time came when there seemed to be something wanting to make her happiness complete. An indescribable something, she knew not what; but the ways of God are great, unspeakably great, and He knew, and it was pleasing to Him that after a year of unrest she should again return to her own.

Again she entered society and mingled with her friends, many of whom openly told her that they knew she would return, while others said that they were glad she "had not lost all her good sense," as they expressed it. But Lucy was yet to give them a greater surprise, though at that time she herself knew it not.

Among her many friends the one who was most dear to her was Agnes Raymond, a Catholic. They had grown up together from childhood, and though near neighbors, their mutual friendship and sympathy led them to visit each other for days at a time. They were together very often after her return home, and on one of her visits to Agnes, Lucy opened at random a volume of Cardinal Newman's works, the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and read these words: "From the time I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate, for I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever." Can this be true? she thought, and read on: "I have been in perfect peace and never had one doubt. I had not more fervor, but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness remains to this day without interruption."

On her way home Lucy turned these words over and over in her mind: "no anxiety of heart," "perfect peace," "never

had one doubt," and wondered if there could be such "happiness" in this life. Had Newman found in the Catholic Church that something, that indescribable something, which was wanting in her life as a sister? Could she find it? The seed of inquiry had fallen on good ground and had taken root deep down in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

One beautiful sunny morning in May, when Father Harkins was in the garden among his flowers, which he himself cared for and dearly loved, he heard "Miss Lu," as old Uncle 'Rasmus called her, speaking to him from the road. This did not surprise him, however, for they were old friends; in fact, he had known her from her infancy, and many a kindly word had passed between them. He had been gathering a bunch of early roses for the Blessed Virgin's altar, and placing them carefully on an old rustic bench, he approached the gate with his usual greeting, "God bless you, my child; what has brought you here so early this morning?"

What was his surprise, while struggling with the latch, which had become swollen with the rain, when he heard Lucy say: "Father Harkins, I want to be a Catholic, and have come to be instructed."

"But, my child—" Father Harkins began.

"There is no but about it, father; I am in earnest and want to learn the great truths of your faith, and—"

"But tell me," broke in the astonished priest, "what has been the cause of this most sudden and unexpected change in your ideas?"

"Unexpected it is, I admit," Lucy replied, "but it is not sudden. For two years past I have been turning this question over in my mind as a result of my having read by chance a passage from Newman. After that I read all his works, and at last am convinced that I have been only an imitator, and wish to embrace the truth."

Rarely did Lucy ever make such a lengthy speech, and Father Harkins in his confusion began to mumble something about Captain John Carlton, but remembering a promise made many years before he checked himself; the time for disclosing his secret had not yet come. "All right, my little catechu-

men," he added; "God's holy will be done. Let us have our first lesson this morning."

From that day forth the instructions went on regularly, and often the old priest was surprised how readily his young pupil accepted the teachings of Holy Mother Church. "Surely," he would say to himself after Lucy had left him,—"surely it is the work of the Holy Spirit." In due time the sunshine of God's grace dispersed all clouds, penetrated the very depths of her soul, and warmed her heart; and on the feast of our Blessed Mother's Nativity she became a member of the true fold of Christ and made her first Communion.

Although her mother had given her consent, still it was a shock to her, for she had become a great invalid; but seeing her daughter's happiness she was resigned, and even began to question within herself what it was that made her child so completely happy. It may have been her daughter's prayers and example, or it may have been the voice of God speaking directly to her soul; or again, the prayers of another gone before, that led her on; for when told that she was dying, Mrs. Carlton asked for Father Harkins. The good man came to her bedside, and having heard from her own lips that she desired to die a Catholic, he prepared her for death. When she had made her confession Mrs. Carlton sent for Lucy, for she wished to tell her something of importance; but all Lucy could catch from her mother's words were, "Your brother John"—"the war"—"Catholic," for Mrs. Carlton died almost immediately after Father Harkins had left her.

Now Lucy was alone. Many valuable documents relative to her mother's estate were brought to her by the family lawyer, a promising young man from Richmond; and among other things a package of letters, many of which had been written during the Civil War, twenty years before. She found one from her brother, Captain Carlton, written to his mother just two weeks after his departure in the spring of 1861. What a revelation was in store for her! Now she was to learn Father Harkins' secret, and what it was that her mother had wished to make known to her. It was a loving letter, and stated briefly that should anything befall him he wished her to know that only a month before leaving home he had been received by Father Harkins into the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote that it was his earnest prayer that some day she and his little

"ONE WAS FROM HER BROTHER."

sister Lucy would also become members of the one true fold of Jesus Christ. What a mystery of grace! God in His mercy had watched over them, and in His own way had led them step by step to the threshold of His sanctuary. Lucy now possessed the graces of her brother's prayers, and no doubt he had long been praying for her in heaven. He was killed in the battle of Gettysburg.

Just as Lucy finished reading her brother's letter, Father Harkins was announced. She ran to the veranda to meet him, and before he had time to speak Lucy put the letter into his hands, saying: "O Father! read this, read this; are not the

ways of God wonderful? As Father Harkins read the letter the tears began to roll down his wrinkled cheeks. When he had finished it he exclaimed: "My call this morning is useless; it was to tell you what you have read here that I came."

"Not useless, father," Lucy replied, "for you are just in time to rejoice with me; but tell me, why did you not let me know about my brother's conversion before?"

The old priest took the chair which Lucy had brought for him, and then told her that at the time of her brother's conversion Mrs. Carlton was bitterly opposed to Catholicism, and that he had promised Captain Carlton not to say anything about his conversion to his mother or sister unless they entered the church.

"It is but a week since your good mother became a Catholic," he added; "and this is the first opportunity I have had since, of speaking with you. I did not know of this letter before; now you know all."

Five years later, on just such a day as that when Captain Carlton went away, old Uncle 'Rasmus was heard talking half to himself and half to "Miss Lu's" little boy. "Why, bless yo' soul," the old man was saying, "when dat las' clap come an' de lightnin' flew roun' like it was off de track, I was sho de crack o' doom was right yer at de back do', an' ma hair stood up on en'."

"I don't see how that could be, Uncle 'Rasmus," the little fellow remarked, "because you have n't got any."

Just then the dinner horn sounded, and the old man, turning to the little boy, exclaimed: "Go 'way, honey; I reckon it's 'bout time yo' was gettin' hungry"; and Francis, wondering what kind of a thing the "crack o' doom" was, ran to his father on the veranda, who long since had given up his trust as family lawyer to Carlton Manor.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

BY WILLOUGHBY BRAITHWAITE.

WHEN a convert, coming from England, who has spent many years in the Anglican ministry, first arrives in America, one of the first questions he is asked is: "Why does not the great movement that has now been going on in the Anglican Church for upwards of sixty years bear greater fruits? Surely those who imitate so closely in their worship and doctrine the Catholic Church must begin to feel and know by this time that they are outside the one fold. And yet, though we hear of isolated and frequent conversions, we do not see that general conversion of large numbers which characterized the earlier years of the Tractarian Revival. Why is this?"

As an Englishman who has ministered for several years in the Anglican Church, and who has known most of the leaders of the modern Ritualistic party, I know of the numerous causes which combine to prevent any great secession such as the ones which characterized the years 1840–1851. It is well known that every great movement has a tendency, when its original leaders have passed away, to somewhat change its course, and after a time to lose the enthusiasm and vigor which marked its origin. If it cannot win all along the line, it settles down into a dull respectability or a sullen defiance of authority. If I were asked if the Oxford Movement had spent its force, I should say that its original aim, namely, the restoration of the Catholic authority of the episcopate, and the frank study of the Catholic Fathers with a view to the discovery of the truth, and not to clever special pleading, has been turned aside. However, it still continues to raise the ritual and worship of the Established Church in the direction of Catholicity, and therefore it removes prejudice from the minds of thousands who never dream of listening to the voice of the Catholic Church, thereby indirectly substituting Catholic truth.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the whole attitude of the modern Ritualistic party towards the Catholic Church is entirely different from what it was forty or fifty years ago. The first Tractarians turned to Rome with deep reverence

and regard; they were conscious that while the English Church had largely lost or overlooked Apostolic truths, here was the greatest and grandest portion of the church still adhering to the whole counsel of God, still witnessing boldly through good report and evil report for the truth of those doctrines which they were striving to impress on the mind of the English people. They admired and tried to imitate the lives of her saints, they studied with a single-hearted purpose of discovering the truth in the works of her doctors and of the Catholic Fathers, they reverenced authority, and never did they permit themselves to speak harshly of what they considered her faults. And the result of such devout, careful study is known: under the providence of God it led them into their true home, the Catholic Church.

But a new school was springing up, a school possessing perhaps far more worldly wisdom, more love of notoriety, but much less self-denial and learning than the early Tractarians. And the new Ritualistic school declared that these conversions to the faith must be stopped, a different line must be taken, the old gentleness and courtesy must be laid aside. From this period we can date the rise of the school of controversialists such as Littledale, men whose work it was to keep possible converts out of the Catholic Church at any cost. Ridicule the church, shower mud on her priests, insult her saints, garble and falsify quotations, and make a mockery of many sacred things; this was the method used, and how fearfully it recoiled on its authors, when those who had learned to deride the church, through the instrumentality of "Plain Reasons," carried principles to their logical conclusion, and derided supernatural religion altogether. There have been, and still are, men in the Anglican communion who with a single-hearted devotion work for the good of souls, firmly believing they are working for a portion of God's Church; but in too many cases bitterness and hatred have supplanted the quiet, prayerful, loving attitude of the men of 1844.

The early reverence for the authority of the bishops has disappeared as well. No one who reads the writings of Dr. Newman, while still an Anglican, can fail to be struck by the deference and respect which he and his friends show to their fathers in God. "A Bishop's lightest words," he says, "are heavy." To them he is the successor of the Apostles, the divinely ordained pastor of the flock of Christ, the source of all jurisdiction in his diocese. And so, when the Bishop of Oxford

expresses doubts as to the wisdom of Tract 98, Newman at once hastens to assure him of his obedience. But all that was changed by the new school. Finding that the bishops hesitated to approve of all the new Ritual developments and doctrinal teaching which were being introduced; and that their innate conservatism and their knowledge of the English Prayer Book and its history prevented their sanctioning the alterations that were being made in the services, a new tone towards them was adopted. Any one who reads the early files of the *Church Times* or *Church Review* will see, over and over again, the Right Rev. Fathers in God bullied, hectored, told that they were antiquated old fossils, traitors, and enemies to Catholic truth. I have heard a well-known Ritualist say that the bishops ought to be shut up, and only let out to ordain and confirm! That this attitude has to a slight extent changed lately, is due not to an increasing respect for the bishops, but to the fact that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone have largely replaced the old Low-Church bishops with prelates of a more High-Church school, who have donned cope and mitre, and occasionally take part in quite advanced functions. Woe betide one of these prelates, though, if he chance to offend the Ritualists in any way; he is at once reminded that the spirit of abuse is still alive, and that if he does not comply with their requirements, the showers of newspaper venom will again be hurled at his devoted head.

But there are now signs of a further change still. It will be fresh in our readers' memory that a few years ago, on an appeal being made to the Archbishop of Canterbury as to the legality of incense and processional lights in Divine Service, he held a court, heard arguments for and against their use, and finally decided that incense, used ceremonially, and processional lights were both illegal in the Established Church. The advanced clergy, hurriedly summoned together by the English Church Union and the Society of the Holy Cross, had held a meeting at which they declared their intention to adhere, at all costs, to the use of the condemned ceremonial; and remembering how they had fought the bishops about vestments, lights, and the eastward position, everybody expected another great struggle. But this time the bishops were wiser men, and with singular discretion adopted the maxim, "Divide et impera." They let it become known that they would harry no cleric about such details of ceremonial as vestments, lights, or

the eastward position; nay, they would consider them loyal sons of the Establishment and visit their churches to preach and confirm. But should any Anglican minister continue to use incense ceremonially or to carry lights in procession, he would be ostracized, and the light of his diocesan's countenance would cease to shine on him. At once a division began: many thought that, having gained so much, why struggle for more? Many professed a zeal for episcopal control which conveniently hid a dislike for personal inconvenience, and many earnest men felt that an opportunity for peace had come. With but few exceptions the condemned points were given up in every diocese, some bishops sanctioning a method of using incense which was certainly not ceremonial because it was a method no one had ever heard of before. Some stalwarts, however, all over the country, have sturdily refused to pay any deference whatever to their bishop's orders, and reap a due reward; the bishop will not confirm in their churches, nor will he allow them any curates; they are episcopally boycotted.

It is interesting, in this connection, to notice that Dr. Ingram, the Protestant Bishop of London, has just sanctioned a prosecution against an incumbent in his diocese who goes to extremes and makes use in his church of the Rosary, Benediction, votive candles, devotions to the Sacred Heart, and other portions of Catholic worship, which, however beautiful and appropriate in the Catholic Church, can hardly be said to be provided for by the Book of Common Prayer. This prosecution seems to mark a further step in the bishops' clever move to separate the sheep from the goats, the very advanced men from their more moderate brethren; and to prevent the great bulk of the powerful High-Church party from coming to the support of the attacked extremists, as they did in days gone by, when a less extravagant ritual was attacked. The cry now raised will be "Stick to the Prayer Book; we grant you that the Ornaments Rubric allows the use of lights, vestments, wafer bread, and the eastward position of the celebrant; but the Rosary, Benediction, votive candles, you cannot defend them; they are frankly Romish, and as such you must aid us in suppressing them."

It is this tendency in the English Church which I wish to emphasize as marking, to my mind, a complete change in the trend of the modern Ritualistic movement. The Anglican bishops are wisely doing now what they should have done years ago, and are seeking to lead the movement themselves and thus

to consolidate the Establishment. People in America have no idea of the strength of the idea of Establishment in the mind of the leading and governing clergy of the English Church, and the strong tinge of Erastianism it gives to their religion. If I were asked what has kept together in our National Church men of four or five different religions, what has prevented the split which, over and over again, has seemed on the point of taking place, I should reply, "The Establishment." It is like an iron band round a weak body welding all into one. Ever since the days of "Good Queen Bess" the Anglican bishops, with few exceptions, have been Erastian to the core, always ready to support the state, always demanding the support of the state in return. Their cry has ever been, "The Church in danger"; the Establishment must be saved at all costs. This feeling, amongst others, has tended very largely to retain even the extreme men within her ranks. "Who, if we go, will get those glorious cathedrals, those numerous beautiful churches which stud the land? They will be desecrated, or devoted to heretical worship. The endowments of our pious Catholic ancestors will be alienated to secular purposes." Such are the inducements which, *inter alia*, make men feel it is their duty to remain where they are, and to convert the English nation to a stately and Catholic National Church, in which they shall be free to teach the whole faith,

"Spartam nactus es, hanc orna."

The Englishman, too, loves compromise; you have only to read history to see that. Here is a great national church, reformed by Englishmen, he will tell you, yet retaining in her beautiful Prayer Book the essentials of the Catholic Faith. Her bishops have the old titles, they trace their unbroken line from St. Augustine, they minister in their old cathedrals, and the English liturgy is dear to thousands of Englishmen who, Sunday after Sunday, worship within the walls of their venerable fanes. It is a system which suits English people, it has a certain amount of respectable antiquity, and yet it conforms to the new ideas in many ways. Tell your Englishman to study history, to read who were the fathers of the Anglican Establishment, to investigate the changes of Elizabeth's reign; point out to him that no one else in the world allows his claims; that the Catholic Church rejects his orders, and questions his jurisdiction;

that his fellow-Protestants ridicule his belief of an Apostolic succession or a visible church on earth,—still, like the ostrich, he buries his head in the sand and refuses to look up.

We Catholics, then, must not be surprised if, for the reasons I have advanced, conversions from the Establishment in England should continue for the present to be few in number. God has done great things for us in the past, whereat we rejoice. He has worked, and is still working, in the great movement which, beginning with a few men in Oxford, has revolutionized the whole face of the Anglican Church. But I cannot help feeling that the movement has reached its high-water mark, and that it will now tend to settle down and consolidate into a respectable uniformity. What will become of the very advanced men of the Establishment remains to be seen. Either they must conform to the new ritual standard the bishops have set up, or deserted as they will now be by the old-fashioned High-Church party, they must leave the church, to set up a new small schism, or, which God grant, to become Catholics. It may be, however, that the bold profession of open unbelief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity which not a few of its highly placed clergy are now making, will lead many a devout soul to see that his home cannot be in such a city of confusion, and that God is not the author of discord, but of unity.

But if this seems to be true of the immediate future, another aspect of the horizon is full of hope. There is no longer the tendency to Agnosticism and infidelity, covert or open, that existed some twenty years ago. It has been said by an eminent authority that Darwinism is on its death-bed. I am assured that this great phenomenon is as manifest in America as in England, and that on all sides people are throwing away the unsatisfactory theory of a Divinity who, having poised this world in space and set it revolving, troubles not himself with mundane affairs. The day of Colonel Ingersoll is at an end here, as the day of Agnosticism is finished in England. Twenty-five years ago Infidelity and Agnosticism were far stronger in England than they are now; their influence has been steadily declining. The signs of the times are full of hope, and the twentieth century dawns on a people which knows and feels its need for a personal Saviour, a God who loves each one and is the Father of all mankind. Even the very popularity of the

religious play in our theatres, trivial though it may seem to some, is a straw which shows the way the wind blows. Works which deal with the life and personality of our Lord have a ready sale, and not only the larger and costlier ones are in demand, but cheap editions for the masses are disposed of as fast as they are produced. The increased zeal for foreign missions and the eager desire to hear more about their working and methods, the gathering of large missionary conventions, are all signs of a renewed and deeper faith.

But if this new century is to see the rise and growth of a greater and more living Faith, it is perfectly certain that such a movement cannot stop there. It must go on, growing in volume and force as it proceeds; and herein lies the hope for the future. The earnest inquirer who has learned the beauty and personality of God will not long be content with the manifold contradictions and inconsistencies of popular Protestantism. He will be led on to inquire further, and he will find himself confronted by the spectacle of a great, unvarying Catholic Church, always the same throughout all ages, ever claiming to be the teacher and repository of Divine Truth, and always surviving shocks which would long ago have destroyed any merely human institution. Ephemeral forms of religion pass and have their day; she alone stands and hands down the truth unchanged—"*quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus.*"

So we may boldly look forward to the future, and feel that in the reviving faith of humanity lies the germ of a vast accession to the ranks of the church in the future. Even if for the immediate present we must cease to expect the great flow of converts which marked the early years of the Oxford movement, we can confidently look forward to the time when a new generation, full of faith in a personal Christ, shall be led on calmly and dispassionately to examine the claims of the Catholic Church as their forefathers did some fifty years ago. Such an attitude of mind can only have the same result as it had then, namely, the submission of devout souls to the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. This, I firmly believe, will be the outcome of the great religious movement on which we are now entering, the movement through which God, who has already wrought so great things for us, intends to bring an ever increasing number of our separated brethren to the one true fold.

THE MASSIVE BRIDGE LEADING TO ROTHENBURG.

THE GERMAN JERUSALEM.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

A VERY hot, airless afternoon found two weary travellers trying to keep cool under the flickering shade of the vine-covered summer-house behind Steinach railway station, on the line from Ansbach to Nüremberg, for, fired with tales of the wonders of Rothenburg-an-der-Tauber, we had determined to judge for ourselves whether the German Jerusalem merited the lavish praise heaped upon it. At last the sleepy little train, which connects the main line with Rothenburg, got up its steam, and we proceeded to creep slowly uphill through an undulating and richly wooded country, where, under the burning July sun, golden wheat-fields were ripening between patches of beech, oak, and firwoods, with here and there a village nestling in the hollow. At the end of an hour and a half we were landed at the station of Rothenburg; no sign of the town could we see, but after ten minutes' drive in a stuffy little omnibus, passing under an old stone gateway, the Röderthor, we suddenly found ourselves within a walled city with massive bastions, moat, and forts all intact.

As far back as 942 Rothenburg is spoken of as a town, and from 1214 to 1803 it was a free city of the Empire, but after that date became the property of Bavaria. During the Thirty

Years' War it was constantly besieged and taken, and its streets ran with blood. In 1543 the inhabitants embraced the Reformed faith, and of its many churches at the present day only two belong to Rome. The name of Rothenburg is derived from *Rotinburc*, meaning "the Red City," or "Fortress within Forest clearings," and is singularly appropriate to its red-tiled houses and sandstone buildings. Situated two thousand feet above sea-level, it stands two hundred feet above the bed of the River Tauber, as it winds in the green valley below; the town wall to the west runs along its edge, and far away beyond the river low hills rise against the horizon.

The whole place is in keeping; everything is harmonious, everything in this wonderful little town seems to make a picture of some middle-age date transposed to the opening days of the twentieth century; weeks might be spent discovering hidden beauties and fresh surprises in the quaint old houses (1400 or 1500), with their gable ends, dormer windows, sloping red roofs, richly wrought iron balconies, and gratings as delicate as filigree work, affording glimpses into dusky interiors with beautiful old doorways leading to oaken staircases, groined ceilings, or grassy courtyards shaded by magnificent lime-trees which, at the time of our visit, filled the air with the sweet scent of their blossoms. In the open spaces stand fountains surmounted by mailed warriors, griffins, or mermaids; little gardens gay with flowers occupy every available corner in the most unlikely places, while brilliant geraniums and carnations enliven many a window. It requires no stretch of imagination to people these roughly paved streets and old houses with the burghers of six hundred years ago, and to fancy knights and high-born ladies moving about to the clang of steel and stamping of horses. The towns-people of the present day take a touching and honest pride in their beautiful town, and such inscriptions as the following may be read on many of the more modern houses:

"Der Stadt zur Würde; Dem Platz zur Zierde,
Und mir zur Freude,—Steht dies Gebäude."

New buildings are all erected in keeping with the old style, and repairs, when needful, are executed in such a manner as to carry on the past; there is not a jarring nineteenth century note to mar the harmony of this mediæval German town, and as we wandered through its streets, we almost wondered whether

the reverse of Rip Van Winkle's experience had been ours, and we had awoke six centuries earlier than our last conscious moment, so perfect was the illusion. It is not that there are a few picturesque buildings and beautiful churches, as at Nüremberg, but here each one is perfect and unique of its kind. The streets have fresh, breezy names, such as: Rosmarin Gasse, Erbsen-gässchen, Förstergasse, etc., suggesting visions of country sights and sounds within city walls; signboards of old-world design hang out from the inns: Zum Rothin Hahn, Zum Bäron, Zum Goldenen Lamm, caught our eye, and on the last is recorded that shepherds used to meet here to dance and feast on their annual festival!

One curious fact strikes the wanderer: all the churches are built in the Gothic style, while the secular buildings follow that of the Renaissance. Encircled by fortified walls, Rothenburg boasts of six gateways and thirty-three towers, each perfect and differing from all the others; round or square, lantern-crowned or turreted, these many towers break the sky-line, and form one of the most characteristic features of the place.

Coming from the station, the town is entered by the Röderthor, with its double moat and walls, from which jut out strange little lodges and turrets; crossing a wooden bridge, and passing under another gateway (the "innerer Röderthor"), we find ourselves in a wide street, where the houses all have richly ornamented gables and roofs sloping at many diverse angles; this leads us to the Marktplatz, a fine open square in which stands the magnificent Rathhaus, the older Gothic portion dating from 1240, with a splendid square tower one hundred and eighty feet high, surmounted by four colossal stone figures, and a charming bell cupola. This tower is said to have been set on fire by storks in 1501 out of revenge for the act of one of the watchers, who threw down their nest with the young birds; the chronicle relates how "the parent storks returned with a lighted straw, and the tower was burnt throughout internally, though the massive walls resisted." One of the watchers and his wife perished in the flames; the other saved himself by crawling out onto one of the stone figures, and then jumping down onto heaped-up bedding in the street below. Each Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday a chorale is played on the top platform of this tower, a verse to each quarter of the compass, and watchers keep guard both day and night. Inside the Rathhaus is a

FOUNTAIN SURMOUNTED BY ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

magnificent hall, one hundred feet long, lit by windows on one side; it has an oak ceiling, and battle-pieces decorate the walls. In a press of Renaissance design, standing against the north end of the hall, rest the six original keys of the outer city gates, till on such occasion as the visit of any sovereign to Rothenburg, they are laid on a cushion, with an ancient crown, and carried in solemn state before the kingly visitor. At the opposite south end is preserved a presentment of the Last Judgment, carved in stone, in Gothic style and colored; it dates from 1200, and was originally in the Franciskanerkirche, whence it was removed to its present position as being an appropriate decoration to the Hall of Justice, and before which jurors had to swear that they would administer justice faithfully and without prejudice.

Later in the sixteenth century an addition was made to the Rathhaus in the Renaissance style, with a fine, porticoed door-

way, now moss-grown and decaying, an oriel window, and a spiral staircase of good design; but this was thrown out to the back, and divided by a courtyard from the older work. To connect the two a bridge was thrown across part of the court, and the whole offers a curious case of the silent protest of the older construction against the presence of its younger rival.

Other lovely old houses bound the square. The Herren Trinkstube, dating from 1406, is now the post-office; here, in olden days, many a knotty point, left undecided in the council chamber at the forenoon meeting, was amicably settled over a foaming tankard in the evening. Another is the original Rathhaus, which, after serving successively as a dancing-hall and a slaughter-house, has now been converted into a museum, where are displayed a miscellaneous collection of old Bibles, pottery, ancient furniture, prints, pewterware, for which Rothenburg is renowned, mediæval costumes, etc. In front of this antiquated building stands a lovely Gothic fountain, the Herterich Brunnen, over which St. George and the Dragon mount guard. Wandering on we come to the Weisser Turm, adjoining which is the "Juden Tanzhaus," now a private residence richly adorned with gables and oriels; here another fountain breaks the stillness of the midsummer day, and for the moment seems to cool our temperatures, as we pause to examine the female figure with a mirror in hand who presides over the sparkling spring. A sharp turn down another street lands us in the square of the Jacobskirche, one of the finest Gothic churches of Bavaria. Raised on the site of an earlier sanctuary, the existing building was of slow growth, its foundation stone being laid on St. James' Day, 1373, though not completed till 1471. The delay is attributable to the fact that the whole cost of its erection was defrayed by subscriptions of one *heller* (1–16 of a penny), from the peasants and burghers, which habit would seem to have become second nature to the inhabitants, who at the present day all drop the equivalent of that sum into the building and repair-fund collecting box as they enter the church. Two square sandstone towers rise at the west end, differing from each other in style and height, though both surmounted by pierced steeples, and adorned with flying buttresses. The lack of symmetry is thus explained by tradition: the architect, whose name history ignores, built the one on the south side,

his pupil that on the north; but when completed, the latter was so much the finer and more graceful, that the unhappy master, in a fit of jealous frenzy, threw himself from the top, a ghastly record of which is the effigy of a man sliding from the roof, still to be seen from the south-east side of the building.

QUAINT OLD HOUSES WITH GABLE ENDS TO THE STREET.

Access to the church is by a strangely small and insignificant door, but is accounted for by the fact that in olden days when churches were surrounded by cemeteries, and protected by high walls, there were only one or two narrow entrances provided, however imposing the structure might otherwise be. The interior is simple, but very striking; there is no transept, and the lofty nave is separated from the side aisles by twelve massive columns; these columns—from which springs the groined roof—are decorated with statues of saints and apostles. The stained glass windows, dating from the fourteenth century, represent the fall of manna in the wilderness. The reredos of the high altar is a wondrous specimen of wood-carving by Wohlgemuth, the master of Albert Dürer, representing the twelve Apostles, St. Peter being distinguished by what would seem to be a pince nez! On one of the wings of the predella

is a very ancient representation of Rothenburg on a gold ground. Against the wall on the gospel side is the "Sacrament House," or Tabernacle; it is carved in stone in high relief and painted; originally in the older church, it was preserved and set up in its present position. Very curious is its representation of the Trinity: God the Father pointing to His Crucified Son, to whom He is united by the Holy Ghost in semblance of a dove "proceeding from the mouth or beard of the Father and resting on the head of the Son." The altar dedicated to the Virgin in the north aisle was formerly in the Spitalkirche; it portrays scenes from her life, and is held to be the work of the celebrated Würzburger sculptor Riemenschneider, the undoubted author of the Heiliges Blut altar, the bill for its costs having been discovered a few years ago. This altar is of the most exquisite delicacy and workmanship, and represents the entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, and a scene on the Mount of Olives; it will bear the most minute examination, every trifling detail being perfect. A drop of the Most Precious Blood is preserved in the crystal ball which surmounts it, and in former days, when the church still belonged to the Catholics, this relic attracted crowds of pilgrims from all parts of Germany.

Under the organ loft is the bust of the Baroness von Seldeneck, the ruins of whose castle may still be seen on a hill an hour's drive from Rothenburg. She endowed the west choir, and seems to have been a dame of imperious character, as chronicles relate that she used to ride to church with her sister; "when they were seen from the church tower to leave Seldeneck, the bell began to ring, and continued until they entered the church."

A number of old pictures and figures which used to stand at the entrance of the church are now preserved in the Chapel of the Precious Blood, with a "wonderful pulpit hour-glass that until recently was used in the church; its four glasses were timed for a quarter of an hour, half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, and an hour." A legend relates that once upon a time when a peasant, on a holyday, was driving his team with terrible oaths under the arch adjoining this chapel, the devil suddenly shot out of the gate, seized the man, and threw him up against the arch; the corpse fell to the ground, but the poor soul remained hanging against the wall, where it may still

be seen at the present day, in the shape of a large, dark, yellow stain.

Near the church, with a picturesque flight of stone steps, is a lovely old house all covered by flowers and creepers, inhabited by the sexton, and adjoining are the remains of the Chapel of St. Michael, which was the most beautiful Gothic structure in Bavaria, built in 1440; it was pulled down in 1814. Within its walls the university students had to preach their first sermon on approval. Turning south, down a lane, we reach the

EVERY BY-WAY TEEMS WITH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Herren Gasse, a magnificent broad street shaded on either side by a row of lime-trees, and with yet another picturesque fountain half way down its length. Formerly all the houses here were inhabited by patricians and nobles, and mural tablets on several record the fact that their walls once sheltered distinguished or royal guests, such as the Archbishop of Mainz in 1474, the Emperor Frederick III. in 1475, King Ferdinand in 1540, etc. Where all are lovely it is hard to particularize, but perhaps the most beautiful of these houses are the so-called Brodhaus, and that belonging to the family of Von Staudt.

The latter, dating from 1400, has the most enchanting old-world court and tangled garden, with a well in the centre, grass-grown seats, lichen-covered statues half hidden by clambering ivy, and a vine-covered pergola throwing flickering shade onto the sward below; it is like a scene in a fairy tale. Here, indeed, might "Dörnröschen" of the old German saga lie asleep in the green, sunlit solitude, waiting for the prince to come and wake her. Nearly opposite this house is the Franciskanerkirche, in which are buried all the great men of Rothenburg. The church is early Gothic, and was built in the thirteenth century. The interior consists of "three aisles and a flat roof, which is divided from the lower aisles by ten heavy stone pillars without capitals." The floor is entirely composed of tombstones bearing the coats-of-arms of the noblest families, and the whole church is full of curious monuments, grave-stones, and figures propped up against the pillars; one of these is that of Dietrich von Berlichingen, grandfather of the famous Götz. Very quaint are the figures of Hans von Beubndorf and his wife, and the "monument of a Swedish officer, who fell in the storming of Rothenburg by Tilly, and whose doublet, found in the grave, is in the Chapel of the Precious Blood." The altar, painted by Wohlgemuth, represents scenes from the life of St. Francis.

At the end of the Herren Gasse stands the Burgthor which leads into the lovely Burg garden, whence, under the dense shade of fine old trees, there is a glorious view down over the Tauber, with the village of Dettwang in the distance, the hill of Engelsburg opposite, and the picturesque little house known as the Topplerschlösschen below. The name of Toppler, the great burgermaster, who lived in the fourteenth century, and did more for Rothenburg than any of her sons, meets one at every turn. His house, now the "Goldener Greif," is in the Schmied Gasse, and is one of the most beautiful in the town, while the Topplerschlösschen down in the valley was his country-house, where he received his friend the Emperor Wenzel. Toppler fell a victim to the envy of his fellow-statesmen, who, falsely accusing him of treason, threw him into one of the subterranean dungeons of the Rathhaus, where he died a despised captive, after having spent his whole life in devotion to the welfare of his native town.

Returning through the Burgthor, and passing down the Klingen Gasse, we come to another grand gateway, the Klin-

THE TOWN STILL PRESERVES ITS QUAINT MEDIÆVAL AIR.

genthor, just outside which stands the little church of St. Wolfgang, commonly known as the Shepherds' Church, because once a year a special service is held here for the shepherds and the blessing of their flocks. Inside is a fine groined roof and an exquisite bit of iron screen of the most delicate workmanship. Close by are three of the city's towers: the Todtengräberthurm, the Klosterthurm, and the Strafthurm, in which burghers used to be imprisoned for minor offences.

This completes the tour of the northern portion of the town. If we retrace our steps, and make for the opposite southern end, we come to the Spitalhof, quite a domain in itself. The Church of the Holy Ghost stands at the entrance of the immense grassy court, which is enclosed by its own walls and contains several separate buildings; the large hospital, with brilliant flowers adorning each window-box; the alms-

houses; an old granary known as the Ochsenbau, with high-pitched roof and tier upon tier of dormer windows with *œil de bœuf* panes; the beautiful little structure called the Hegenbereiter's Haus (the mounted watchmen whose duty in mediæval days was to watch the boundaries of the hospital), with a pointed octagon roof, round belfry, and clock-tower, and a long black and white building formerly used as a brewery. Magnificent lime-trees stand in the court, one of which, over five hundred years old, is a giant among trees, and the seats under their shade must indeed be grateful resting places for the hospital patients when convalescent. Originally founded in 1280 for pilgrims on their way to or from Rome or the Holy Land, the Spitalhof formed a little self-contained village; even now its vicar has nothing to do with the other clergy of the place, and is considered *extra muros*. Hours might be spent exploring this domain, which is one of the most fascinating spots in Rothenburg, where everything is beautiful.

Just outside the court, but within the Spital boundary, is the Ross Mühle, or horse-mill, a very massive building with powerful buttresses; it was built in those troublous times when it was advisable to have a mill inside the town walls, lest in case of siege the twenty mills on the Tauber had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Passing through the Spitalthor, guarded by one of the magnificent bastions from whose mouth cannon still look out over the tops of ancient walnut and lime-trees, we step out into an open, breezy space whence we look down on the river winding its way southwards between rows of poplars. To the left rises the Essigkrug, or vinegar flask, an isolated tower connected by an arch with the extreme angle of the city walls, one of the remnants of a stronghold of Duke Pharamond, who built it in the ninth century, saying: "I shall give the Suabes such a dose of vinegar as will set their teeth on edge when they come to it." The fortress, however, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1356, but near by is the fine Hundsturm (dog-tower) with its four little turrets.

But to grasp the entirely unique position of the town it is necessary to descend into the valley and view it from beneath; therefore, passing under the quaint Cobolzellerthor, the steep road lands us in ten minutes at the river level close to the fourteenth century bridge, with its double tier of arches; then

comes the Liebfrauenkirche, opposite which is a peculiarly shaped field known as the Herzacker, and a few steps further rises the Siech Haus (Leper's house), of the same date as the bridge, but now serving as an orphanage. Seen thus from below, outlined against the sky, Rothenburg presents all the appearance of a strongly fortified mediæval town, its walls pierced by loopholes, diversified by towers, bastions, and gateways, all perfect and intact, recalling one of those little walled towns which form the background of many a painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

THE INDIAN.

BY LOUISE F. MURPHY.

GONE are the solitudes; his race no more
Shall triumph o'er that wild and vast domain
Of forest, river, lake, and boundless plain,
The heritage of centuries before.
His tribes have vanished from each distant shore,
Where the blue lakes they loved in beauty chain;
A few sad children of his race remain
Like shadows ling'ring when the day is o'er.
An outcast in his own, his father's home;
A beggar in his kingdom forced to roam!
Ay, as the forest wild-flow'rs fade away
When trees are felled, and flames the light of day,
So dies a race when civ'lization's light
Burns with its glory, but with blinding blight.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER V.

PRIDE GOES BEFORE JOYCE'S FALL.

MRS. RAYMOND'S dream-draught acted well, and reacted illy. During her journey from Maintown her heart palpitated, pained acutely, then pulsated slowly and heavily, after a fashion it had affected more and more frequently, of late. The Paris specialist had banished narcotics in favor of gentle sedatives, limited stimulants to an occasional glass of dry champagne, or a sip at need of fine Cognac, and urged Madame to live, at least for a time, "the life simple, the life reposeful!" Dr. Castleton, summoned to Carruthdale on the morning following the arrival of its mistress, corroborated his Continental confrère.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life, and then comes the great struggle with temptation. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again.

"Effects, my dear Mrs. Raymond, inevitably follow causes," he reminded her; "and Nature's penalties are impossible to evade. Our strenuous life is so hard upon no one as upon the woman pressed to the social pace. There is no nerve-rest for her, no recuperating solitude and repose, no mental passivity. And the worst and most fateful phase of present conditions is Nature's spurt under the spur of artificial stimulation, in response to irrational demands. Human life at sustained high-pressure is a false and fatal life. What wonder that even young hearts fail, and vitality ebbs at its source? Mrs. Raymond, call a halt. The forced pace kills, eventually!"

Imogen, languid in an Oriental lounging-robe of lustreless white, pouted wilfully as she trifled with a starred-and-crescented case filled with Turkish cigarettes; at which Mam'selle, who was chaperoning the quasi-invalid, shook her head reproachfully.

"Lady Nicotine must go, I suppose," yielded Imogen, discarding the case. "But after all, doctor, your theories seem exclusively for feminine practice. Moderate stimulant and narcotic are man's elixir of life. Why deny it to the frailer sex?"

"Precisely because of its frailty, Mrs. Raymond. The strain and stress that ruder man stands with impunity strike at a woman's nerve-centres. In this age of feminine unrest, the vital forces already are sapped by ambition's consuming fever. Multiply external incentives to abnormal progression, and the increase of fashionable sanitariums is the pathetic,—the tragic result! The wreck of a woman is the fall of a star. Only God knows the souls that miss their home-way, because one woman-light sets prematurely."

"By 'abnormal progression' you mean—?"

"Deviation from natural feminine spheres;—the mistaken holocaust of the soul-life and heart-life which are the saving and immortal leaven of the human world, and committed to woman in trust for mankind,—upon the altar of activity industrial, social, or coldly intellectual. In other words, the sacrifice of the greater for the less!"

"What a prejudiced conservative! You believe only in the vocation of wives and mothers,—not in the independent woman-life,—not in the feminine career, whether social or professional,—not in sexless genius, even, and the 'divine right' of the artist born by chance a woman! Now, doctor, doctor!"

"I believe in the highest and broadest feminine evolution, Mrs. Raymond,—up to the line where the health and supreme prerogatives of womanhood are sacrificed, to the world's loss as well as to Eve's own! The industrial competition is modern woman's misfortune rather than her fault; yet voluntarily and most mistakenly she is discarding the tender womanliness whose preservation would idealize the realities of life. As for sexless genius, there is no such thing. The artist feminine steeps pen or brush in the heart-blood of her sex, or never creates the masterpiece that takes humanity by storm. But it is the social question only that applies to you, and both as physician and friend I would warn you against the fevered career whose means and end alike devitalize you. The social life of the gentlewoman has become the antithesis of the real life of the woman. Mrs. Raymond, disown the first, and try the second, if only by way of experiment. Believe me that it is the specific to which the woman-heart responds *con amore*. The abnormal life is a mere fancy,—a mistake. When the natural is reinstated, woman is herself again!"

Imogen, listening with an air of disdainful sufferance, calmly repossessed herself of the Turkish case, and daintily lighted a cigarette. She did not taste it. The audacity was simply her little defiance,—her riot-act,—her flaunt of feminine independence.

"After all," she evaded, with eyes on the fragrant flame, "my heart was but my excuse for a chat with you, doctor. A convert paying the penalty of his conversion suggests a spectacle of interest. One wonders if the spiritual game can prove worthy of the material candle, in this very material world!"

The convert laughed joyously.

"It does in my case, at least, Mrs. Raymond," he assured her. "Take the word of the struggling Catholic doctor before you, that he is a thousand times more enviable a man than Centreville's convictionless president!"

"Ah? And the struggling doctor's wife, Mrs. Castleton?"

"Religious conviction alone excepted, Ruth and I are one."

"Arcadians astray in this modern world! And your children?"

"My girls and boys, after the manner of unpoised and tempted youth, hunger now and then for the flesh-pots behind them; but my battle on home-ground is their spiritual provi-

dence. Already the paternal cause enlists their sympathy, and souls follow where hearts lead the way."

"Then you acknowledge a battle?"

"I thank God that I have not been spared the martial test which is the glory of the great Church Militant."

The handsome doctor looked every inch a gallant soldier of the Cross, which he bore on erect shoulders. The intellectual fire of his eyes, at once deepened and softened by spirituality, now had its tender as well as its immortal message for humanity of all classes. His splendid head, whose mass of iron-gray hair had seemed to blanch visibly on the night when his conversion had been confessed to his wife, carried itself with gracious dignity rather than with its former proud imperiousness; and facial freshness, transiently blighted by mental struggle, was restored by long peace of spirit. Doctor Castleton's temporal way had resigned its roses, but his real self, his soul, had come into their own; and externals were but petty values.

Mrs. Raymond and Centreville's president never had been congenial; yet the doctor's face glowed at the reopening of Carruthdale. The familiar interior recalled dear memories, now the sweeter for their chastening sadness. Raymond's presence seemed sensible, if not visible to his friend; the spiritual call of his alumnist Stephen was joyful news to him; and reunion with Mam'selle and his favorite Gladys was a social delight. But pain predominated as his handsome boy, Joyce, was discussed. For the result of godless education under his rule, he, the man who had resisted God, felt all-responsible. Joyce's valedictory, and after-words in his library, had recurred to him persistently. Now he knew that he had reason for regret.

"*How could I be answerable for souls,—for confiding, living souls, with the convictions which I had upon me?*"

The quotation once haunting him with its immortal challenge, was recalled by the jaunty sketch Imogen drew of Joyce,—soulless and worldly, it was easy to infer,—yet brilliant and successful,—a coming man in the West! The doctor's remorse for his dalliance smote him newly. For even this one living soul confided to him, how could he answer,—how?"

"Stay with us," he suggested to Imogen, earnestly. "Our bracing air and simple life will turn you out 'a new woman,' in a sense surpassing Eve's most up-to-date desire; and Stephen and Joyce will rally round you to the benefit of all con-

cerned. The students are in need of object-lessons. Centreville loses caste in losing Carruthdale. The college is not—what it was!"

"Blame its president's defection for that," taunted Imogen, rising. "My regards to Mrs. Castleton,—"

"She will call—"

"I regret that I must postpone the pleasure. Trains wait for no woman. We leave for the West,—to-night."

"Not to-night?" exclaimed the surprised Mam'selle, impulsively. "But this morning, it was to be the little stay of a week,—a month,—"

"*To-night*," repeated Imogen, with a flash of impatience. "But of course I speak only for myself, Mam'selle! You are welcome to remain as Carruthdale's chatelaine. You and Gladys must not discommode yourselves for me!"

"*Mais impossible*," murmured Mam'selle, making her exit with the doctor. She alluded not only to departure, but to Imogen's implied independence. The doctor smiled down at her roguishly.

"Few things are impossible to our young friend Mrs. Raymond," he said. "And there is one most probable possibility which above all others I hope soon to see fulfilled. A settled domestic life is the sole specific for Mrs. Raymond's heart. Artificial atmospheres blight a woman, soul and body, quite as surely as they blight a flower."

"But the good Monsieur Raymond her husband," objected Mam'selle, with a reproachful protest in her voice. In her virginal soul was a delicate loyalty, hurt by the suggestion of a successor to the departed. "She loved him at the last,—the poor child has told me. And, doctor,—woman-love implies faith!"

"Faith to love, yes, Mam'selle," smiled the doctor; "but in exceptional cases, love replaces the lover. To find love only to lose it is a crucial experience, and explains Mrs. Raymond's condition. Only when love substitutes love, will her heart be at peace. Ah, dear Mam'selle, these poor human hearts of ours!"

Imogen smiled astutely as the vocal murmur reached her. She suspected that she was the subject of discussion, but was far from imagining the doctor's sagacious conclusion. As yet she resisted clear self-knowledge, and had even less desire to

reveal herself to others. But as Carruthdale memories thronged upon her, escape from herself was impossible.

She arose,—her cruel little teeth visible against her underlip as she bit it in proud impatience of her womanly weakness,—and flinging her loosely sleeved arms over her head, paced the noble room in petulant restlessness. Carruthdale's library,—how it recalled scenes significant of the destiny facing her! The rugs she trod, and the tapestries she brushed against,—the shining marbles and bronze busts smiling or frowning at her from alcoves and corners, the subtle fragrance of the profusion of leather-bound books,—above all, the antique mirror reflective of significant soliloquy, revived memories which the present proved full of prophecy. As fulfilment neared, Imogen, like a woman, hesitated; foreknowing herself lost!

"*To-night you might be my Lady Buckingham or the Countess de Castlevieux—*"

Resistless memory forced her back to thoughts and words following Raymond's last exit from Carruthdale, when she had turned up the lights, as the cart flashed past the window, and mocked her beauty with reminders of its squandered chances of fortune.

Yet only recently, when despairing of Gladys, both the Count and Lord Buckingham, with others of their sort, had sued for the rich young widow's favor, they had been less surprised than Imogen herself to discover their titled suit vain. *Why?* She strove to evade the answer, but memory is a tyrant. She recalled her soliloquy to its end.

"*Or if love surpassed pride, at least the wife of some dashing young American Cæsar—*

The dashing young American Cæsar,—who was he? For whom, for what, had she put the ocean between her and her noble suitors? Over her shoulder, as on that remembered night, it seemed as if Joyce Josselyn's face smiled her answer. Again she heard his voice, panting, appealing,—boyishly shy, yet manfully audacious: "*Mrs. Raymond, I am going so far,—so far away! May I—might I—just kiss your hand?*"

She had been a wife then, and her hand had been denied his warm young lips, grateful and innocent as they were. But now, toward the vision, her white hand wavered! Then she resumed her seat, thinking—thinking.

Why had she tired of Europe,—Europe her ideal? Why had

she returned to America? Why was she homesick, heartsick for the West she had despised in Raymond's life-time? To advance paradoxically towards the truth, by means of even more remote memory,—why had her late-born love for her husband, blighted even in its seed, and the secret of the self-reproach torturing her widowhood,—found solace alone and only in thought or presence of Joyce Josselyn? Not, as she had fancied in her bewilderment, because his faith to Raymond compensated for her unfaith—his devotion for her indifference;—but, as she knew now, for the more simple, more womanly, more natural and intimate reason that love blighted in one bud had fructified in another;—that her heart once love-kindled, shrined a flame defying extinction: in short, that her suddenly softened womanhood, craving its complement of human youth, had rebounded from her husband's grave, revolted from the husks of the world that mocked it, and imperatively claimed its affinity.

It was new to Imogen to think deeply, to feel strongly; new to her to be introspective save in a superficial and selfish way: newest of all for her pride to be subordinated to more tender and selfless sentiment; and her heart resumed its painful palpitations as she wrestled with woman's sweet foe, love! In Europe, even in Maintown, her attraction towards Joyce had seemed but a fancy to indulge, an experiment to dare, an experience to test in sheer revulsion from monotony of convention, and emptiness of life. But now at Carruthdale, with significant memory vividly recalled to her, she realized for the first time that her thought of Joyce was no jest, but earnest; and that her life was on the verge of its momentous crisis, to be made or marred irrevocably to its end.

It was bitter for the cold woman to acknowledge love at all;—still more bitter for the proud woman to stoop to love, as the world would consider it. Joyce's father, his mother, the home of his youth rose before her. Her short lip curled superciliously, her jewelled hands clenched; she bowed her pale face to them as her foot tapped the rug impatiently. All in vain her resistance. Human heart, woman-sex, imperious love had spoken. With the audacity accepting the inevitable in disdain of futile resistance, she rose and pressed the electric bell.

"Tell Marie to pack at once," she commanded, when the summons was answered. "We shall leave Carruthdale to-night, for the West!"

"You may kiss my hand," she said, gaily greeting Joyce a week later,—a Joyce dazed by the surprise of a summons to the suddenly reopened Pacific Avenue house. "It is the reward I promised you for making your mark beyond the obscure rut of local journalism! I have crossed the ocean to congratulate you upon the Pioneer Mine! You have more than fulfilled my hopes of you!"

Joyce's lips pressed the gracious white hand extended.

And that was the beginning!

The first caress between man and woman marks a milestone from which emotional relations go either forward or back. If a retreat is not beaten, intimacy develops at seven-leagued speed. A standstill at this intermediate point is impossible. Therefore, as was inevitable concerning Imogen's subtle provocation, Joyce pressed forward almost involuntarily.

Yet the significance of his pace was slow to evince itself. Imogen would not have been Imogen, had she allowed him to recognize his trend prematurely. To Joyce, her attraction still seemed composite rather than individual. Not as hostess, but only as the least and last of three hostesses, did she assert herself, as yet. In truth, Mam'selle and Gladys were the foils of her attack. In due time, of course, her thrust and parry would be evident; but at the start, feminine foils were expedient.

With the consummate tact born of natural finesse and social experience, Imogen contrived that the friendship of Gladys should give Joyce his first social distinction. Then she utilized the gallant Colonel's chivalrous attendance upon the dead Raymond's feminine household; and by public association betrayed him into the position of his professional subordinate's social sponsor. It was a sponsorship which the obstreperous Colonel would have disowned from the housetops, had not feminine cleverness kept him in ignorance of it; but manipulated by Imogen, even his daughter Breezy,—now Mrs. Dollard Pemberton,—resuming the gaieties the inauguration of a Pemberton nursery had interrupted, socially championed Joyce, and stood for the Pearson name, when the Colonel himself proved unruly. As the social intimate of the Pearson-Pemberton powers, and a recognized fixture upon the Raymond-Broderick hearthstone, Joyce arrived in a flash. Imogen's end was achieved. His position was a thing accomplished!

Acquisition is nothing if not assimilative. Possession may not minimise values, but at least it naturalizes them; and the glamour of the unknown, the marvel of the unattained, are lost, once for all, in the process. Therefore Joyce accepted his honors simply, by natural law of adaptation. Moreover, just at present, collective society but gilded his lily. Mam'selle, Mrs. Raymond, Gladys,—completely satisfied him. At least until the charm of reunion had lost its novelty, his consciousness of women could not go beyond them. But Imogen urged upon him the duty of social reciprocity. For her own ends she wished him to make his mark in his first season, as a meteor trails its fire along the sky.

"We are aching to investigate your 'Liberty Hall,'" she confided to him, as he lingered one night after an informal little dinner. "But no less than fifty decorous dowagers can chaperone this trio!—In Paris and New York, bachelors are the most charming of hosts. It is always in good taste to imitate men of the world. Send out cards for a Sunday tea!"

"Sunday?" protested Gladys, who loved her Sunday-afternoon Benediction. "Since Mr. Josselyn is engaged through the week, why not wait for the coming holidays?"

"Because holidays are for—the others!" retorted Imogen, with a disdainful grimace. "Sundays are new and naughty,—and above all things, naughty novelties insure success. Mam'selle, you will not scruple to pour *eau sucre* for your favorite Joyce?"

"As our young friend desires," smiled Mam'selle, indulgently. "The Sunday of the Continent, of my France,—is the Holy Mass first, and then the fête-day. I see no wrong in the hospitality to the friends, *petite* Gladys!"

"Oh, no wrong, of course," admitted Gladys. "Pray excuse me. My lack of sympathy with the man of society betrayed me into intrusive speech."

"Is she snubbing my tea?" inquired Joyce, in disappointment. The suggestion of the function had gratified him.

"No, Mr. Josselyn. I was merely thinking aloud—that a man's life—is an earnest thing."

"But surely you would not deny him all social pleasures?"

"No, but I would urge him not to sacrifice real for fictitious pleasure. The young man once committed to the social whirl, seems to me to lose the greater joys outside it!"

"Oh, Gladys is a social heretic," scoffed Imogen petulantly. "The greater joys are things to be demonstrated."

"Challenged, Miss Broderick," laughed Joyce, in earnest jest. He desired the girl to explain herself.

"I accept," said Gladys, with a resolute look at Imogen. She liked Joyce so well that she had ideals for him. They were not of the social order.

"True social pleasure," she asserted, gently, "surely consists in intimate intercourse with the congenial spirits whom we complement, and who complement us; yet society sacrifices these to a host of smart acquaintance. Then, the arts, for instance, which are among our highest enjoyments, are subordinated to the chat of the boxes. Eclectic development standing first of purely personal pleasures, is surrendered necessarily, because the worldling cannot serve two masters. Even the delight of travel has been marred by convention, since Nature becomes only a scenic spectacle, when the pomp and purple of an artificial existence glitter between the great Mother and human hearts. As for pleasure's rarest regions of soul and intellect, society, as it is, has neither leisure nor thought for them. Do its pretty, superfluous, frivolous functions compensate? Not to all women; and surely to fewer men!"

"*I* confess to a weakness for *gentle*men,"—distinguished Imogen. "The best and most brilliant of men falls short of his possibilities, undeveloped on his social side."

Joyce's perplexed eyes turned wistfully from face to face. Which was wiser,—worldly woman, or unworldly girl? Subtler than the spell of Imogen's more magnetic beauty, was Gladys' fine charm for him. He liked her pure eyes and fair face, her earnest thoughts and serious tastes; her soul that impressed him as the gentler reflection of the souls of Father Martin and Stephen. But Imogen's theories appealed resistlessly to his ambition and vanity. The advice that flatters self-love is rarely rejected. Needless to say that Imogen gained her point.

So on one eventful Sunday, still remembered on the Pacific coast, Joyce, son of Anne Joyce and Hiram Josselyn, born and bred in the Maintown farm-house, served the *élite* of San Francisco with Russian tea and other beverages more characteristic of jovial bachelorhood. On a week-day, the rapid masculine set would have laughed such a tame entertainment as a "tea" to scorn; but as Sunday was a day for yawning their heads

off, they presented themselves to a man, with the single exception of Dick Dawson, whom a new automobile detained in the suburbs. He had lost control of it and its chaffeur simultaneously, in his devotion to its superfluous hamper of champagne *sec.*

Mam'selle seniorized Mrs. Dolly Pemberton's nominal hostessship. Imogen contrived to be inevident until the last hour. Then she drove on with her luncheon-guests, in the pose of one persuaded. In an armor of jet over lustreless white silk, she was of dashing yet subdued distinction, and Joyce exulted to welcome her. Gladys had arrived with Mam'selle, but soon retreated to the music-room, where her host was not free to follow her.

Originally modest in scope, Joyce's suite had been extended at the time of Stephen's criticism of it, by the inclusion at either end of an adjoining studio, previously locked off and rented separately. Equipped as music and billiard rooms, these now gave character as well as spaciousness to the apartment as a whole, and suggested an artistic rather than a pretentious atmosphere. Such appointments as lacked value, like Joyce himself, achieved effect. The correct florist and caterer had evinced tact and taste, in their modest service, and no ostentation offended. The dainty frozen fruits, punches *glacés*, and flower-shaped ices in evidence, proffered ideal rather than material refreshment; and the floral decorations were confined to clusters of roses serving to conceal the electric bulbs, poetically substituted by shaded candles. Swaying measures from Mexican harps and guitars floated from the outer staircase, lingering along the air as tenderly as tremulous sighs of love.

Handsome, well-turned-out, in highest spirits, and enjoying himself as irresponsibly as his gayest guest, Joyce passed from group to group, his contagious smile winning the world's smile for him.

"*Laugh, and the world laughs with you,*"

is a truism,—and the triumph of Joyce exemplified it. Supercilious matrons, high-colored and portly in heavy velvets and satins, lowered their critical lorgnons inch by inch, conceding resistless approval. Conservative spinsters, whom curiosity alone had tempted to risk their orthodox reputations by unorthodox dissipation on the Seventh Day, fell blushing victims to Joyce's

impartial gallantries, and forgave him his reputed wild-oats. Splendidly set-up men, whose grooming could give points to the most correct Easterner, over punches frozen and otherwise (but chiefly otherwise), voted Joyce a good fellow who did n't poison his friends! The gay, glowing, overdressed girls flirting simultaneously with host and guests as they sipped frothed chocolate and nibbled ices, pronounced "bachelor-teas just too sweet for anything," and challenged each and every unfortunate bachelor present to follow the Josselyn example. Even the Colonel, as he vacillated with the regularity of a pendulum between Mam'-selle and the smoking-room's mysteriously attractive sideboard, was soothed to a state of lamb-like meekness, though at first he had pooh-poohed with scathing scorn his associate's social splurge.

"Is n't our evolved Joyce adorable?" whispered Imogen to Gladys, as in the thinning crowd they drifted together. "He is no longer a boy, but a man—to be reckoned with!"

"Ye—es," admitted Gladys, lifting her muff to inhale its mass of natural violets. She was a study in unrelieved violet velvet, to which Imogen ascribed her delicate pallor. But Gladys' color was a barometer visibly registering her emotions. The unsolved problem of social life was depressing her.

"What an enthusiastic assent," laughed Imogen, satirically. "'Faint praise,' you know. Why so grudging to Joyce's change for the better?"

"*Mais oui*," beamed Mam'selle, overhearing the words as the Colonel escorted her through the rooms. "Our *beau garçon* has found himself. He is no longer *gauche*. He is *très comme il faut*,—Monsieur Josselyn!"

As the Colonel's gray head bent devotedly towards Mam'-selle's coiffure, Imogen's lips curled in scornful amusement.

"How unspeakably absurd," she murmured;—"and yet—what an idyl! But love-idyls, alas, are for youth!"

"But love renews youth, Mrs. Raymond!"

Imogen suggested refreshments, and the men surrounding them sped away in her service. She had decided upon a word here and now to Gladys. Environment would lend its effect.

"Love is a new word on your lips, my vestal," she said significantly. "Who is reconciling you to the human sentiment? As to the legend of love's immortal youth, consider the paradox,—since love is the maturer of lovers!"

Her face, as she smiled at Gladys, had a dangerous beauty. Beneath the smile glittered a menace.

"Our host, for instance," she confided in a lower voice. "Who runs, reads the change even you admit in him. Experience alone matures boyhood's crudity to magnetic manhood. In our absence, my child, Joyce has lived!"

"Lived? But of course he has lived!"

"Lived in the emotional sense, you incorrigible innocent. The 'eternal feminine,' you know, and all that!"

"No, Mrs. Raymond, I do not know," refuted Gladys, with sudden hauteur. Before the proud purity of her gaze, Imogen's eyes sank. With a laugh of derision to cover her discomfiture, she awaited her returning knights of the table.

"Hot chocolate, or punch *à la* anything,—but no ices," she shivered, as they reached her. "I find the altitude of Miss Broderick's social ideals sufficiently freezing! Stimulate my depressed temperature with the latest gossip of the Clubs!"

She sauntered away with the Clubs' gayest spirits. Gladys, demolishing a blush-rose ice frozen petal by petal, smiled and chatted mechanically, with her thoughts on Imogen's words. Their innuendo was unmistakable, and Imogen never spoke idly. Of what had Joyce been guilty,—what?

Gladys was not ignorant of the sin of the world; but in pure natures,—a divine truth incomprehensible to the coarse and evil-minded,—such abstract knowledge but intensifies personal innocence; and as yet she had failed to realize that moral laxity was not as remote from the individual man with whom she came in social contact, as from her own chaste and immuned soul. Scandalous gossip had been as impossible to Raymond as it was to Mam'selle; and Imogen was both too proud and too fastidious to offend the spiritually delicate; so Gladys had preserved in the world the inviolate atmosphere characterizing the convent; and that desecration should approach her first through Joyce, seemed to the girl the refinement of cruelty. Ever since the evening at Carruthdale when Dr. Castleton had related the pathetic story of Joyce's boyish ambition, her sympathies had been with its humble hero: and recognizing that spiritual failure tragedizes temporal success, she had prayed much for the quickening of his soul-life. If mere natural pity is akin to love, the prayer of spiritual pity and zeal sows the seed of tender thought and memory. In Europe, Gladys had remembered

Joyce. Reassociated with him just as the irrevocable loss of Stephen tempted her girlish heart to loneliness, though her soul still exulted in its holy sacrifice, she had found the impetuous young American a refreshing relief from Old World blaséism and foreign diplomacy, and unconsciously had played into Imogen's hands, by promoting him from acquaintance to intimacy. Of the good faith and perfect truth of Imogen's words, she had a vague distrust; yet partial justification, at least, she knew they must possess, and the suggestion of a flaw in Joyce's moral life burned between her and him like an angel's sword of flame.

The soft strain from the stairway seemed to sob afar and faintly; the flowers blurred before her eyes; the lights flickered and dimmed, and the murmur and clink and light laughter prevailing, confused her like an undispelled dream. The hurt of her first disillusion bewildered her, wounding her soul even more deeply than her human heart. She revolted with the fierceness of a virginal nature aroused, from the whited sepulchre of masculine life, into which her first glance was taken. All the infinite pain and pity of the pride of life, of the sin of the flesh, of the evil that men do, seemed disclosed to her in one overwhelmingly sudden revelation. From the spurious civilization, the superficial morality, the surface-culture beneath which unshriven spirits lurk like mocking ghosts, that go to make up human life as it is lived, the world's glory as it reigns, the ethics of society obtaining under seal of Mammon, she shrank with a distaste first and chiefly spiritual. Her thoughts sped to the tender Christ,—to the proximate church where even now the beautiful service of Benediction was concluding. How wounded the Sacred Heart must be with it all! How it seemed to profane the white, white Eucharist! As the fickle crowd dispersed, keen in quest of new interest, now that curiosity as to the Josselyn tea was satisfied, her eyes, with pathetic eagerness, sought for Mam'selle and Imogen. She felt a feverish desire to escape from Joyce's rooms. But already her host had joined her.

"At last," he sighed, sinking into a seat beside her. "How inhospitable to speed the departing guest! But Mrs. Raymond forbade me to indulge myself till the rest of the world had gone its way, and it was hard to be so near and yet so far from you! May I make up, now, for lost time?"

He was radiant with excitement, and looked exultant and happy. The laughing, mischievous spirit always uppermost in his bright moods, was in full possession of him. He leaned towards her confidently. The impulse to express himself,—perhaps still more to *im*press himself, was upon him! The lights glowed in his eyes, and on his flushed face the glow of the flowers seemed reflected. But the blight of darkness and frost was in Gladys' reserved manner. Never before had she failed to meet his overtures half-way,—never before denied him the most cordial response and sympathy. Was it his Sunday function that had displeased and disappointed her? With the exultant glow fading out of his face, he gazed at her in helpless dismay.

"We are indebted to you for a charming afternoon," she said, with crushing formality. "Will you be kind enough to tell Mrs. Raymond that I am waiting for her? We, too, must be taking leave."

"But you are forgetting my little supper," he protested. "I have ordered it up for just us Pioneers, you know. Are you sure you have made the grand tour of my rooms? I have been anticipating the pleasure of showing you—"

"Thank you, but I have an engagement—"

"You shall be released in time for the evening, truly. Just excuse me while I dispense with the orchestra—"

The final serenade was *da capo*-ing itself plaintively. The dark-eyed Mexicans had played on and on in hopeful patience, awaiting a word of appreciation, as well as of dismissal. They were tired, athirst, and perhaps more than all, a bit heart-sick for natural human kinship with the fellow-creatures about them. Young and hot-blooded, passionate at heart and romantic of temperament, their profession was not a cold matter of business to them, but a minstrelsy surviving the romantic age.

As Joyce's friendly smile flashed upon their horizon, their tragical eyes brightened; and with supple fingers still caressing the resonant strings, they gazed at his bright face expectantly.

"Say, you boys," he praised, "you've done splendidly! Music *Mexicana* tiptop,—beats the world, and all that! Now, there's a spread for you ready and waiting below-stairs. And here's a nugget apiece to remember me by!"

With graceful bows, and gestures of courteous protest, the

Mexicans rose to their gold-pieces,—a sextette transfigured. They responded perfervidly, like the children of tropical nature and passionate song that they were. The Señor their host was "a fair god" of immortal beauty and youth. His home was a palace, and the music of Mexico sung its song for him only! When he made his laughing way back to Gladys, seated within sight and sound of the little scene, her reserve had softened perceptibly. He was kind, he was tender, and if he had erred, it was not for her to judge and sentence, but to regenerate him! As her spirits rebounded, unconsciously she coquetted with her muff, as in presence of the animate, a girl instinctively coquettes with inanimate things. Its purple velvet shimmered elusively,—its cream lace fluffed seductively,—and the scent of its violets floated to him. Their blue shades matched her eyes,—their darker purple shades, his! The similitude seemed to give him a claim upon them. Discarding his boutonnière,—a single chrysanthemum,—he broke off a violet cluster.

"May I wear your colors, Miss Broderick?" he asked, and adjusted them before her answer.

Gladys was nothing if not conscientious. Youth's irresponsible point of view had been shut from her alike by her motherlessness, by her father's companionship, and by the sweet dignity of the religious, her girlhood's teachers, whose gentle joy of the Holy Ghost has no touch in common with flippancy. It seemed to her that Joyce trod the verge of a crisis. The social temptation is a peril to the unspiritual. She must ignore his past, and think only of his future. A true friend's word was in season.

"My colors," she warned him, "are not the carnival-colors of the world of pleasure, Mr. Josselyn."

Below-stairs the feasting Mexicans gaily twanged their guitars. From the adjoining room, clicking billiard-balls and light laughter sounded. But the candles and roses framed the main suite like a sanctuary, where girl and man, soul and soul, faced each other.

"The world," repeated Joyce, stepping closer, bending lower towards her. "You have a grievance against the world, Miss Broderick. What is it?"

Her clear eyes lifted, looking into his steadfastly.

"*What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world?*" she asked him, in answer.

He stared at her wonderingly, in startled silence. Father Martin, Stephen, had put the same question. Why was this one text for ever rising against him, on the lips of those he loved best? An intuition, a presentiment, of fateful significance disturbed him. But his human hurt and disappointment exceeded his spiritual unrest. So Gladys did not like him as a society-man, a worldling;—and he had been exulting that she was a witness of his success!

"If the world profits less than its face-value promises, still its gain seems worth while!" he insisted, resentfully. "Is your ideal for others quite fair, Miss Broderick, considering that you —that you——"

Her soft laugh answered him. She liked the impulsive candor that was valorous rather than discreet. His judgment had its justice, and policy was refreshingly lacking. Her eyes, smiling up at him, looked like bluebells steeped in sunshine. Joyce thought he had never seen her quite so approachable.

"Considering that I preach ideals I fail to practise?" she finished for him, mischievously. "I admit that appearances are strongly against me; but grant the benefit of the doubt to my convictions, Mr. Josselyn, till I begin to live my own life! I share Mrs. Raymond's until the New Year, that her social return may be made easy. As Advent is near, my dissipations already are ending. I may call this my farewell-appearance!"

"You propose to withdraw altogether from society?" he questioned, incredulously.

"No, but I shall be no longer a slave to society. There is work,—work of duty,—to be done by day; and personal tastes to indulge in my free time, quite aside from the social routine. These conventional functions have lost their charm for me. They play at humanities, but do not live them. I wish to live life at its full high-tide;—not to waste my youth in its shallows."

"Then all this—this brilliance and beauty,—really have no fascination for you?" he asked, with a dazzled glance about him.

"Atmospheres of beauty are fascinating to us all. Lights and flowers and music, men and women at their gayest and fairest if not at their best, are magnetic influences, and the human side responds to them. But our spiritual, our intellectual, our heart-sides, too, have their claims."

"Oh, as to the heart-side, I 'm with you," hastened Joyce, jumping at his chance. "You know, now, Miss Broderick that I—er—"

From the billiard-table sounded the click of balls, as Dolly, now the room's solitary occupant, idly toyed with the cue, while smoking. At the opposite end of the suite, Imogen was trying Joyce's new upright with a hard, cold, brilliant touch, her arpeggios covering Breezy's baby-talk to Mam'selle, while the Colonel beamed upon both, and admitted that Dolly junior did due credit to his grandfather! But in the main suite, Gladys and Joyce stood alone; their eyes seeking and hiding, their hearts responding yet resisting, their faces flushing and paling, after the fashion of young eyes and young hearts and young faces the world over. Gladys found herself listening breathlessly for Joyce's next words,—and Joyce's heart throbbed violently, as if to silence him. What was he tempted to say, by the spell of the hour, in the presumption of success? To betray his lurking sentiment for Gladys had never been his conscious expectation; it was Imogen who thrilled and daunted and allured him; but as the girl stood before him fair and sweet and gracious, yet provocatingly remote even in her nearness, not only the primeval impulse of Adam to claim Eve asserted itself, but all that was best and highest in Joyce instinctively cried out for what seemed its complement.

"Miss Broderick," he stammered, "the social side is n't in it with the heart-side, of course! You must know that I—I—"

But whatever words were upon Joyce's lips, they were destined not to be spoken. At the door which he had closed upon the grateful Mexicans sounded a sudden knock, followed by the abrupt entrance of Hans Kauffmann. Disdaining the elevator, and mounting the stairs two at a time, at the Sunday-hour when Joyce, on general principles, had asserted that he was always alone, it had not occurred to Hans to associate the decorated hall and festive lights with the *Pioneer's* sub-editor. Jollifications in the different studios were of frequent occurrence, and he had ascribed the palms and candelabra of the hall to one of these. His haste to rectify his mistake was by no means lessened as the Colonel's familiar growl betrayed his proximity.

"Oh, I beg pardon,—excuse me," he stammered, backing

and advancing alternately in distressed indecision. "I just ran up as you told me, sir,—"

"Fly, Hans, or the terrible Colonel will fall foul of you!" laughed Joyce, concealing his annoyance.

But the Colonel was already upon them, a sudden quest for Gladys having been instituted by Imogen, who decided that the *tête-à-tête* in session had been of sufficient duration. Editor and foreman stared at each other with startled eyes. The Colonel, who knew nothing of Joyce's friendship for Hans, was the more aghast of the two.

"Nothing the matter at the *Pioneer*, is there?" he demanded, curtly.

"Oh, no, sir! I just stopped in with a message to Mr. Josselyn—"

"What is it?" inquired Imogen, flashing imperiously to the front. "Do give us the latest specials!"

"It is n't about my baby, is it?" suggested Breezy, nervously. "Oh Dolly, do let 's go home!"

"Sensible woman!" agreed the Colonel, who was beginning to long for his newspapers and slippers. "The hearthstone,—with a congenial and sympathetic companion to share it," he added, casting sheeps'-eyes at the flushing Mam'selle, "is the true social setting for man and woman. Home-life, not this gadabouting—"

But for once the Colonel's eloquence was rudely interrupted. Suddenly, up from the street rose a news-boy's insistent cry.

"*Extra! Extra! Extra!*"

"W—w—what?" stammered the Colonel, purple to the verge of apoplexy, with surprise and rage. "*What* Extra? *Whose* Extra?—"

Without an apology even to Mam'selle, he tore down the stairs bareheaded, as lithely as any youth.

"Has some one got a beat, and we not in it?" demanded Joyce, excitedly. "By Jove, Hans, if the *Pioneer* is left—"

"*Extra! Extra! Extra!—Extra Daily Scout. Full account of the Pioneer Mine Disaster! Extra! Extra! Extra!*"

As Hans dashed from the room, Joyce stood paling and silent. A disaster in the mine meant the slump of values. His thought went no further than this.

"Supper, sir!" announced the waiter, flinging open the portières screening the ante-room table. It was set out with can-

dles and flowers and fancy-pieces in fruits and bonbons. Wine glowed, carafes glistened, the damask cloth was fluted and crimped into a fine fern pattern, the napkins opened like blooming lilies, each calyxed by a golden roll. An odor of rich viands floated towards them.

"*Extra! Extra!*"

"Supper is served, sir," reiterated the waiter, reproachfully.

Supper! Oh, the satire, the mockery of it! Joyce hissed an anathema through his teeth.

"Sit down, Joss," urged Dolly, pushing a chair towards Joyce. "Don't look like a ghost, man! It's bound to be a hoax,—the mere dodge of a rival paper!"

"No!" murmured Joyce, with white lips. "It is not a fake, Dolly. The *Scout* is against us, but it's methods are straight. There's something wrong with the Pioneer!"

"Oh, an explosion or two establishes a mine," consoled Imogen flippantly. "A disaster is the best of advertisements!"

"Ah, but the sudden and unprovided death of the poor miners,—" cried Gladys, pitifully.

"*Le bon Dieu* grant repose to their souls," murmured Mam'selle.

"Dolly Pemberton," whispered Breezy, audible in her maternal excitement, "I want to go home to my baby this very minute—"

"*Extra! Extra!—The Pioneer Mine the Biggest Fraud on Record! Full Account of the Swindle. Owners off to Canada.—Extra! Extra!*"

"My God!" gasped Joyce, wildly.

They stared at him in impotent silence. Even Imogen was appalled by the tragic announcement.

If Joyce's mine was a fraud,—*what of Joyce?*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Views and Reviews.

1. **Cabrol**: *Le Livre de la Prière Antique;* 2. **Tanquerey**: *Synopsis Theologiæ Moralis: De Pœnitentia, Matrimonio Ordine;* 3. **Macdonnell**: *Sons of Francis;* 4. —— *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Melleario Concinnata;* 5. **Clayton**: *Father Dolling;* 6. **Blosius**: *Comfort for the Faint-Hearted;* 7. **Morgan-Morgan**: *Between the Cubes;* 8. **Wright**: *Dogtown;* 9. **Fowler**: *The Boy, How to Help Him to Succeed;* 10. **Lehmann**: *How to Sing;* 11. **Heuser**: *The Harmony of the Religious Life;* 12. **Lang**: *James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery.*

1.—The English Benedictines and the French Benedictines resident in England are doing noble work in many of the ecclesiastical sciences, but there is a science especially dear to them —as indeed to all the sons of St. Benedict—the science of the Liturgy. The classic work on the subject is, of course, the *Liturgical Year* of Dom Gueranger. But that famous book labors under the disadvantage—we dare not call it a fault—of trying to serve two distinct purposes, viz., to provide solid liturgical learning for the student, and to beget the knowledge and diffuse the love of the prayer of the church among the people. And Dom Gueranger, if we may express a private opinion, has not so skilfully concealed the evidences of technical learning as to enable his work to be thoroughly popular.

But here is a delightful volume * by Dom Cabrol, brother Benedictine and worthy compeer of Dom Gueranger, which, instead of covering the whole liturgical year and treating it exhaustively, has selected the general features of the public prayer of the church, has illustrated them by accurate—indeed profound—historical and antiquarian knowledge, and has, withal, so elaborated and decorated the learning it contains as to secure not only the interest of the scholar, but that of all the intelligent Catholic people.

No work could be more edifying than such as this. Every Catholic who can read French ought to procure, read, and meditate over *Le Livre de la Prière Antique*, and some able translator who has leisure ought to give the English-reading Catholics the benefit of this magnificent treatise.

Dom Cabrol has an idea that is eminently correct: that the Catholic people do not know the beauty and the profundity of the prayers, the Mass, and the general liturgical service of the

* *Le Livre de la Prière Antique.* Par Dom Fernand Cabrol, Benedictine. Paris: Oudin. 1900.

church, but that nothing could give them greater stimulus in their spiritual life than to know this inheritance that is theirs as children of Holy Mother Church.

In his preface the author narrates a ludicrous but very instructive anecdote concerning La Fontaine. It seem the gentle and ingenuous fable-philosopher had attended some service in which a selection was read from the book of Baruch the prophet. In a burst of astonishment and delight at the beauty of the reading, he left the church and saluted every one he met with the exclamation, "Have you read Baruch?" Now Dom Cabrol takes occasion to ask the people, "Have you read the missal?" "Do you know anything of the prayers of the breviary?"

In the missal is preserved, crystallized in prayer, the sweetest, strongest spirit that ever breathed in Holy Church, the spirit of uncontaminated primitive Christianity. No creation of the human imaginative genius can compare with this marvellous epic of the Christian year written through the days and the seasons of the missal and the breviary; no poem or drama ever composed can equal in depth and sublimity, in sweetness, in power, the ineffable poem of the Mass, or the moving drama of the divine office. "The greatest prayer-book in the world," said Newman of the breviary; yet who among the Catholic people knows anything of it? And as for the Holy Mass, who is there among the laity that knows the least of its historical suggestions, who is there that can transport himself in spirit to the Christian antiquity recalled by the vestments of the priest, pictured in his every movement at the altar, sounded in every tone of the verbal accompaniment of the sublime sacrifice?

Cardinal Manning in his classic, *The Eternal Priesthood*, coming to the points where he might be expected to speak of the priest's Communion, refrains, remarking only: "If I do not speak of Communion it is only because every priest knows what cannot be told in words." Those who realize the significance, and feel the unction of the sacred liturgy, might likewise say: "If we do not attempt to describe the power and the beauty of the prayer of the church, it is because those who know it feel more than can be told, and those who know it not cannot be told." And here is the service that Dom Cabrol's book will do for those who take it up. It will introduce them to an intelligent appreciation of the divine liturgy, and it will, through the understanding, bind and affect the hearts of the people as they assist at the ancient Sacrifice of the Spouse of the Church and

listen to the words in which she, who has been with Him and has known Him from antiquity, tells the moving story of His life and death.

Students of the Liturgy will be glad to know that the present volume from Dom Cabrol's pen is only a forerunner of a complete scientific work on the liturgy, now in the hands of the learned Benedictines of the Farnborough monastery.

2.—We trust that all the priests in the country will procure for themselves Father Tanquerey's *Synopsis Theologiæ Moralis*,* the first volume of a complete course in Moral, which is to supplement the author's well-known *cursus* in Dogmatic Theology. The present volume deals with Penance, Matrimony, and Holy Orders; the first two being the subjects, as every priest knows, which one finds occasion to look up most frequently. Father Tanquerey, after the manner of Lehmkuhl, makes an effort to combine the summary method of manuals with that deeper discussion of principles which characterizes special and elaborate treatises. In the application of principles he has ever before his mind, and upon his page, our domestic American conditions. This alone gives his work a great value, for he is very full upon this most important point. He has gone to great pains also in collecting the moral decisions of the Roman Congregations. Frequently, too, one comes upon a passage which furnishes excellent material for private direction or for public instruction; for example, the author's admirable remarks on mixed marriages. Typographically the book is a delight to the eye. A full index is the final finish to a volume whose excellent qualities are almost beyond number.

3.—We are glad to have so early an opportunity of welcoming a book† which does much toward fulfilling a desire recently expressed that our English literature would be enriched with studies in the life of St. Francis and the early Franciscans which would place at the disposal of English and American readers the great stores of inspiring erudition recently accumulated by the extraordinary "Franciscan movement" in Europe. The scope of Miss Macdonnell's work takes in the history, presented in the form of biographical sketches, of the companions and of the most eminent successors in the

* *Synopsis Theologiæ Moralis: De Pœnitentia, Matrimonio, Ordine.* Auctore Ad. Tanquerey, S.S. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1902.

† *Sons of Francis.* By Anne Macdonnell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

order, of the great founder himself. Giles the Ecstatic, Brother Leo, Frate Elias, John of Parma, Pope Celestine V., and Jacopone da Todi are the chief characters thus written about; and the very mention of these celebrated names will disclose to the Franciscan student how important a task this work sets itself to achieve. And it achieves it in a highly creditable manner. The author is familiar with the recent studies in early Franciscanism, and she employs this technical knowledge of her subject not in writing an exhaustive treatise of interest only to the specialist, but rather in presenting an earnest and attractive narration to the ordinary reader. Those marvellous days of the young order fresh from the last sad blessing of the holy founder seem to have taken hold of our author's historical imagination and quite engaged her sympathies. But we regret that the same absorption into her subject does not appear in her style. Her language has not the sobriety, the impressiveness, and the dignity that we look for in one who has thoroughly undergone the influence of the times and the men she portrays. Too often the expression suggests the smartness of a twentieth century critic gazing curiously at the thirteenth. Too often we are reminded that if the picture on the canvas is mediæval, the frame in which it is set, the light through which we see it, and the guide who describes its details, are modern, and very modern. Take this sentence for example: "Peter was not one of those hermits who continually pay themselves for their austerities by shining pictures of pleasures in the world, alternating to and fro between voluptuous excess and voluptuous deprivation." Or this flippant remark on the killing of a friar by his jailer: "The occurrence caused no end of annoyance to Elias. There are so many inquiries made when you happen to kill a saint, even unintentionally." And this expression from the Introduction: "True Pantheist, however good a Catholic—and indeed where 's the contradiction?" This distance between style and theme is unhappily a characteristic of this work, and greatly lessens its value. The spell of the early Franciscan days is not here; or if it is present at times, it is broken soon by the intrusion of a later spirit, which is noisy when we would be still. Nevertheless this book is fascinating. It has not a dry page. Incidents are thrown together with a fine sense of historical proportion and carried along with a dramatic rapidity which make stimulating reading indeed. No student of Franciscan origins will neglect to read it.

4.—With the existing plethora of Latin text-books of Scholastic philosophy, a new one needs to possess some proper excellence to justify its appearance. The characteristics which the volume * just issued for the use of students in Mount Melleray Seminary might adduce as its *raison d'être* are copious and well chosen notes from modern writers, many of them English, and a very satisfactory typographical arrangement. The volume covers logic and ontology. It is strictly scholastic in doctrine and form. The author, in his text, proceeds almost step by step in company with Rev. Charles Frick, S.J., in his two volumes issued in Freiburg. In the treatment of some questions, however, unlike Father Frick, he is not burdened with the necessity of justifying the Thomism of domestic doctrine, and consequently the reader is relieved of several somewhat tedious discussions on points of very secondary interest to the general run of students. There is, too, some, though not enough, practical recognition of the necessity of supplying the student with some adequate information concerning the views and arguments of modern philosophy. On finishing his philosophic course the Catholic student really knows but little of either the strength or weakness of modern theories which he has disposed of in half a dozen lines, and by an argument *ex absurdo.* Nor is he sufficiently equipped to defend his own doctrines against an able opponent who takes his stand upon modern principles. We trust that the effort made to remedy this want by the author of this volume will be still more conspicuous in the next one, in which he will deal with the remaining divisions of his subject. If he does so his work will deserve and will certainly meet with a hearty welcome from teachers and students.

5.—The life of Father Dolling † is the life of an apostle. Never have we read the history of a man more consecrated to God and to abandoned souls. He was an Anglican, but so Christ-like were his interior life and his external labors, that we hesitate not to call him a very prince in that communion of just souls which is the invisible kingdom of God's Holy Spirit. For almost twenty years he worked in the slums of Portsmouth and London. Despising conventionalities, irritated

* *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Melleario Concinnata.* Vol. I.: Logica et Ontologia. Dublinii: apud Browne & Nolan.

† *Father Dolling:* A Memoir. By Joseph Clayton. London: Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.

with officialism, but all absorbed in zeal and tenderness, he gave himself body and mind and heart and soul to the salvation of little children, the reformation of the criminal, the reclaiming of the outcast. Every day at his table from ten to forty of the poor and the unfortunate broke bread with him, and in this "sacrament of a common meal," as his striking phrase is, took heart of hope from his inspiring presence, his paternal kindness. Until he could preach no more, until his toil-broken body lay down in final rest last May, he begged and sweated for his poor. God give him sweet repose! No man whose vocation is to work for souls can read this sketch of his glorious life without feeling lifted up to purer love for the world's Redeemer and to more vehement zeal for those unhappy multitudes who know not yet what it is to have been redeemed.

6.—Some twenty-five years ago Father Bowden, of the London Oratory, edited a small English translation of several of the spiritual works written by Blosius, that famous monk of whom Lady Lovat has written a biography, entitled *An English Benedictine of the Sixteenth Century.* That translation, after at least three editions, went out of print; and with the possible exception of *The Mirror for Monks*, translated by the late Bishop Coffin (C.SS.R.), Blosius was rapidly sinking into oblivion when Father Wilberforce, the English Dominican, came to the rescue. In quick succession he has presented us with translations of two very valuable works, *The Spiritual Instruction* and *Comfort for the Faint-Hearted.** In addition, a new and cheap publication of two smaller works, *Mirror for Monks* and *Oratory of the Faithful Soul*, has been undertaken by the same house, the London Art and Book Company, which brought out Father Wilberforce's translations.

To few books has it been given to meet with such encouraging success as that attained by the English version of Blosius' *Spiritual Instruction.* The translator's choice was a wise one; the impression made by his work has been simply profound: to numerous souls it has brought inspiration, comfort, and guidance in the paths that lead toward perfection. For the new companion volume we look for almost equal success, fulfilling as it does a kindred purpose. The first book

* *Comfort for the Faint-Hearted:* By Ludovicus Blosius, O.S.B. (Louis de Blois). Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, of the Order of St. Dominic. London: Art and Book Company.

called upon souls to look away from self and toward God; this second bids them to abandon anxiety and depression and fear, and to confide unendingly in the divine Goodness. Much of the text is not Blosius' own, but is composed of extracts from Tauler, Suso, Florentius, and various of the Fathers; yet it has our good old abbot's stamp upon it and is redolent of his spirit, and will teach souls the truths he loved to dwell upon. If you are ever tempted to doubt, discouragement, faint-heartedness, timorousness, or scruples, read this book and be comforted; and pray for the man who has so graciously introduced to the notice of our century the precious teachings of Louis of Blois.

7.—As the excavations in Pompeii have given the modern world a glimpse into the domestic and social life of the ancient pagan world, so the excavations in the catacombs have revealed a great deal of the religious life of the early Christians. The earliest form of Christian history are the paintings on the walls in the catacombs, and it is a most interesting study to trace out the identity between the teachings of the church in the early ages and the teachings of the church to-day. Later on, when the art of mosaics developed, the method of the little cubes was used. The ninth century is the famous era of mosaics. Mrs. Morgan-Morgan* has given in her published lectures a most interesting statement of the results obtainable from the study of the mosaics in the ancient Christian churches.

8.—Mabel Osgood Wright† has given us a new book all about dogs and the children who love them. It may be taken as a curious bit of psychological study, why it is that people who love dogs do not love cats. The author differentiates the two classes. She ranks among the cat-lovers "ladies who prefer indoors to outdoors." She has given with the text of an entertaining lot of gossip about dogs a collection of pictures of dogs, with all kinds of expression in their faces and in all kinds of funny attitudes.

9.—Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler‡ has achieved success in busi-

* *Between the Cubes; or, Some of the Lessons of the Mosaics in the Ancient Christian Churches in Rome.* By Mrs. Morgan-Morgan. Trastevere, Rome: St. Anthony's Press.

† *Dogtown. Being some chapters from the Annals of the Waddles Family, set down in the language of house people.* By Mabel Osgood Wright, author of *Tommy Anne, The Friendship of Nature, Birdcraft*, etc. Illustrated by Portraits from life by the Author. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *The Boy, How to Help Him to Succeed.* A Symposium of Successful Experiences. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., assisted by three hundred and nineteen American Men of marked ccomplishment. Boston: Oakwood Publishing Company,

ness life, and has been in close touch with many other men who have secured eminent success in business life. In his book he not only tells the best way for a boy to climb the rungs of the ladder to the heights of prosperity, but he gets a brilliant galaxy of profit-makers to do likewise. There is much that is wise between the covers of this volume. If we were so inclined, we might find fault with his ideals. After all, the best thing in life is not *to get money* or to be a successful business man. Such books as Mr. Fowler's do contribute a good deal to the uplifting of life by bettering the desire for higher social conditions. Much of crime and immorality is due to poverty and straitened circumstances, but it is well to guard against the other extreme—that poverty is always vicious or that wealth is always virtuous. Many men are honored in the community because they are prosperous, but in the scales of divine justice the poor woman with tattered shawl that begs the crust of bread at the basement door of the prosperous merchant goes as precious metal, while the merchant's morality is that of counterfeit or of base alloy. Such advice as Mr. Fowler gives in "How to help the boy to succeed" is sound and healthy.

10.—Madame Lehmann achieved marvellous success on the operatic stage, and she did it largely by hard work and by dint of perseverance. She has given the fruit of her life's study in a volume * which will be of most practical benefit to aspiring singers. The art of singing, the use of the voice, the method of breathing, the manipulation of throat and teeth and lips, and the vocal organs that are brought into play to produce and color the tone and to form the various registers,—all these receive adequate treatment from one who knows whereof she speaks. Added to her practical treatises there is an unusual wealth of illustration showing the practical workings of the vocal organs while in use. The treatises on "How to Sing" represent the results of the author's life endeavor, and there is infused into them much of her own personality as well as no end of incident and anecdote of her experiences.

11.—Father Heuser's curiously constructed book † is, taken

* *How to Sing.* By Lilli Lehmann. Illustrated with portrait and diagrams. Translated by Richard Aldrich. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Harmony of the Religious Life.* By Herman J. Heuser. New York: Benziger Brothers.

as a whole, a strong stimulus to practical piety. By the means of an elaborate allegory in which the soul is fancied as an organ, and all the varieties of religious experience some part or function thereof, he teaches many a clear and energetic lesson to religious, and especially to those religious whose vocation places them in the class-room. The book would serve excellently as a guide to examination of conscience; it would hardly do as a manual of the higher science of the interior life. The latter pages give principles and counsels in pedagogy, which we think the best part of the work. Undoubtedly it will guide and inspire many souls struggling to be faithful to their great consecration to God and to the young.

12—That incredibly productive maker of books, Mr. Andrew Lang, presents us with one proof more of his infinite reading and his dextrous versatility. *James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery** is the name of this volume—we dare not say his latest, for in the three months since its publication something in literature, a new fairy book, a Christmas legend, or a study in the philosophy of religion, has most probably been added to the works of "Merry Andrew"—and it deals with one of those mysteries of history about which the ordinary reader knows little, but specialists in curious research have written a great deal. In the year 1600 James VI. of Scotland called at the castle of Lord Gowrie and took luncheon. Before the king left the house his host and his host's brother were slain by the royal attendants. What was the cause and motive of the murder? There lies the problem, and a very vexing one it has ever been. Mr. Lang's explanation is that Lord Gowrie and his brother had laid a trap for the undoing of James, and were the victims of their own device. He supports this view with acute interpretations of such evidence as we already possessed in the case, and with powerful arguments drawn from new sources which he now publishes for the first time. It is, all told, an interesting chapter in Scottish history, and never was it made so interesting as when touched with the magical pen of Lang.

* *James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Library Table.

The Month (Dec.): Apropos of the completion of its hundredth volume, gives a sketch of the changes it has undergone since its first appearance in July, 1864, and mentions how some of Newman's early contributions were travestied by *Punch*. Fr. Tyrrell, continuing a paper on Mysteries, shows that the unseen world beyond the world of science cannot be known, even partially, except under the veil of mysteries, which are therefore necessary to progress, since it implies a straining after adjustment to the whole of things. James Britten, writing on Catholics and the Press, mentions the suspicions that obsess Protestant minds to the effect that the press is largely manned by Catholics and conducted in their interest; and shows the real state of affairs by citing instances to prove that Catholics have been refused the courtesy of the pages of representative papers in London, in which to correct calumnious statements made by anti-Catholics.

(Jan.): Publishes some hitherto unpublished letters of Cardinal Newman to *The Month* concerning the proper character for a Catholic periodical. Fr. Thurston, apropos of the publication of M. Vignon's *St. Linceul du Christ*, examines the historical evidence concerning the Holy Shroud, which M. Vignon touched upon very inadequately. From his examination Fr. Thurston concludes that the shroud is not authentic but a forgery, and was believed to be only a representation of what the real shroud of our Saviour is supposed to have been. Fr. Pollen, writing on the Irish Insurrection of 1579, under Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald and Dr. Nicholas Sander, says that whatever way we look at it, it "comes before us as a sad and calamitous blunder, commenced without good purpose, carried out without sufficient skill or energy, foredoomed to ruin, and bringing with it a long, long series of disasters."

The Critical Review (Nov., 1902): Contains a brief notice of Davidson's *Evolution and its Bearing on Religions*, a work devoted to a review of the creeds of the past and the

effect which the growth of scientific knowledge has had upon them. This effect, the author contends, has been to disclose their erroneous and unsubstantial character, to eliminate superstition and supernaturalism, and thus aid in a very great measure healthy intellectual activity and growth. The greater part of the work is devoted to a consideration of civilization from the fall of Rome to the time of Luther, and to a discussion of modern Christianity. All churches are criticised adversely, especially the Catholic Church, whose history is styled a "sad satire on human intelligence." The author is convinced that every conception which man may form of his relation to God, and every explanation of it which he may offer, will prove erroneous and in time will die. "God is inconceivable." Yet religion will live because "Herbert Spencer's view will live for ever, as long, at least, as man is a tenant of this planet."

The Monist (Jan.): Lucien Arréat has an experimental study of religion in France. From inquiries addressed to people in various walks of life these conclusions are drawn: The Christians of France may be divided into four classes. The first includes the routine devotees, whose religion often borders on idolatry or fetichism. The second embraces the enlightened believers, who observe their religion in simplicity and honesty. To the third belong more intellectual church-folk, who think and reason much upon their faith. The fourth consists of the doubters, whose hold on Christianity is feeble and who seem always on the point of letting go completely. Taking all things together, it would be hazardous to affirm that the religious sentiment is weakening; and hazardous, on the other hand, to maintain that it is preserving its full vitality in society. There is a great deal of modification introduced by the more educated into the traditional dogmas, though the dogmas themselves be nominally professed in their ancient sense. The French Catholic's attitude toward God is one of profound and prostrate submission, in distinction to the Anglo-Saxon's attitude, which is one of easy freedom with the Deity, sometimes even almost equality. A grave danger, however, both to society and religion, lies in the persistent

attempts of a certain school of philosophy in France to remove the divine sanctions and the intrinsic holiness of morality. These attempts are an ominous sign of deterioration and decay.

International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): Ira W. Howerth offers a new definition of religion which shall avoid both the limitations and the dangers of nearly all previous definitions. For we have had as yet no notion of religion which includes all the content of that most complex idea; and none which provides the religious activity with a foundation impregnable to the assaults of science. We have been defining religion as belief, as feeling, or as ethical action. No one of these is comprehensive enough, neither can any one of them withstand the conclusions and discoveries of philosophy and psychology. The only definition that can be safely stated in this stage of human thought, must be one that will avoid any precise determinations as to a Supreme Being, as to the nature of the religious emotion, as to the function of the ethical sense. Something like the following must suffice us until the race has more light upon this ultimate mystery: *Religion is the effective desire to be in right relations to the power manifesting itself in the universe.* This understanding of religion puts together the three elements of belief, feeling, and morality, and it is loose enough to admit without discomfiture all possible revelations of science.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Dec.): P. Vacandard writes that when a Catholic fails to be tolerant it is always through inconsistency, or better still, through lack of social education. Going on to speak of the church's idea of tolerance, he writes: "The liberty of worships, abhorred by Pius IX. as hurtful to souls, is something more useful to the public good than constraint used to procure unity of belief; and then it becomes an obligation both for the church and for the state." P. Gayraud intimates that the articles of P. Durand, S.J., on Scripture lead to the following conclusions: Inspiration is compatible with inaccuracies of detail. Inspiration gives no better guarantee than that given by the acquired knowledge of the sacred writer. Possibly the Book of Genesis, composed

of citations or *résumés* of documents older than Moses, possesses no divine guarantee of exactness and truth. The Second Book of Machabees has not, perhaps, a greater historical authority than that of Jason of Cyrene.

Le Correspondant (23 Nov.): Reviewing the history of the Kulturkampf, M. René Lavollé concludes that it was the admirable loyalty of the German people and its leaders, as well as their thorough organization, which obliged Bismarck, after fifteen years' struggle, to take the road to Canossa. Apropos of the recently published life of the Princess Christine Trivulzio de Belgiojoso, who was so closely connected with the Italian revolution, Count Joseph Grabinski begins a sketch of her career. *Le divorce dans le roman et au théâtre* is a rejoinder from M. Henry Bourdeaux to M. Paul Hervieux and the two MM. Marguerite, who are endeavoring to enlist the theatre in their campaign for the further extension of divorce.

(10 Dec.): Cardinal Mathieu, continuing his account of the Concordat of 1801, relates the circumstances under which, to avoid an imminent rupture, Cardinal Consalvi went to Paris to see Napoleon. In *La Grève et l'arbitrage* M. Léon de Seilhac maintains that strikes have most usually resulted in favor of the workman. Some unpublished letters of Xavier de Maistre are edited and commented upon by P. Félix Klein.

La Quinzaine (1 Dec.): Under the caption *Comment Faire?* an anonymous author, after reviewing the present estrangement between the clergy and the people in France, recommends as a remedy a broader education of seminarists and a more active interest on the part of the parochial clergy in the temporal well-being of their people. M. George Fonsegrive (Mariage Union Libre) attacks the arguments advanced by MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite in favor of allowing divorce on the persistent application of one of the parties without any other grounds being alleged.

(16 Dec.): M. Louis Arnould attempts to fix the place of Renan in the general evolution of the study of Christian literature in France. In a second contribution the writer of *Comment Faire?* finds in the principles advo-

cated by Pope Leo XIII., in *Rerum Novarum*, the solution of contemporary social troubles. On the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the manufacture of Gobelins M. Dimier gives an interesting appreciation of the value of tapestry in art.

Démocratie Chrétienne (Dec.): This number gives a synopsis of the different courses in the social and political sciences offered during the last two years in the University of Lille. C. Calippe continues from the October number his very interesting record of the daily experiences of a priest who, with the approbation of his bishop, for the purpose of coming into closer contact with the workingmen, is devoting part of each day to physical labor in a large manufacturing establishment. Chanoine Krekelberg presents a carefully prepared description of the association of German workingmen known as the "Volksvereine." He gives the plan of organization, the principles and aims of the society, and then shows the amount of work that it has actually accomplished.

Revue Bénédictine (Oct.): Dom Chapman, writing on St. Cyprian's De Unitate Ecclesiæ, says that the interpolations in the original manuscripts were made after the author's death, as shown by a codex existing about the fourth century, which codex was used by Pope St. Gelasius, St. Damasus, and St. Optatus. St. Cyprian taught that to be a member of the true church it was necessary to be in communion with the Roman See, but on account of the Novatian schism then existing, Cyprian's writings are in some points vague, and this occasions passages which Puller and Benson interpret as teaching that to be in the true church it was necessary only to be in communion with some see, not particularly that of Rome.

Rivista Internazionale (Oct.): E. Vercesi gives a sketch of the English Catholic Truth Society.

(Dec.): Prof. Toniolo describes the origin and purpose of the International Union of Social Studies in Freiburg.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Dec.): G. Parravicino, discussing the *mezzadria* (a Tuscan usage of dividing profits between capitalist and laborer), says that it suggests a way of solving all industrial difficulties; and he finds it very significant that the chief organ of socialism in Italy, the

Avanti, rejects this plan for the sake of maintaining a policy of opposition between capital and labor. L. Ferriani writes upon the unintelligent and ruinous habit of training children by a mere alternation of chocolates and whippings—far too prevalent among parents presumably sensible. E. S. Kingswan writes in praise of Kraus' sketch of Cavour, which, having had great success in German, has been translated into Italian. The same writer sketches Mgr. Seton's history of his own family lately published in this country.

(16 Dec.): E. di Parravicino, after praising Mr. Roosevelt for his share in the establishing of the International Board of Arbitration, describes the history of the Pious Fund case, and speaks of Archbishop Riordan in glowing terms.

Civiltà Cattolica (20 Dec.): Speaks with praise of *L'Art et l'Autel*, a magazine of Abbon, France, devoted to the diffusion of just views on Christian and ecclesiastical art, and which has now completed two years of useful existtence.

Razón y Fe (Jan.): P. Murillo, continuing to discuss the decadence of the Latin races, considers the intellectual history of Europe in the years succeeding the Reformation. The first steps in the physics, mathematical sciences, and the first investigations and grand discoveries of modern Europe, all took place in the southern countries, or are due to savants who professed the Catholic religion. Leonardo da Vinci, Colón, Benedetti, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Torricelli, Mariotte, Volta, Galvani, were neither Anglo-Saxons nor Protestants; and Gutenberg and Copernicus were Catholics. Father Young's *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared* is cited in evidence. P. Villada gives the *résumé* of a book recently published by the Bishop of Adrianopolis on the teachings of the church with regard to liberalism,—defining what liberalism means, showing what are its principal errors, and presenting its absolute and irrevocable condemnation "in various documents of infallible authority, among which must be mentioned the Syllabus."

Comment on Current Topics.

Political Attitude of Catholics.

It has been frequently said that in this country the safety of the church lies in having Catholics evenly divided between the great political parties. Up to this moment in our political history there is no good reason why a Catholic as such should be identified with one party more than with another. It is a good thing to know that a Catholic is equally at home in the councils of either party.

While our profound sympathy goes out to the persecuted congregations in France, still in their sad plight there is a practical lesson for the Catholics in the United States. The French Catholics as a body ranged themselves with the monarchy. There were undoubtedly very many circumstances that conspired to bring about this peculiar political attitude. Not the least of these circumstances are the traditional conservatism of Catholic peoples, their adherence to rooted institutions, and their suspicions of the new and the untried, especially when it points to such progenitors as had the Republic in France. Another reason may be found in the attitude of the Republic towards the church; to say the least, it was not friendly. But in spite of it all, it would have been wisdom on the part of the French Catholics to have accepted loyally the existing government. The Holy Father, with a far-seeing wisdom that has characterized his administration, has over and over again urged the French Catholics to accept the Republic. But in spite of his admonitions and exhortations, they continued to be monarchists to a very great extent, and in this fact lay one great reason why they are persecuted by the Republic to-day. It may readily be seen that if the French Religious Orders as a body had become earnest supporters of the present *régime* instead of crowding it into the position of extreme antagonism to the church, there would have been awakened a friendliness towards things Catholic. If the masses of the French people, who are still at heart loyal to the church, had thrown the weight of their influence in favor of the Republic, the government would have been eager to please them and the edge of opposition would have been turned. What has been said of the condition of Catholics in France in a similar sense may be

said of the best Catholic energies in the Philippines. They were utilized in behalf of the Spanish domination, and when Spain went down they went down with her.

The Catholic Church is above all parties, and it should not be made the tail to any party's kite. In order to hold this even balance in this country it is the greatest wisdom to divide the Catholic forces between the great political parties, and at the same time not so to attach them to either that in any emergency they may be closely identified with any party.

The Work of Catholic Charity.

The last yearly report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn is an extraordinary evidence of Catholic charitable work, and its recognition by the daily papers another evidence of the public interest which is being shown in the labors and methods of this society. During the past year this society has assisted and visited some 3,000 families, comprising almost 15,000 people. In all 34,000 visits were made and some $55,000 distributed. The public institutions for the poor, the prisons and hospitals, have been visited every Sunday. The Ozanam Home has sheltered and provided for the welfare of some eight hundred women. A central office that will direct and systematize the general work of the society has been established.

We point out these facts that the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society may be known more widely and its methods studied. The great result of this success is that work is undertaken in the most voluntary spirit of religious charity. Their extended and constant labors are more than a sufficient answer to the shallow argument, at times so speciously advanced, that religion regards man's welfare only in the world to come and allows him to suffer in this.

And meanwhile also we extend a word of congratulation to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn, and to its president, Commissioner Thomas W. Hynes, for their many successful labors in the cause of Catholic charity.

Twenty-five Years of Woman's Suffrage.

There does not appear to be any growing sentiment in favor of Woman's Suffrage after a generation of free discussion. Many conservative publicists have expressed

a desire to give women the power to vote, but only when questions affecting the home were at stake, believing that woman's unerring instinct for right would be a heavy makeweight against man's subserviency to party affiliation, and a number of strong-minded women have worked unceasingly to secure the right to vote on the grounds that armed with the ballot woman would be better able to protect herself in the race of life; but the agitation seems to be losing its momentum.

It has come to be a demonstrated fact that women do not want the right to vote. Outside the small coterie of agitators the rank and file of the women have never betrayed a burning desire to rush to the polls. When the Kelsey Bill was enacted by the New York Legislature, giving women taxpayers the right to vote on questions of appropriations at special elections, only a very small proportion of the women availed themselves of the privilege. The Woman Suffrage Amendment was defeated in Massachusetts by a vote of 137 to 47. In the Connecticut Constitutional Convention there were but three votes in favor of giving the suffragists a hearing on a Woman's Suffrage Amendment. In Iowa, where the great battle was fought, the waning power of the suffragists is indicated by the following figures: in 1898 the Legislature voted 49 to 47 against a Woman's Suffrage movement; in 1900 it voted 55 to 43, and in 1902 when the roll was called the vote stood 51 to 38. In New York State there is an organization forceful in numbers, but more particularly forceful in the character of its membership, which has for its avowed purpose the making of a persistent protest against laying on woman's shoulders the burden of the ballot. In the face of this dignified protest men will not be overeager to impose on woman a privilege which she prefers not to possess.

The best sentiment nowadays is in favor of solidifying the family as the unit of society. Husband and wife make one before the world. The right of voting in the hand of woman is a wedge to pry asunder what God has joined together.

Catholic Citizens and Public Education.

The article on "Catholic Citizens and Public Education" in the January issue has been such a revelation to the many who are interested in educational matters that it is now affirmed by some who have not been heretofore sympa-

thetic with the Parish-School system that this branch of educational work is no longer "a negligible quantity." The frank as well as authoritative statement of our position, that we ask no subvention for religious teaching, has cleared the atmosphere of a good deal of misunderstanding, and has taken from many opponents the vital reason for their antagonism, and the facts that there are nearly five million dollars of capital invested, and that we are educating 41,149 children at an annual cost of $344,284.60 in our Parish Schools in New York alone, is a manifestation of our sincerity of purpose. Heretofore the policy followed in official reports has been to ignore, but the publication of these figures will bring about official recognition.

There are many other reasons besides the mere magnitude of the Parish-School system that will make official recognition the best policy. Not the least of these is the fact that when educators come to study our Parish Schools they will find that if there be any side on which they are weak it is the patriotic side. We have been compelled for the sake of conscience to educate our children outside of the channels where the highest patriotism is largely taught. Yet Catholics do love their country and are eager to absorb all that is best in its national life. It is a crime against the nation for the ultra-American to steel his face against the children of the nationalities who do not speak English, and compel them to seek their education outside those agencies that will accelerate his absorption by and his assimilation with the civic body. How much better it would be to come to them with the olive branch and say to them: "You are children of this commonwealth, and it is our desire that you shall enjoy all that contributes to good citizenship. For this reason we shall make some arrangement whereby you may participate in the advantages that the Public-School system enjoys."

The strongest claim that is made for the Public-School system is that it is a great hopper into which all nationalities are thrown and there comes forth the American citizen. To get these results now the Parish School must be reckoned with.

The article referred to has been published in pamphlet form, and an edition of fifty thousand has been printed, and not only are pastors distributing these pamphlets among their people, but the various Catholic fraternal societies are taking up the matter and are likewise disseminating the pamphlet.

The English Licensing Act.

The most important and suggestive fact just now for all those who are interested in the liquor question, and we might say with equal truth for all who are interested in the cause of good public morality, is the new Licensing Act of England which went into operation on January 1 of this year. It is a novel and decidedly drastic step on the part of the government to put a stop to the evil of intemperance. The law affects principally the habitual drunkard. In its eyes an habitual drunkard is one who may be convicted of drunkenness three times within a year. The law is also retroactive. Until the passage of this law the police could not arrest a man or woman, thoroughly drunk though they might be, unless he was also disorderly. Under this new law any one found drunk in any public place may be arrested, prosecuted, and punished.

The law also looks to the welfare of the child. Any one found drunk while in charge of a child is liable to a fine of two pounds or a month's imprisonment. The law also lays its strong hand upon the bogus clubs that heretofore, by payment of a small fine, evaded the payment of license. Now not only is there a fine but also imprisonment, and the clubs are breaking up.

Perhaps the most novel and best feature of the Act is that the habitual drunkard is blacklisted, his photograph taken, and a copy sent to all license-holders of the district. Any publican serving that man with drink during the next three years is liable to a heavy fine.

The consumption of alcoholic drinks had been greatly on the increase, particularly among the upper classes, in Great Britain during recent years. The present law is a happy and emphatic evidence that public sentiment is being aroused to a sense of the danger of intemperance, and that effective means ought to be taken to check it. The law is very searching indeed in its efforts to be effective. As we have said, all lovers of the cause of temperance will watch its working with keen anxiety, and we have no doubt that in England, where there is such a respect for the law, it will be rigidly enforced. Let us hope, also, that it will go a long way towards solving the question that most practically affects society to-day—that is, the liquor question.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE *Church Times*, a non-Catholic paper in England representing the High-Church party in the Established Church, has a trenchant editorial on the subject of *Clericalism*. With a skilful pen it lays bare the weakness of the Nonconformists. It is good reading for some of our brethren of the Evangelical churches in this country. It is as follows:

One feature of the anti-church agitation against the Education Bill has been a ferocious attack upon Clericalism. Mr. Perks, who is a well-known member of a communion which is legally governed by a conclave of ministers, solemnly declared the other day that "wherever the hand of clericalism was found gripping the life of a nation there would be found commercial retrogression and moral stagnation." It is a fine, rolling sentence. It is, nevertheless, a very ordinary sentence. It expresses a rough synthesis of views which seem to be widespread, and which are as lacking in truthfulness as they are in thoughtfulness. To begin with, it is a novel view of religion to urge that commercial progress is one of its aims. We have heard of a kingdom which is not of this world: we have heard of One who had not where to lay His head. We can readily believe it possible that a country might produce men who followed the Saviour closely, and yet fail to produce a millionnaire, or a Black Country, or a Spitalfields. Commercial progress is not quite all that Mr. Perks and those who think with him seem to regard it. There is a readiness in advanced commercial countries to put everything in the market of salable things, from the chastity of women to the honor of politicians. If the present commercial success of England is all that English religion can boast of, there is something to be said for Belgium and French Canada; and if moral stagnation is to be sought, it may be found nearer home than the three countries we have mentioned.

Now, for ourselves, we have no regard for Clericalism—that is, for the Clericalism of the popular imagination. The insidious power of the priest over the layman's body and soul; the intriguing of the cleric in politics; the thirst for legacies and endowments which, in turn, tempts the priest to acts which are morally indefensible,—these mediæval bogies do not seem to us to be possible to-day; but if they were possible, we should be the first to resent them. The very existence of the *Church Times* is a protest against Clericalism. We express our own views, and our readers need not be assured that we do not consult the Bench of Bishops on each occasion. In fact the opponents of the bill at one time attack Clericalism and at another time attack the *Church Times*. The positions are flatly contradictory. The Clericalism of which certain worthy Englishmen are so much in terror at the present time is quite incompatible with a brisk and fearless church journalism, keenly alive to the defects of the church, and ready to point out and to condemn any irregularity. We hesitate to say that our columns, open as they always are to intelligent contributions, are in themselves an absolute safeguard against dominant

THE MOST RECENT PAINTING OF THE HOLY FATHER, BY MADAME LA MARQUISE CECILE DE WENTWORTH, OF NEW YORK.

"His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in order to show Mrs. Cecile Wentworth his high appreciation of her beautiful portrait presenting His Holiness in full figure, has been pleased to send to her a souvenir gold medal bearing the date of the year of his Episcopal Jubilee.

Rome, March 5th, 1901. LUIGI CARD. MACCHI."

I.

THE night is dark, abysmal dark;
The tempest shrieks o'er writhing sea,
The billows 'whelm our struggling bark:
What hope of safety may there be?

II.

The whistling winds dash high the spray,
That shrouds our crew in misty death;
The great deep yawns to seize its prey,
And hope and life hang on a breath.

III.

"O Pilot! tell, is there no light
On earth or in the sky
To help us steer our course aright,
Or shelter find till storm roll by?"

IV.

Just as their hearts sink in despair
A gleam of light shoots high and wide,
Then sinks, and thus, with fitful glare,
It gleams and fades on every side.

V.

'Mid tempest's blasts a voice rings out:
"Of treacherous lights, beware! beware!
False science feeds their flame with doubt,
Then shun as death the fatal snare:

VI.

"And trust that He whose 'Fiat Lux'
From ancient chaos morning drew,
That wonder writ in sacred books
But bides His time to work anew.

VII.

"The light from Peter's Rock is faint
And drifting clouds its glimmer veil,
But trust none other, though it paint
With dawn's own hues our struggling sail."

VIII.

With strengthened soul the storm-tossed pray:
"O God, our God! behold our plight;
On this deep gloom shed but one ray:
O Saviour Christ! give light, give light.

IX.

"The Bride of Christ still lives, we know.
Though Peter's rights are but a span,
The light-house on the Rock will glow,
If for the place Thou send the man."

X.

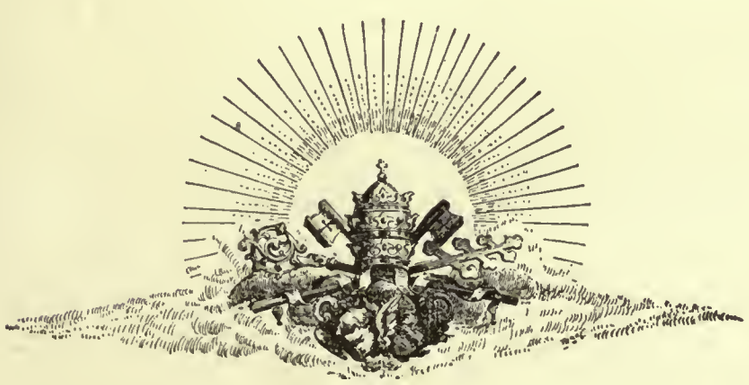
From out the gloom of narrowed skies
The Father's voice sounds loud and clear:
"Lumen in Cœlo soon shall rise,
Mine hour of mercy draweth near.

XI.

"Ye weak of faith, behold afar
The radiant promise of fair days,
My Leo riseth as a star
To rule the depths and guide your ways."

XII.

The light-house on the Rock once more
Sends steady beam throughout the world;
The darkness of the storm is o'er,
And Satan from his throne is hurled.



AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HOLY FATHER.

Said to be the only one taken during his Pontificate.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVI. MARCH, 1903. NO. 456.

THE GREAT WHITE SHEPHERD OF CHRISTENDOM.

ON the third of March of this year the whole Catholic world will celebrate one of the most glorious dates in the history of the Catholic Church. On that day Leo XIII. will complete, as second in the long series of Roman Pontiffs of nineteen centuries, the 25th year of his glorious Pontificate.

We might use the word "world" without limitation whatsoever; for if there be one fact more remarkable than any other connected with Leo the Thirteenth's reign and character, it is the universal respect and admiration in which he is held. During the twenty-five years that he has sat upon the throne of Peter there is not a serious thinker, a religious man, a social reformer, an earnest student, a ruler of peoples who has not, either in body or in spirit, made pilgrimage to his throne.

The passing of the twenty-five years of his Pontificate is a special cause of great rejoicing to us Catholics—as would be the extended life of a father upon earth to his children. But we also claim the privilege of paying our tribute to him as Americans. Time and again has Leo repeated that America had a special abiding place of love in his heart. Only last year did he take occasion to congratulate America on its loyalty: "Most particularly do we praise you for the earnestness with which you have cultivated in the past, and do now cultivate, your union with this chief Church and the Vicar of Christ on earth. We have gladly seized every suitable occasion to bear witness to our constant solicitude for you and the welfare of religion among you, and our daily experience compels us to make known that we have ever found your minds and hearts filled with docility, good will, and all desirable responsiveness."

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

His word has gone forth to champion our republicanism in government, and to look upon it as a political condition most favorable to the advancement and growth of our church: "Hence it is that while the attitude and temper of nearly all the old-time Catholic nations cause us grief, your churches, with their first bloom and glow of youth, do delight our heart and fill it with an intimate joy. There is, it is true, no favor from the civil constitution and government; but the rulers of the commonwealth are rightly to be praised, since in nowise do they interfere with your just liberty."

The untiring zeal and abundant love with which he worked for and desired the reunion of Christendom have caused him time and again to turn to America, where he sees the ripeness of the harvest and spurs on the laborers:

"We are not ignorant of the zeal with which every one of you, venerable brethren, labor for the establishment and perfection of schools and colleges for the correct formation of youth. So too your solicitude for ecclesiastical seminaries contributes to the increase of the clergy both in number and worthiness. What more can we add? You have exhibited a wise zeal in setting apart learned and reliable clergymen for the purpose of instructing those who differ from us and drawing them to the knowledge of the truth. These clergymen go from place to place; both in churches and in other buildings they make public addresses in the language of familiar conversation, and refute whatever objections are placed before them. This is an excellent institution, and we know that you have already profited much by it."

But beyond these expressions of our reverence and our joy at this exceptional time—expressions that bring no news to Leo's ears, but only the again repeated outpourings of loving hearts—we wish to record the extraordinary manner in which Leo has met the wants and gained the sympathy of the entire world.

When he ascended the throne there were not wanting those who, Cassandra-like, foretold the speedy downfall—or the decay, at least—of the Catholic Church of the ages. To the mind who gauges things without the measure of the ever-present Divine Spirit, such signs were not wanting. The church was persecuted by many nations, and her children were calling catastrophes upon themselves by opposing their governments;

much of the intellectual world of science, of history, of scriptural study was against her; men were determined to throw off the "intellectual shackles" of papal infallibility, and give liberty to reason; social unrest—grave problems of the masses—were looming up like dread spectres that threatened to spread the plague of anarchy over Europe. And within the church there were not wanting dangers both from those who would narrow her power of activity and shut her up in the repellant armor of conservatism, restraining the apostolic office to the teaching of a Sunday-school class, and from those who would have her sacrifice her divinely given truth, and thus welcome suicide.

Leo handled the problems before him with the skill of a Hildebrand, and his continued years have but given additional evidence of his power and ability as an interpreter of events and a ruler of hearts.

He has, first of all, shown that the Church of Christ is independent of human government or human forms of government. Its welfare is not necessarily one with either monarchism or republicanism. Leo XIII. has been foreign to no country, and has been the friend and supporter of every legitimate form of government. But he has gone further, and positively advised those who opposed their legal government at home to support it heart and soul, and make it work for the welfare of the church.

He has championed the rights of the state; and fearlessly against the same state has he stood for the rights of the individual and of the people.

Liberty and authority, one impossible without the other, in perfect sympathy are to work out the perfection of the individual and of the nation.

Leo XIII. has done a greater work still. He has proved to the world, which obstinately refused to believe it, that Catholicity is an intellectual religion; not alone intellectual, but that the speculative reason, dwelling upon the positive, revealed truths, may find more than ample exercise for every one of its powers. Science has prospered under his encouragement, but he has always shown that science—restricted to the material and the sensible—is but a narrowing of the scope of human reason and a debasing of the soul.

As the basis of Catholic philosophy he has placed St.

Thomas. Always a favorite student of the Angelic Doctor, this was one of the first acts of his Pontificate. Had he reigned but a few years, it would probably have been overthrown after he passed away; but he has lived long enough to see that it is taught in all colleges, and that the generation to-day and the generation to come are and will be fundamentally Thomists, re-echoing the philosophy of Aristotle—linking the human with the divine, combining reason with revelation, and again creating that synthesis which makes for harmony and perfection.

Again, in Scriptural study, which was causing havoc without the church and uneasiness within, which has not yet been altogether arrested, Leo recognized the gravity of the questions which modern Biblical study presents; the legitimate side to higher criticism; encouraged Catholics to keep abreast of modern science and scholarship; and yet he stands to-day as the representative of the church that alone champions the Divine authorship and inspiration of the entire Scripture.

Likewise in history: Leo threw open the archives of the Vatican, welcomed investigators and students: and encouraged all his subjects to write history that is history; "make the Popes known" was his brief but emphatic remark lately to the English historian.

In the matter that is perhaps most practical for us all, and for the whole world just now, in the social problems of labor and of capital Leo has stood particularly as a most prominent, heroic figure, with kindness and love in his eyes for all, with words of wisdom on his lips, warning the rich and the powerful that "he who deprives a laborer of his just wages commits a sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance"; warning the laborer, again, not to preach anarchy nor to rob his employers; with prudence, with a sagacity that has won for him the admiration of all, giving to the world the solution of the problem that vexes it most and is big now with evil portent for the future. So by becoming all things to all men Leo would draw all to Christ. His appeal has gone forth to the world calling the nations to Christ. And let us trust that his years to come may continue to be crowned with that which has been the greatest glory of his years past—that he has made known to the world Christ and His Gospel, and through his own person, in a secondary way, led thousands to accept and to follow both.

The following is a timely memorial written by the Rev.

Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., on the words which Leo spoke to him during a late visit to the Vatican:

MY REMEMBRANCE OF THE POPE'S TWO WORDS—"COURAGE, COURAGE!"

I.

Out from the American Republic should go a thousand thanks to Leo the Thirteenth. He has pointed out to us the nature and the number of those in Europe who do not understand us. Amid the noise and smoke of human strife, he has clarified the intellectual atmosphere for us. He has forced us to make our distinctions more defined, to quell the fears of those who suspect us of impugning the known truth. He has compelled us to construct our terminology according to the minds of the thinkers of the old world, so that they will see that we are not innovators of doctrine.

"Amen, amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die; itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

It is Rome's divine, historic destiny to centralize wayward social forces, to conserve conflicting germs of life, to direct untoward currents of thought, and even to bury the seed of truth that it may develop and be rendered intelligible by the bloom and the fruit of its doctrine.

II.

It may be that the subtlety of the French language alone can express the thought that there are triumphant defeats which even victory herself might be jealous of. This has been, more or less, the history of the relationship of prophet, saint, and genius to the See of Christendom. Who has a fuller right than the servant of servants to place the burning coal upon the prophet's tongue and crown the forehead of the anointed with the fillet of divine misfortune? To the philosopher of history, aided only by the light of reason, such episodes seem like the quenching of the torches of truth and the shackling of the liberties of the leaders of men. Yet the confusion of history cannot even be partially adjusted unless we measure it by this norm of Providence. Moods of impatience that are often congenital with rare intellectual power, have provoked intimacies of tragic pathos because of the self-possession of the Throne of the Fisherman.

III.

I saw the Pope twice—once intimately. I was presented to him as a Paulist, and at the word "Paolista" he brightened his dark eyes and said: "Indeed I have heard of the work of your community in that great Republic of the West, and especially do I remember reports of your efforts, through preaching and the printed word—*per prædicationem et typographiam*—to reach those who are not of the household of the faith." Then drawing himself up as if his spirit looked across the world, he pronounced the text: "Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest." Then he bade me bestow the apostolic benediction on my brethren and to all those who helped them in their special vocation. Then, taking me to himself, he pressed his cheek to mine (as a father might to a child), uttering at the same time the gracious words: "Son, be not of little faith." Then he dismissed me with the Italian word, "Corraggio"—spoken twice and with some intensity.

IV.

We may be swayed at times by the impulse of sentiment or of imagination, but as I went out from the gates of the Vatican, I felt how men's hearts could be led captive by the Church of our fathers—the holy Church of Rome. Because it is the mother of liberty in authority, the hour is past and there is no longer any place to incite a Babel of contradicting voices. There is no need to prove in how much we agree and how in nothing we differ. It is for others to say, that our differences may be along the lines of method and of manner. It is the divine instinct of all the faithful citizens, in the universal commonwealth of Christendom, to guard jealously the constitution—the treasure-house of the essentials.

"Now there were certain Gentiles among them, who came up to adore on the festival day. These, therefore, came to Philip, who was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying: Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew. Again, Andrew and Philip told Jesus. But Jesus answered them saying: The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified.

"Amen, amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling

into the ground, die; itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Dr. William J. Kerby, who was given his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Louvain, for some years past has occupied the chair of Sociology at the Catholic University of America. He needs no recommendation as an authority in questions sociological. The following is his tribute on the occasion of Leo's Jubilee:

LEO XIII. AND SOCIAL STUDIES.

The influence of Leo XIII. in the sphere of the social movement and social studies has been manifold.

Personally he has met, welcomed, encouraged, and rewarded Catholic leaders who devoted energy and talent to social reform. Pilgrimages and delegations of laboring men have had as easy access to the Vatican as princes. This sympathy, interest, and encouragement placed a high and—to Catholics—holy premium on practical social reform effort.

Officially, Leo XIII. has taught a harmonious Christian social philosophy in recorded conversations, allocutions, and letters—which philosophy meets the problems of modern life directly and, one may say, adequately. The culmination of Leo's teaching is found in *Rerum Novarum*, the "Magna Charta of laborers." In it is synopsized, confirmed, and taught, as in a code, the Catholic reform thought that had become vital in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Austria, as well as his own personal convictions. All in Catholic thought and action before the encyclical leads to it; all subsequent, proceeds from it. The great activity in thought and organization for the past twelve years may justly be called the fruit of that encyclical.

Leo XIII., by thus endorsing and affirming social reform thought and action, adjusted in anticipation the thought and temper of the church's intellect and organization to the needs of modern life. He cared for the adjustment, in fact, by encouraging the study of social sciences in our seminaries and universities. His approval has given to such studies the dignity and strength that our traditions might have led us to refuse.

Leo's influence on the social movement, on social philosophy and social studies, has already put the Church in close touch

with the next half century. When the wisest and best in modern nations shall have reached a satisfying readjustment of thought and life, the principles of that adjustment will not be unlike those elaborated in the teaching of our Holy Father. The nations may recoil from his leadership; they shall yet accept his teaching or fail to meet the problem of our civilization.

The Honorable Carroll D. Wright, who has occupied the responsible position of United States Commissioner of Labor under different political administrations, has written to THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE his regrets that, owing to the pressure of other work, he could not write a long appreciation, as he would be glad to do, but states:

"I think the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question gives the foundation for social science in this century. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind."

Mr. John Mitchell, the President of the United Mine Workers of America, also writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to join in paying my humble tribute to His Holiness Leo XIII., whose broad-minded, liberal views have won for him the respect of all classes of society, regardless of their religious beliefs."

A further evidence of that respect in which the Holy Father is held throughout the world is given in a circular published in Rome, which speaks of the monument to be erected to him as Father of the Workingmen.

The noted President of Cornell University, Jacob Gould Schurman, who has long been known to the American public not alone as an educator but also as a prominent writer and adviser in matters of national import, has also sent his kind appreciation to THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE:

I appreciate the privilege afforded me of joining in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. I have never had the honor of seeing His Holiness, but his photographs present the picture of a countenance radiant with goodness, intelligence, and wisdom. The revered head of the greatest spiritual organization in the world, Christians of all denominations delight to recall his potent and exalted service in the promotion of justice, virtue, and piety among all peoples.

I have always been greatly impressed, too, with the high and wise statesmanship which Leo XIII. has exhibited in dealing with the fundamental problems of the modern state—the relations of capital to labor, of weaker classes and peoples to stronger, and the everlasting but still unsettled rights of man. And it is peculiarly appropriate that His Holiness, as servant of the Prince of Peace, should have been a constant champion of Arbitration for the settlement of international disputes. My earnest desire is that a man so good and great may for years to come still be spared to the Catholic Church, to Christendom, and to the world. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott, of the *Outlook*, perhaps the most influential religious paper in this country, although differing from us in faith, sends the following tribute to Leo, which is an evidence of how his work has been regarded by those who are apt oftentimes to look upon us with hostile eyes:

It gives me great pleasure to furnish a brief appreciation of Leo XIII. Your readers must remember that this comes from me as from a non-Catholic.

While all broad-minded Protestants will recognize the piety and the theological scholarship of Leo XIII., it is his service as a statesman and a diplomat that will most call forth their appreciation. For we Protestants have been accustomed to identify the Roman Catholic Church with the monarchical form of government, and to regard that church as on the one hand necessarily a support of monarchy, and on the other hand, naturally, if not necessarily, inimical to democratic or popular institutions.

It is not necessary here to point out the causes which have led to this very general opinion in Protestant circles, nor to consider whether there is historical or philosophical justification for it. It is enough to note that it has also been entertained by some eminent Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. Thus, it cannot be doubted that the Carlists in Spain and the Royalists in France have sought to support their cause by endeavoring to identify the Church of Rome with Carlism in the one kingdom and with the Monarchy in the other. Pope Leo XIII. has rendered, in my judgment, an incalculable service, not only to the Roman Catholic Church but to Europe, and indeed to humanity at large, by what he has done to dissipate this im-

pression that the Church and Democracy are inimical to each other, and to make it clear that one can be a loyal and faithful son of the Church and a loyal and faithful citizen of a free Republican government. No man in any other position, whatever his ability, could possibly have done what Pope Leo XIII. has done to accomplish this result, and no man in the Papal Chair could have accomplished this result if he had not possessed the eminent abilities of Pope Leo XIII.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Last of all we add an appreciation of Leo's work in that line which as the Shepherd of souls he loves best to labor:

THE DEVOTIONAL INFLUENCE OF LEO XIII.

The Vicar of Christ holds his office that God may reign in men's lives through the indwelling Holy Spirit which is given to us. Such has ever been the purpose of Leo XIII. The whole world has awarded him, in his international activity, the apostolate of universal charity; and for men individually his constant endeavor has been to arouse our fidelity to the impressions of divine grace and loyalty to Jesus Christ.

How sincerely should we thank God for the Papacy, the whole tenor of whose government has been to claim the entire world for God. This has been done most efficaciously by Leo's greatest encyclicals, on the Sovereignty of Jesus Christ, on His Real Presence in the Eucharist, and on the Interior Guidance of the Holy Spirit. Catholics do not believe that their Pope is inspired. But only the influence of Christ's Gospel could be greater than that of these majestic epistles of the father of Christendom to all the churches.

And what a consolation this must be to him, so much in need of comfort. He has had heart-scaldings enough in his dealings with secular rulers. But when he has addressed us all, the prelates and priests and people of God's Church, every true Catholic has become an apostolic nuncio to his own soul and to all his brethren—even to the sheep of Christ outside the true fold. When the Pope's plea for Christ is thus made it does not fail. In the field of the church's political relations, sterile and over-cultivated as it is, the Pope has striven hard for the public rights of the truth, and too often with only meagre results. Not so with his messages to the people. As

the chief ambassador of Christ his appeals for a deeper absorption in divine things, a quicker advertence to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and fidelity to the leadings of the Spirit of God, have been marvellously successful. Under Leo's devotional teachings the entire race of mankind have greatly advanced in the knowledge and love of God, and especially through his encyclicals on Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit.

Whenever Leo's theme has been the maxims of the Gospel, that is to say, the denial of self-interest for the sake of Christ and our brethren, instantly the world has beheld the most powerful argument for the papal claims—the identity of our obedience to the successor of the Fisherman with obedience to the dictates of Christian love. The highest prerogative of the Vicar of Christ—well does our beloved Leo know it—is to fire men's souls with the love of God; obedience to the Pope leads to that or it is not welcome to him, nor is it in anywise a reliable trait of Catholic character. Never, therefore, was the papal power more convincingly advocated than when Leo urged the fervent use of the standard means of acquiring virtue, such as the sacraments and prayer; when he put new life into such devotions as the Rosary and the Sacred Heart; and above all in making religion more intensely personal by inculcating a closer union in the interior life with the Holy Spirit, the divine spouse of our souls.

Under Leo's instructions faith has thus become both firmer and more intelligent; under his exhortations to the love of Jesus Christ, motives of conduct in every order of life have become more upright; our communication with God more immediate, more conscious, more fruitful of the virtues called for by divine Providence in our day, such as the sanctification of learning and the conversion of souls.

Fidelity to the interior influences of grace, safeguarded by the external order of God in Holy Church, is the whole of religion. And our beloved Pontiff, as he looks back at his very long career as visible head of God's Church, has his sweetest, perhaps his only unalloyed consolation, in the remembrance of his unvarying success as a strictly religious teacher, inspiring souls with those individual qualities which alone can be the salvation of either men or nations, and whose combination and sequence, to use the expression of St. Francis de Sales, is the crowning grace of final perseverance.

THE EDUCATIONAL STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. GILBERT SIMMONS, C.S.P.

THE Education Bill, over which there has waged so long and bitter a struggle, has now become law. It will not, however, so far as can be seen, form a permanent or final settlement. As, however, it is a phase in the struggle going on over most of the civilized world between religious and irreligious training, it is important to form an estimate, so far as may be possible, not only of the result of the struggle but of the spirit, character, and power of the combatants, in view of the next, as it would seem not very distant, campaign.

It may be well, in the first place, to explain as briefly as possible a few terms which are constantly recurring in any discussion of the school question. Schools are divided into Board and Voluntary Schools. Although by virtue of the new law School Boards disappear, Board Schools will remain. The act calls them provided schools; because for them the whole expense not only of teaching but also of buildings, their erection and maintenance, is provided by taxes and by rates. Those provided, or Board Schools, are under the exclusive and complete control and management of the Educational Committees of the local authorities set up by the act. The Voluntary, or non-provided schools, are the schools which hitherto have had no assistance from the rates, although their expenses up to about four-fifths or five-sixths of the whole amount have been provided out of the taxes. Taxes, it may be worth while to mention, are the money derived under immediate authority of Parliament from the national products of industry and commerce, and are collected and distributed by the Imperial authorities. Rates are levied by Town and County Councils for definite and defined local purposes. The Voluntary, or non-provided, schools are to share in those rates for the future; but their managers have to provide out of their own funds the buildings, and to keep those buildings in repair, and to make such additions and alterations as the local educational authority

may deem reasonable. These non-provided or religious schools are under the control first of their own managers (although very little actual power is left to these managers), and second, of the local educational committee. Both classes of schools are under the supreme control of the Education Board in London for administrative purpose; Parliament being, of course, the only legislative authority.

All the schools, whether provided or non-provided, are subject to a Conscience Clause; that is to say, it is within the power of the parents of children to remove them from the religious instruction given in the school. Catholic children, therefore, need not attend the religious instruction given in a Protestant school, and *vice versa*. Another provision often confused with the Conscience Clause is the Cowper-Temple Clause. This applies only to the provided schools, and forbids these schools to give religious instruction according to the definite lines of church catechism or creed. It is to the operation of this clause that the latest form of Protestant opinion is due—Undenominationalism. Its formation was derived from the necessity of catering to the various religions of the ratepayers. The dissident sects were not willing to exclude all religious teaching from the schools; and are too jealous of one another to allow any particular form of opinion to be taught; and too stingy to build and pay for schools for teaching each its own form; and so they have manufactured a common Christianity which should be the religion of all in general, and that of none in particular. The Nonconformist conscience is thus appeased; their sacred money is not applied to the upbuilding of any particular dissident sect. No scruples, however, trouble it about using Cardinal Vaughan's money and that of Catholics for teaching a religion they abhor; these are in a minority, and their duty is to accept what pleases the majority.

Proceeding now to the consideration of affairs consequent upon the passage of the act. On its way through the House of Commons many changes were made in the bill. A few were improvements; the greater part were not. As introduced, the transfer of the Board Schools from the control of School Boards to that of a committee of the Town or County Council was left to each local district. All parties soon came to see that this would only perpetuate strife for an indefinite period,

and the change is now compulsory. School Boards have become a thing of the past. Board Schools, however, with the Cowper-Temple clause, which forbids definite religious instruction, still survive with the right they have and always had to levy rates and to share in the endowment derived from taxation. The place of School Boards is taken by a committee chosen by the Town or County Council. Hitherto a special election was held and educational policy came directly under the consideration of the electors; in future these questions can only be voted upon by the electors indirectly; that is, by voting for the Town or County Council which will elect the Education Committee; and as many other questions will be involved in a town or county election, educational affairs are now only brought remotely under popular control. It remains to be seen whether the opponents of the measure will be able to excite interest enough in the elections to secure for their party the dominating control of the Education Committees. In this event it will be in their power to give great trouble to the voluntary religious schools. For the powers of the Local Educational Committee are extensive. Over the secular education, even as first proposed by the bill, their control is complete, fixing school hours, appointing books; all expenditure is under their control, the number of teachers to be employed and their qualifications; the dismissal of teachers on educational grounds belongs to these committees; their consent is required to the appointment of teachers—a consent, however, which is not to be refused except on educational grounds. And above all, they have the power to appoint one-third of the managers of every school. To the managers is left the power to dismiss and to appoint teachers, subject to the recognition by the Education Committee of their fitness in secular matters. It is thus easy to see that a committee opposed to religious schools may cause a great deal of trouble if so minded, and it is not easy to see what powers are left to the managers of the schools. Duties and burdens indeed remain to them; they have to maintain the school buildings in good repair, and to make such alterations and improvements as may be reasonably required by the local educational authority, out of funds provided by themselves.

All these conditions seem to be sufficiently unfair to religious schools, but a crowning injustice was introduced in the course of the bill through the House of Commons. This was the

famous Kenyon-Slaney clause. This clause gives the control of religious instruction in the denominational schools to the Board of Managers as a body, and takes it out of the hands of the priest or clergyman. It is now no longer of right that the priest controls the religious instruction in his own schools; if he does so it is only because he is able by tact, by superior intelligence, by popularity, or what not, to hold his own. High-Churchmen see in this a denial of the divine right of the minister to be the authorized imparter of religious instruction by succession from the Apostles. If in the schools he is under the control of a committee of laymen, some of whom are dissenters, and this in virtue of an act of Parliament, it is to be feared that it will not be long before the same claim is made for the power to control the religious teaching in the church. In fact, the Bishop of Southwell welcomes this as the first step for the enlarging of the powers of the laity, which the advocates of Church Reform have at heart.

This proviso, by which the managers are given control of the religious instruction, although in the highest degree objectionable in principle, will not in all probability work badly in practice in Catholic schools, for the Catholic Church knows her own mind, and knows who is a Catholic and who is not; and the four Catholic foundation managers out of the six which constitute the board will secure Catholic teaching. In the Anglican Church, however, as no one knows what is and what is not Anglican teaching, so no one knows who is a *bona fide* Anglican and who is not; and this is rendered the more difficult on account of the claim which every Englishman may make, even though a dissenter or a Jew, to be of right a member of the National Church, and to exercise those rights when so it pleases him.

To sum up the objections involved in the act as finally passed: It renders religious teaching insecure by contravening the right of the clergy to teach, and making the managers judges of what shall be taught, within, of course, the limits of the trust deeds, and with an appeal to the chiefs of denominations. It makes, however, these trust deeds insecure by giving the Board of Education power to vary them. It renders the property of buildings insecure inasmuch as it gives the right to the local authority to call upon the managers to make

improvements. These improvements are to be reasonable, indeed; but who is the judge of that reasonableness?

A great object which the friends of religious education hoped to secure by the act was that the schools would retain their religious atmosphere. The act as altered, while it leaves the appointment of the head-master to the managers, who will, of course, appoint a teacher of the same denomination as those to which the school belongs, enables the local authority to appoint assistant teachers who may be of any or of no religion.

If, then, the law involves all these hardships and entails upon denominational schools expenses from which undenominational schools are free, why, it may be asked, should it be accepted, and of what advantage is it? About acceptance there can be no question; for, if not accepted, no help at all will be given to the schools from either rates or taxes. As to the advantage of it, this seems to consist only and solely in this: That the state takes upon itself the entire support of the school—paying the salaries of teachers, and placing them upon a level with the teachers of the provided schools. In consideration of this the Catholic bishops of England are willing to work loyally under the act, and to contribute to its success; they have never accepted it as good ideally, but only as the best which is practically attainable. The sentiment of the Anglican bishops, and even of the English Church Union, is in agreement with this—all urge upon the clergy the duty of making the best of a bad position. The hope for the future is in the characteristically illogical Anglo-Saxon way of making things work well, however bad they may appear. If a revival of religious feeling should take place, the present act may last, or be modified in a way favorable to religious schools. The dissenters hoped when the Education Act of 1870 was passed that the death-knell of denominational schools had been sounded. They have since by the use of public money been trying to starve them out; they have not succeeded, and their bitterness and disappointment are evidenced by the opposition which they offered to the passing of even such an act as the present. What will they do now?

MGR J. CRÉTIN.

MONTLUEL, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP CRÉTIN.*

BY LORENZO J. MARKOE.

FROM Bishop Crétin's memorial stone, over his grave in Calvary Cemetery in St. Paul, Minnesota, we learn that he was "born in Montluel, France, A. D. 1799." The little work mentioned below reveals such a remarkable history, and shows Montluel to have been a place of such importance in earlier French annals, that an outline sketch of the quaint mediæval town can scarcely fail to interest one.

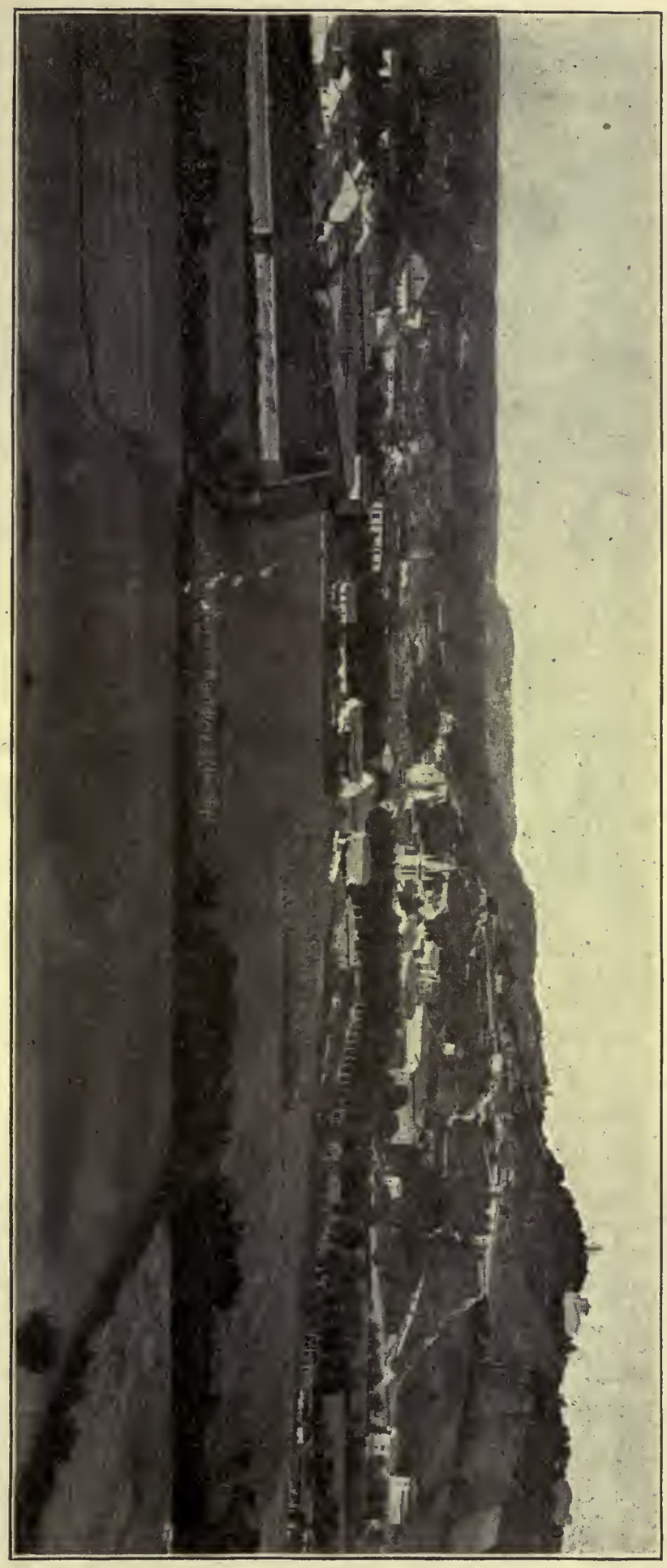
To reach our destination we must take the railway from Lyons to Geneva, as it winds along the right bank of the river Rhone. After thus travelling for several kilometres our course changes at Miribel, whence we follow to the left a beautiful ridge of hills, crowned with woods, and planted with vineyards which overlook well-cultivated fields and prairies. We pass in

* *Esquisse Historique sur Montluel.* Par un Ancien Curé de la Paroisse. Imprimerie J. Dureuil, Bourg. 1897.

rapid succession several charming villages, cross the Sereine—a small river bed usually dry—and alight at the seventh station in the Department of Ain. We are at Montluel.

Before us stretches a beautiful old avenue of linden-trees, planted, if tradition be correct, in the eighteenth century, and which must be seen to appreciate its full beauty and fascination for the wearied traveller. Beyond the avenue the little town nestles cozily at the foot of the hill. Raising our eyes higher, we behold houses and vineyards which seem to cling to the side of the hill as it rises above the village; and over all, at the very summit, a fine large statue of the Blessed Virgin looks forth upon the surrounding country for miles distant. Near this statue is the old church of St. Barthélemy, amidst ancient grave-stones and monuments; and close by are the crumbling walls which still mark the site of the ancestral castle of Montluel. If we climb to the summit and seat ourselves near these old ruins, we may look forth upon one of those beautiful panoramas for which "La Belle France" is so justly celebrated. Again descending to the town, we may visit the churches, hospice, town-hall, and trace the remains of the ancient fortifications which once protected this old feudal town from the inroads of its enemies.

Montluel, to-day the principal town of a little French canton, was formerly the seat of one of the seigniories of Bresse. An ancient Roman highway branched off here. The great tower, upon the foundations of which now rests the statue of the Blessed Virgin already mentioned, served as a watch-tower, overlooking this road in the times of the Romans. The plains near Montluel constitute a part of Valbonne. In a map of the second century, in Montfalcon's History of Lyons, we find the names of *Valli Bona*, *Mons Lupelli*, between the Rhone and the Saone, below the confluence of the river Ain. In Charlemagne's division of his vast empire, Valbonne, included in Burgundy, formed a part of Germany. Our author tells us that there were certain churches and chapels there from the first centuries of Christianity. Towards the year 450, St. Domitian lived there for a time as a hermit. In 680 one of the grandsons of Clovis, King Gontram, founded in the Forest of Bresse a monastery for the monks of St. Benedict. We know with what zeal Charlemagne sought to advance religion in all the provinces of his empire. The French savant, Ampère, in



MONTLUEL, FRANCE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP CRÉTIN.

an address before the Institute of France, in 1837, said: "Charlemagne probably established more primary schools than exist to-day. . . . He prescribed that every priest should have a free school in his presbytery for all those children who should desire instruction." It is probable that it was at this period that was founded the ancient priory of Montluel (*antiquissimus prioratus Montis Lupellis*), which is mentioned by the old chroniclers.

The construction of the castle of Montluel—the fortress of the town and the residence of its sovereign lords—dates from the period of the incursions of the Normans, Saracens, and Hungarians, when the inhabitants would retire in terror with their wives and children to the fortresses, and there await the arrival of the imperial troops, which but too often failed to

come to their rescue. This state of affairs gave rise to the feudal system, under which the lords built their castles along the borders and came to the relief of the oppressed and persecuted people. In the eleventh century disorders existed throughout the empire, and wars were desolating the country. Under these circumstances the principal governors of the more distant provinces, with the encouragement of the people themselves, assumed the position of independent sovereigns. Thus Bresse was partitioned amongst themselves by the sires of Beaugé, Chatillon, Montluel, Villars, and Thoire in Bugey. In 1152 the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, legalized all these usurpations by the golden bull in which he reserved to himself the right of suzerainty. The seigniory of Montluel included all the country of Valbonne, comprising a territory nine or ten leagues in circumference. The lords of Montluel were frequently called in as arbiters or sureties to settle disputes between prominent persons of the period. Our author mentions many of these cases. Thus the principle of arbitration was fully recognized and applied by many persons of distinction in the Middle Ages.

On March 6, 1276, Humbert IV. of Montluel granted to the seigniory its liberties and franchises as a commune of France. These franchises are set forth at length in the learned work of Valentine Smith *(Bibliotheca Dumbensis)*. Humbert engaged, in substance, to impose no arbitrary impost; to leave each one at liberty to bequeath or to sell; to assess contributions on immovable property, excepting church property; to protect his subjects in their persons and goods; to exercise hospitality towards strangers; to use moderation towards poor debtors; to be severe only for crimes of a certain gravity; to exact only a restricted military service; to administer justice in the town, and without a delay of more than one year at most; to protect the burgesses and the inferior classes against the superior; to grant them the right to administer their own affairs; to cause the personal dignity of each to be respected; to repress fraud and evil manners; to encourage general recourse to the markets of the town; to protect his subjects against bad faith on the part of foreign debtors and against the excessive severity of creditors; to facilitate trade and the establishment of strangers upon his domains; to repress quarrels and dilapidations; to prevent monopoly and excessive charges for merchandise; to

THE CHURCH OF NÔTRE DAME DES MARAIS.

take the advice of the burgesses and to respect their rights; to choose intendants, judges, or overseers worthy of consideration. The inhabitants on their side assumed certain reciprocal duties towards the lord. This document is well worthy of notice in these days of boasted liberty and civilization. How many countries to-day enjoy all the privileges thus guaranteed to the inhabitants of Montluel in the so-called "Dark Ages"?

For three centuries, under the rule of the reigning family of the Lords of Montluel, the seigniory was almost entirely free from war and its attendant horrors, and the inhabitants lived in a state of peace and prosperity. In 1442 embattled towers, connected by thick walls, encircled the town, six gates giving access to the place. A tower was constructed at one of the gates; also a triple circuit of walls around the castle, a draw-

bridge, and a glacis or parapet, with loop-holes, around the great Roman tower, to make of it the principal defence of the old castle or citadel. One can to-day still verify the existence of several of these fortifications.

The Church of St. Étienne was given, in 1080, by the Archbishop of Lyons, St. Geboin, to the religious of St. Ruf, or Rufus, a congregation which at that time accomplished much for religion in France, Spain, and Italy. St. Rufus was Bishop of Avignon in the third century. The chapel of the castle was under the patronage of St. Barthélemy, or Bartholomew, the Apostle. In 1289 Humbert IV. of Montluel built a new church outside the castle, upon the panel of the door of which may still be deciphered this inscription: "In the year of the Lord 1289 this church was founded by Humbert of Montluel and Aloyse his wife, in honor of the Blessed Bartholomew, Apostle," This church now serves as the mortuary chapel, with the cemetery of the commune close to its walls. It is in the Roman style. Behind the main altar is still to be seen a masterpiece representing the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, and attributed to Ribeira, who was called the Little Spaniard (l'Espagnolet). He was a pupil of Michael Angelo, and died in 1656. It has been injured in an attempt to retouch it; but the principal subject remains intact, and is perfect in expression and reality.

Some Augustinian Fathers were established in Montluel about 1391. In 1410 they received donations and purchased property on Rue Neuve, where the convent was built. Meanwhile the inhabitants restored and enlarged their church of St. Étienne as we see it at the present day. The church once restored and enlarged, Pope Leo X. erected a congregation of ten priests for its service. These priests were to reside in the parish, and to assist at all the offices, under penalty of being deprived of their revenues. To be admitted into this congregation it was necessary to be a grammarian, rhetorician, and theologian, or at least to be able to read in order to learn canon law.

The site now occupied by the beautiful Church of Nôtre Dame was formerly but a wet, marshy soil. A well-established tradition, transmitted from generation to generation, assures us that at a remote epoch there was found in this marsh a statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding in her arms the little Infant Jesus. It is also said that this statue, being carried several

times into a church of the town, was always found the next morning upon the edge of the marsh. The inhabitants built a chapel to shelter the statue, and venerated it. It was called Nôtre Dame des Mares, or Marais (Our Lady of the Marshes).

ANNUAL PROCESSION ON THE FEAST OF ST. MARK.

Prodigies and miracles took place there, and a great concourse of the faithful came thither to pray, especially on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. During the fifteenth century some six or seven priests formed the design of living in community in order to conduct their devotional exercises in common, and to celebrate the divine office with more solemnity in the chapel of Nôtre Dame des Marais. Thanks to their zeal and to the gifts of the inhabitants, there soon arose the beautiful Gothic church that we admire at the present day. In 1530 Pope Clement VII. erected a chapter under the name of Nôtre Dame des Marais, composed of an archdeacon, a chorister, and thirteen canons. The dean was to be named by the Roman court. In 1605 more than forty thousand persons, to gain the jubilee indulgence, visited the church of Nôtre Dame during the three days of Pentecost; and upon this occasion a Capuchin father preached thirty-three times to this crowd of pilgrims.

There was formerly at Montluel a hospice, said to date from the thirteenth century, for lodging the pilgrims who repaired to St. James of Compostella, in Spain, a pilgrimage much frequented in the Middle Ages from all parts of Europe. Alongside this hospice had arisen a chapel dedicated to St. James the Greater. In the sixteenth century a confraternity of White Penitents of Nôtre Dame du Confalon used this chapel for the celebration of their religious offices. This society had been founded by St. Bonaventure in Lyons, and was composed of the most fervent Christians—workmen, burgesses, magistrates, advocates, nobles, and priests. In certain years pestilence caused terrible ravages in Montluel and the vicinity. To ward off this infliction, the magistrates and burgesses made a solem vow to celebrate each year the Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist by having on that day a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. This procession is still a great event each year in Montluel, and is participated in with genuine devotion by the inhabitants.

There was a printing establishment in Montluel in 1536, and a college in 1584. The studies extended to rhetoric; the school was well equipped; the classes were full. This institution was still in existence in 1788. There was also at one time a famous lodging-house called La Couronne, at which the greatest lords of France and of foreign countries deemed it a pleasure to sojourn before entering Lyons. In the eighteenth century Montluel carried on a good commerce in grain and hemp. There were numerous presses of walnut and colza or coleseed oil, several dyers' shops, bleaching-yards for thread, and for awhile a spinning factory for cotton. There existed guilds for dyers, hemp-combers, and bakers.

In 1620 the body of St. Francis de Sales, when it was being carried from Lyons, where he died, to Annecy, rested for one night in the Church of St. Étienne, where the entire population came in crowds to venerate it. In 1640 some Sisters of the Visitation were established at Montluel; but, later, their extreme poverty led the Archbishop of Lyons to dissolve the community. While these Visitandines were in Montluel, in 1641, during her last journey to Moulins, St. Jane Frances de Chantal visited them. Some months later her body was carried back from Moulins to Annecy. It rested one night at Montluel, where the people again hastened in crowds to venerate it, whilst the Sisters kept watch over it through the night. The

THE VISITATION CONVENT, NEAR THE CHURCH OF NÔTRE DAME.

present community of the Visitation at Montluel dates from some two centuries later, in 1820. In the chapel of this convent are venerated the relics of Ste. Placidie, Virgin and Martyr, which were brought thither from Rome by Mgr. Crétin, who became Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota In this chapel, in 1869, was received into the church from Episcopalianism a lady from St. Paul, who was residing here temporarily with her married sister. From the same convent had gone forth some years before Sister Anastasie Martin, to found a house of the order in the United States, at Keokuk, Iowa. These sisters were finally transferred to Wilmington, Delaware, where they now possess a fine convent, and have embraced the strict primitive observance of their order. The same American lady who abjured Protestantism in the chapel at Montluel is now a member of the community in Wilmington, where she was for a time Mother Superior.

M. Bazin, at one time a vicar in Montluel, became missionary apostolic in Mobile, Alabama, vicar-general to the bishop of that diocese, and afterwards was himself Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana. Bishop Crétin and Father Lédon, who also labored in St. Paul as a missionary for several years, were both

born at Montluel. Fathers Goiffon, Robert, and Genis, all three still laboring in the diocese of St. Paul, are natives of Meximieux, a portion of the ancient seigniory of Montluel. Archbishop Ireland and Bishop O'Gorman made their preparatory studies for the priesthood at Meximieux, where they were sent by Bishop Crétin. The following priests were also born in Montluel: Martine, missionary in America; Janin, Marist, missionary in New Caledonia; Gouchon, Dominican, missionary in Trinidad.

A description of the brilliant gatherings and solemnities at the old castle of Montluel we must reluctantly omit. The Emperors Sigismund and Frederick III. of Germany, King Francis I. of France, Catherine de Medicis, Henry IV., and Louis XIII.—all were entertained there. The ancient glory of Montluel departed with the terrible days of the French Revolution; but the people have retained the faith, and are as a whole faithful to their religious duties. With this very imperfect sketch we must bid an affectionate farewell to our lovely little village, nestling snugly against the beautiful hills of Bresse, and seemingly giving but little thought to its ancient glories and privileges of past centuries, now well-nigh lost to view in the mists of time.

White Bear, Minnesota.

A VISION OF SPIRITUAL HOPE FOR IRELAND.

BY REV. HENRY EDWARD O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

NOW can I ever forget the feeling that came over my spirit when, after a journey of many days at sea, I saw in the distance and for the first time the green Irish coast looming up like some sad spectre upon the horizon. Who can explain the subtle sentiment which will creep over the heart and stir the blood at the mere sight of some certain object? It was there in that mysterious country that my fathers slept. There they had sorrowed, fought, and died. From there came my own flesh and blood—my own kith and kin. The fresh imaginings of my boyhood were heightened by traditions of valor in war and fidelity in love as lived and felt in that romantic isle. Small wonder, then, that such a keen mood of emotion should fall upon me like a pall and move my eyes to tears—my soul to pity. All this would be personal did I not wish to provoke in you the belief that although I did not spring from the loins of Irish soil but was born in the new Republic of the West, I had nevertheless an Irishwoman for a mother, and I may, therefore, by the right of heredity, speak of Ireland with some authority and even with some affection.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE AND THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

It was while tending his flock of sheep at the foot of Mount Horeb that God appeared to Moses in a burning bush. The divine voice said to him: "Behold the cry of the children of Israel is come unto Me: and I have seen their affliction wherewith they are oppressed by the Egyptians. But come and I will send thee to Pharao, that thou mayst bring forth My people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

Pharao met the appeal of Moses by oppressing the Israelites with a yoke still more heavy. Nine times did plague fall upon the land of Egypt, but the king remained obdurate against the heavenly dictate of Moses. There came a tenth plague. In one night the angel of death smote the first-born of the king on his throne to the first-born of every slave, and even the

first-born of the cattle, until there rose up throughout all Egypt a universal wail. On that very night the Israelites, having their loins girded and shoes on their feet and a staff in the hand, ate the flesh of a lamb with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. They ate in haste and as pilgrims and travellers. The King of Egypt feared them and wished that they might leave his domain, and so they wandered on and on to the shore of the Red Sea, led in the night by a light of fire and in the day by a pillar of cloud. Those forty years in the desert between Sinai on the south and Elim on the north prepared them for sorrows yet to come and even within sight of the Promised Land. With each morning, before the rising of the sun, manna came to them from heaven as a food and water gushed from the rocks to slake their thirst. To this day they have wandered over the face of the earth. But there is, in spite of their historic misfortunes, a disposition of Providence which, I cannot but believe, is watching over them even now. It was on the feast of the Passover, the fourteenth of April, in or about the year of our Lord seventy-nine, that the Jews out of sheer desperation strove to defend the Holy City of Jerusalem.

MODERN MOVEMENT OF ZIONISM.

But Jerusalem is gone, and of the Temple of the Jews there remains, as was foretold, not a stone upon a stone. But who shall say that from that destruction and dispersion, or that because of the few scattered remnants of Jews, strewn over the earth, that the Jews are dead and do not affect modern history? Does not the modern movement of Zionism among the choice spirits of the Hebrew race rather betoken a sign of their preternatural vigor? It is still their dream and glorious hope that they will once again take up the golden thread of their history; that the hour may yet come when they will rehabilitate themselves within the walls of Zion. Indeed, there are a few vague Scriptural foreshadowings which would seem to intimate that the olive-tree will again naturally thrive, for, we are, after all, only a branch of the wild-olive which has been grafted in on the original tree. So that the dispersion of a race to the four winds of the heavens is no proof that it has lost its primeval strength or historic destiny. Rather, sometimes, the pressure of its untoward and tragic history may be the very condition of the fulfilment of its mission. For nations and races, as well as

men, have vocations and are constructed, under God, to complete some special purpose in the vast scheme of the workings of history. Moreover, it would seem that different historical issues are brought about by the very dissimilar characteristics of different races. Each race would seem to fill its economy in the explicit exposition of God's direction over the life of history. "Let the nations be glad and rejoice: for Thou judgest the people with justice and directest the nations upon earth." In a discussion of the peculiar gifts of different races it were wise to look at the subject calmly and not to overestimate the virtues or to magnify the vices of any particular race.

DIVINE VOCATION OF THE IRISH RACE.

The racial question is always a difficult one and must be treated with prudence, else we may violate the sensibilities of men and accordingly impede our progress towards the possession of truth. We must, moreover, be careful to aver that God does not need any nation or race to complete his beneficent designs towards humanity. Stranger still it would appear that the seeming defects of a race may be distorted into instruments of good for the salvation of the world. It was said of the ancient Romans that they lusted for dominion; be that as it may, St. Augustine thought that Heaven rewarded them for their civic virtues by giving them the empire of the world. The craving for conquest which was in their hearts, indirectly wrought the fact that their colonies were converted into world-wide gardens of Christian civilization. I trust it is not overzealous for me to venture the opinion that the modern British Empire, in some faint manner, reflects the fortunes of the Roman Empire of the past. Neither can it be amiss, nor out of good taste, nor a commonplace to see in the tragic history and newer testament of the Irish race some faint reflection of the divine vocation of the Israelites of old.

ERIN'S SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

The races in modern Europe, as likewise in America, have been and are being so intermingled, that only certain general characteristics can be attributed to each of the greater ones—such as the Latins, the Saxons, or the Celts.

But in writing of the Irish race I wish to combine all the conflicting racial elements of Irish nationality under one head.

I would direct my words to the one type which represents all the races of Ireland—the Celtic, the Gaelic, the Norman, and even the Saxon. Moreover, concerning the nation itself, I would think of it, not so much as a land which drew—as rivers to the sea—different streams of European races, but as a country which had or has its own peculiar complexion of civilization. If it be true that the elect among men are chosen by God to bear the sins of the people and to effect His work through heroism and self-sacrifice, may we not say the same of nations, and especially of the beloved country of Erin? Around the great martyred Hero of a seeming lost cause there kneel the goodly company of the just nations—the weepers and the worriers—they who wane sad; they who sit by the city gates or by the deep sea and look out toward the west. "Behold! how the just one dieth and there is none that taketh it to heart: just men are taken away and no one considereth it: the Just One is taken away because of iniquity and His memory shall be in peace."

THAT SPIRIT ALONE EXPLAINS HER HISTORY.

He does not read history aright who sees in the Irish martyrdom of seven hundred years nothing but the outcome of human events. These circumstances forced by men are divinely permitted to complete some providential historic development. The day must come when this long cycle of suffering will close. When Erin shall bind up the dishevelled tresses of her hair and put on the habiliments of life and of love. There she sits, easily graceful, on the bleak rocks lashed by the waves of the cruel sea. "Weeping she hath wept in the night and her tears are on her cheeks." The drops of glistening dew on her wanton tresses are the only helmet she wears. Her soft raiment is woven from the gold and the green of the moss in her valleys and the purple of the heather on her hills. She is lovable even in her melancholy, but she would be lovelier still if the light of hope came to her eyes and the winged step of freedom to her feet. In forecasting her destiny we are confronted with a problem—we stand between the hopes and the fears of the Irish nation.

THE DANGER TO HER IN MATERIAL PROGRESS.

The fear is that that small island cannot withstand the tide

of modern material and commercial splendor which is sweeping over all the world. The fear is that with the loss of her ancient traditions and language and music and population she may lose her individual life as a nation and become a prosperous neighboring shire—merely an English colony. When her majesty the late Queen ascended the throne there were ten millions of souls in Ireland—to-day there are less than five. The population was depleted by one-half during her majesty's reign. Indeed, I almost confess to a state verging on pessimism when I look upon the almost hopeless external state of Irish politics to-day. Modern Ireland is still to modern England what the English poet believes her to be:

"—the lovely and the lonely bride,
That we have wedded but have never won."

On the other hand, there are clever men of an optimistic temper who see in the recent transference to Ireland of minor departments of government, a faint foreshadowing of the fuller national liberty which is to come. There are patriots and acute thinkers who find in the recent federation of the conflicting political elements, a portent of the future national reconstruction,—may the God of nations grant that this will come!

If, however, the former state should eventually assert itself, the race of itself would not necessarily lose its enduring characteristics. As I have said before, a race does not need its own country to complete its mission. Of old the Jews went out from the homes of their fathers into a strange country, and by their very migrations they taught to the world the lessons they were divinely appointed to teach. So too, think you, would such thorough and far-reaching phases of Christianity have been transplanted to America, India, Australia, or even England, if the Irish had remained in their own desolate, blighted country wandering about broken-spirited, hungry, and poor? It is sad reading the exodus of any people from the hills of home and from their hearths made festive by minstrelsy, love, and wit; but to a people teeming with sentiment and highly-strung the melancholy is all the profounder.

IRELAND'S SPIRITUAL GREATNESS.

It is peculiar sometimes to great spiritual events that they are wrought by the materially weak and by the simple. If we

are to believe history, Ireland's greatness is not to be found in the external facts of history but rather in that more subtle region of the spirit. Her better life has not been public. She has moved rather under the clefts of the rocks—within the region of emotion and thought and interior grace. Hence, she has never once strewn fleets of ships across the seas or planted armies in foreign fields. Her glory is of the soul. "The beauty of the King's daughter is from within." Who knows but that if Ireland had historically and materially prospered she might have fallen from the state of grace, and then we could no longer speak of the purity of her Christianity or the chastity of her life. Amid her hopes and her fears and in the fact of diverging opinions as to her future, there is one practical hope towards which her ardent lovers (no matter what their political creed) may bend all their energies. It is the golden mean which will procure a mode of civilization conserving all the supernatural aspirations and ancient ideals, and yet at the same time licitly adjusting itself to the benefits of modern progress. The quick intuition, the mystical tendencies, and even the very passions of the people are religious. There is little executive or mechanical genius in them if we balance these qualities with their spiritual sense. They are rather the feminine element in the races. They work best in perpetuating the life of a nation when in relationship with a more dominating race. They are emotional, susceptible, assimilative, and tender as women. They produce best under the influence of a more masterful external environment. Their wit, imagination, melancholy, and fluency of speech are tokens of the artistic nature rather than those of men of action. As woman by her subtlety and charm influences the world for good or evil, so Erin by her tears and her smiles and endurance of sorrow and spirituality has played her delicate career on the stage of the world's drama. Beautiful and holy Ireland, comely as the daughter of Lir, but rich only in the treasure of a pure conscience, has ever been the fruitful mother of saints and heroes, dreamers and poets. When the vision dies, the people perish. It is in the providence of God that some nations should suffer, by way of atonement, for the sins of others; that some nations should be refused material contentment, that the sacred love of country and national ideals may not perish from the hearts of the people. It were better for a nation to suffer undignified dissolution and die from off

the face of the earth than that, in spite of God's inspiration, it should sin against the light and prostitute the gift of a holy mission. It were better that fever and plague, coercion and famine, pillage and slaughter should drain away the life-blood of some and exile the others, if by such crises God should multiply his people out of Egypt. Alas! Clonard, Lismore, and Armagh are no longer nooks of sacred lore, but the virginal ardor for spiritual science and morality glows as brightly as it did in the burning hearts of Saint Malachi or of Dublin's bishop, Saint Laurence O'Toole. How can I marshal to my lips the serried troops of Irish saints who joined knowledge and learning to purity and love? How dare I tell it to you who know it so well, the golden period of Ireland's history? How can I be gracious enough to speak of the beauty and innocence of the women and the little children? How bring to your minds the gleam and the scent of the wild flowers—the sunshine and cloud—the tears and the smiles of the skies—the notes of the lark, the linnet, and the thrush—the wonder of the dark woods—the music in the leaping of the rivers and the streams. And least of all should I say a word, lest I provoke bitterness, of those rude and ruthless ages of sword and flame, of hunger and thirst. Least of all should I revivify corpses long since buried—faded pictures at the mere sight of which the heart grows sick. Rather do I linger looking towards the west, where "the course of empire takes its way"—to the high hopes and to the skies more golden than a stretch of harvest in the yellow veil of Tipperary.

"A terrible and splendid trust
Heartens the host of Innisfail:
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,
A lightning glory of the Gael.

"Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,
And Tara the assembling place:
But each sweet wind of Ireland bears
The trump of battle on its race.

"From Dursey Isle to Donegal,
From Howth to Achill, the glad noise
Rings: and the heirs of glory fall
Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

"A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
Yet, ere peace comes to Innisfail,
Some weapons on some field must gleam,
Some burning glory fire the Gael.

"That field may lie beneath the sun
Fair for the treading of an host:
That field in realms of thought be won,
And armed minds do their uttermost.

"Some way to faithful Innisfail
Shall come the majesty and awe
Of martial truth, that must prevail
To lay on all the eternal law."

MATERIAL PROSPERITY A CONDITION OF LIFE.

The last hope of the modern Irish poet is rather the better one, that in this eternal struggle with the crown some policy of arbitration will yet be reached by which the truth will prevail and the individual character of Ireland saved to the world of history. With the revival of industry and agriculture and of labor such as the flax and linen in the large cities, with the rehabilitation of trade so long paralyzed by manifold influences, with a hopeful, commercial spirit compassing the hearts of the people, there would come a national regeneration. They who love Ireland wisely tell us to beware, however, of lowering the mind of the entire nation to the ordinary standard of merely natural ambition—merely materialistic or commercial success. The effort to bring Ireland into the arena of the modern utilitarian idea, will destroy the specific genius of the Irish people unless efforts are made to have them retain at the same time their own spiritual ideals. To save the Irish race from extinction in its own country, material prosperity is not the only means needed. The language with all its mystery and weird enchantment must be kept in the heart and on the lips. Those stacks of ancient manuscripts in monastery and museum must be unearthed and submitted to translation and modern scientific research. The wild music with its plaintive minor chants must resound in the valleys of song, until fire, mist, dew, and water will be touched again with preternatural awe. The holy wells must dispense sweet water as of old. The torches of learning must be rekindled upon the mountains. The green ivy must

fall from the crumbling walls and the stones of the ancient abbeys spring to life again. All this is compatible with the admission of what is best in those words of music and of magic: "liberty," "progress." Material prosperity, however, is not the end but the condition of Ireland's future life. She was made for a higher purpose. The fear is that she will lose her ancient identity in the march of the modern spirit. The hope is, that selecting what is best in the new, she will still harbor all the glory of the old. "The wise householder bringeth forth treasures new and old."

IRELAND'S HIGH CALLING AMONG THE NATIONS.

Never so much as now do we need a nation of renunciation and vicarious suffering. Nations, as well as men, carry their crosses to the gloom of Calvary and atone for the crimes of other nations. "It is meet that one man should die for the people." "By his stripes we are healed." For twice three hundred years have the hands of the Irish people been lifted up in the attitude of prayer. Where if not in Ireland is there the historic perpetuation of the bloody atonement? Where if not in Ireland is there the passion for martyrdom and retribution for the sins of history? Is not Christ's sublime philosophy of self-sacrifice best reflected in the shadow and gloom of her mournful career? The very contradictions and follies of her people have become conditions out of which God has wrought His own spiritual purpose.

"Every valley shall be filled and the rough places shall be made smooth, and that which is crooked shall be made straight, for all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

THE GATHERING OF HER EXILES.

Is it unreasoning optimism even to dream of that blessed country gathering to her wings her exiled sons and daughters? "The Lord thy God will bring back again thy captivity, and will have mercy on thee and gather thee again out of all the nations into which He scattered thee before." From the days of the Babylonian captivity to this very hour the Jews have hoped and dreamed of taking up their national history at the point where they left it in the Holy City of Jerusalem. The inspired visions of the Hebrew prophets, the wail of the harpists in their exile, the sincerest music in the sublimest psalms are tinged with this secret thought. I am told by the learned that the ancient bardic music of the Irish is full of similar melan-

choly and vague yearning. There is some parallelism between the people which God chose in the older dispensation and in the new. All down through history have these two races kept through blood and sweat, fire and water, their high hopes. In spite of centuries of persecution there is still alive, in both races, the small flame that may relight "the altars" that have been "dug down," and the Hand not shortened may pile up the stones—those stones that have not been left one upon another. Ah! were it foolish to hail these natural impulses of hope as an unconscious awakening of grace to the realization of the mission of God's chosen people? Surely great mercies may be in store for races which have suffered so much. "If thou be driven as far as the poles of heaven, the Lord thy God will fetch thee back from thence. And will take thee to Himself and bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it: and blessing thee, He will make thee more numerous than were thy fathers."

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE MATERIAL.

With all their genius for worry, such hopeful ideas are the heritage of the Irish people. Ireland bound with the fillet of divine misfortune on her brow looks from Calvary to the glimmer of the dawning of the resurrection. In the face of such high hopes, however, the principle must not be forgotten that nations under God complete their own destinies through human means and along human lines, just as grace presupposes nature in the formation of character. Recognizing, of course, the principle of Providence, Ireland will be what Irishmen will make her. Again I repeat what seems to me the momentous problem for her, that of creating a civilization which will conserve the Irish race with its ancient ideals and at the same time will accept the licit possibilities of the modern inventive genius and material prosperity into that financially depressed country. Ah! this is a vision and a theme for the neo-Celtic poet to behold and eternally sing of. This is the practical reason for the existence of the neo-Celtic movement of to-day. This is a cause for which youth, beauty, love, and patriotism might die once again upon verdant fields and in the echoing valleys. Oh! what a tremendous mission for a holy country—what a mission, for Ireland to hold fast to all the vivifying strength of her ancient spirituality and yet seize every opportunity for modern material advancement. This ought not to be difficult, for even

from the days when the fire of the Druids burned on the altars there was in this strange, distracted race a passion for the mystical and supernatural. Then, with the message of the new era of prosperity of modern progress, will come the inspiration of new life—thrift, temperance, and practical acumen.

This, then, is the great hope among the hopes of the Irish nation. They are hopes so lively that they overshadow the fears—the fears we dare not think of, but dismiss as we would an unseemly thought.

"Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory,
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

"When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
As a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall those lips be sealed in callous death and silence
That have known but to bewail thee?

"Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

"Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons returning
I should hear though dead and mouldered, and the grave
damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

"Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver
As a captive dreamer tosses.

"I should turn and rend the cerecloths, round me
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, 'O my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

"'Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory.'"

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.*

O VALIANT woman, rarely found!
Thy priceless worth to God alone
And to the friends of Christ is known
Where sorrow, pain, and want abound.

How oft thy smile made glad Christ's poor,
When fell disease and want were feared.
How oft thy gentle voice has cheered
The home from want through thee secure.

Christ's poor had tears to weep for thee,
When death had stilled thy busy hand
And labor, loved at Love's command,
Had wrought the raiment fair to see.

Sweetness and strength were thine to guide
The falt'ring steps of childhood's years.
Thy simple heart could feel youth's tears,
Thy prudent mind the wanton chide.

Thy work is done. Thy blessed days,
So full of prayer, and work and pain
For Christ, are ended, as I fain
Would have mine end, in Christ's sweet praise.

Go, Spouse of Christ, receive the crown
For aye thy Lord prepared for thee.
Thy work is done! There's left for me
Thy love from heaven looking down.

O sister heart! so true to me
Through ev'ry change my years have brought:
So loyal e'er in word and thought,
When faintest hope there seemed to be

* In memory of Sister Mary Syra, of the Sisters of Charity, who died December 12, 1902, Principal of the Grammar School of St. Patrick's Parish, New York City.

That prayer would win to better life
My heart on worldly honor bent:
Sister, thou wert my angel, sent
To guard me, save me in the strife.

A sister's love could Lazarus call
Back from the mould'ring realms of death;
Could give his lifeless corse life's breath
And make the tears of Christ to fall.

Thou art with Christ, amid the throng
That follow Him where'er He goes,
The throng that sing, as no one knows
Save them that sing the virgin-song.

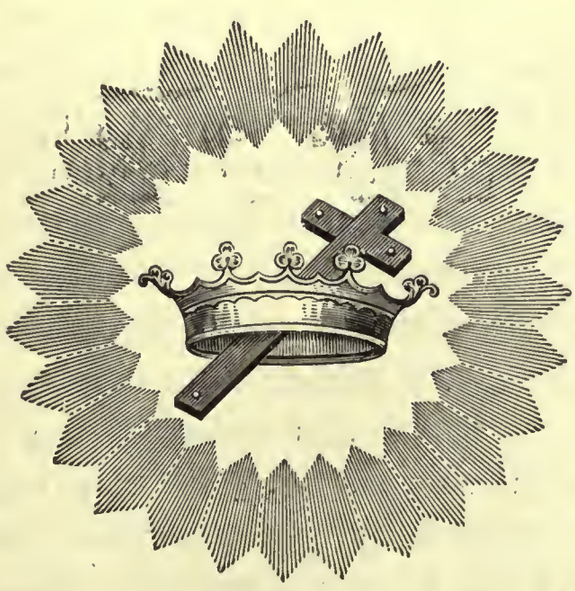
And love for me has stronger grown.
Thou knowest now how much I've cost
The Heart of Him thou lovest most,
Thou knowest now, as I am known.

Then hope I still to have from thee
A sister's loving, loyal care,
A sister's never-failing prayer,
To lift to heaven even me.

O Child of Grace! for me thrice blest,
I would not have thee back again.
My joy,—thou hast nor grief nor pain;
My hope,—to share with thee Christ's rest.

REV. —— ——, S.J.

January 12, 1903.



THE EASTER REDEMPTION OF A SOUL.

BY ETHEL T. DROUGHT.

IT was Palm Sunday in the City of Mexico. Out of the great cathedral poured the people as the deep-toned bell in the tower was ringing the hour of the midday Angelus. The ladies of high degree, followed by attendants carrying their cushions, wore over their heads beautiful shawls of lace; the women of the poorer class covered head and shoulders with their many-colored rebozos; the men carried heavy silver-trimmed sombreros. Whatever a Mexican, man or woman, wears over the head, be it silk or cotton, even rags, it is always worn gracefully. Of all the vast congregation each carried a piece of palm. Among the faithful, it would be kept until the following Ash Wednesday; by the many strangers who were there from curiosity, it was either thrown away, or kept as any other souvenir would be. One, a pretty American, who stood near me during the last gospel, dropped hers and I picked it up.

As the crowd emerged from the church, where the air was heavy with incense, and came into the bright, fresh sunshine, a sigh of relief was breathed. No story ever written from the beginning of time until now is more heart-breaking than the gospel read on Palm Sunday. To whatever land we go, in whatever church we are, it is always the same, and each year one's soul is stirred by Christ's agony. Beginning with that dreadful night on Gethsemani, when of all who loved Him not one would watch with Him for one hour—there for the first time His heart faltered and He prayed that the cup might pass from Him; the next day betrayed with a kiss by one whom He loved and trusted; then at His trial, when He was struck, spat upon and mocked, a robber's life spared instead of His,—on the gospel goes, telling of His carrying the cross, being nailed to it, crowned with thorns, until at the ninth hour, so great was His suffering, that even His heart cried out for once against it: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But

soon that wonderful peace entered into His soul, He bowed His head, "Thy will be done."

I knelt at one of the side altars, praying for the souls of those who would not pray for themselves, during the week that ends so gloriously in Easter. A few others lingered, busy with their beads; but nearly all had gone. As I walked through the Zocola and turned into the Calle de Plateros I saw, standing, her back against a wall—despair in every line—a woman; her long, jet-black hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, her skin of that wonderful whiteness seen so often in Ireland, her eyes almost black with their deep blueness. Her clothes, which had been fine and were of this country, were worn with a grace that even their threadbareness could not destroy. There she stood with all the despair and grace of Mary Magdalen before was said to her, "Arise, thy sins are forgiven thee." In her eyes was a look that stopped me; it was half defiant, half appealing, as if her very soul was starving. She looked first into my eyes, then at the palm in my hand. Following an impulse, I stopped. "Would you like a piece of my palm?" I asked. "I have enough for two." In the sweetest, richest voice, after a minute's hesitation, she said "Thank you," and took it as though in spite of herself. With an ache in my heart I passed on, returning to the house where I was staying.

To any one with an impressionable, artistic temperament, even though they are not in sympathy with the beliefs of the Catholic Church, the ceremonies of Holy Week must appeal strongly. In Mexico there are many quaint old customs, now rapidly disappearing before the march of progress, which will be sadly missed by those who care for the old rather than the new. On Holy Thursday the Sacrament is carried from the main altar and put on another, where it is to remain until Good Friday morning, when it is taken from the church altogether, and the little lamp that always burns before it, is put out. It is from the decoration of the altars at this time that one can know the class of people who worship there; and it is the poorer ones that appeal to me most, with their crude paper flowers, the little toy animals, pieces of needlework; their dressing of the statues in impossible clothes, all very poor in a way but with a deep pathos, for it is their best, given with the deepest devotion; and who can give more?

Even St. Peter's with its wonderful mosaics cannot be more acceptable in the sight of God. It is the custom on Thursday for all classes, arrayed in all the bright colors they possess, to go on foot from church to church, making an offering in each; praying with hearts full of joys or sorrows, asking for help in this world or grace to gain the next; each bearing its own burden; many with aching hearts, thinking of the last Holy Thursday, of the sins and sorrows that have come into their lives; some with hope for the coming year, some with only despair. Then comes Good Friday, with the solemnity and awe of that day. Again go the faithful, dressed in deepest black, the women wearing veils over their faces, to kiss the cross. The feeling of being in the actual presence of death takes possession of one. The altars are draped in black, the lights are out, no bell or organ is heard during the whole day.

On Thursday morning as I passed through the Calle de Plateros, on my way to the cathedral, I met the same woman going in the opposite direction. She recognized me immediately; I knew by the look in her eyes. "You are going the wrong way this morning," I said; "do come with me." Her eyelids quivered, the lines about her mouth became hard, she shook her head and passed on. All day long I walked from one church to another; with all my heart did I pray for her, hoping to see her.

Good Friday afternoon I went again to the cathedral to spend those three hours in prayer, trying to realize what they must have been on that terrible day so many centuries ago. As the clock in the tower tolled three, every one knelt in absolute silence, for at that hour, on that day, do we ask for the three things most desired. Then the Stations of the Cross, which tell the story of the journey to Mount Calvary, were said. After that men and women came and went, kneeling awhile, but still I prayed on, for my heart was full of trouble, and my burdens seemed greater than I could bear.

It was nearly four o'clock; I raised my eyes, my heart beat fast, for kneeling near me was the woman I had first seen on Palm Sunday. Her hands were clasped in front of her, woe was in every line, in her eyes agony; not the suffering that has softened, that has repented, that has said "Thy will be done." In her heart never once came the thought that the bitterest drop in Christ's cup of bitterness was, that Judas died,

repentant, but *fearing* to ask forgiveness. On she prayed through the second hour; in her heart rebellion, with every beat fighting fiercely against all on earth and in heaven. She grew paler and paler, her eyes grew darker, her nails were pressed into the flesh. The end of the second hour came. Still she prayed on, her eyes dry and bright, perfectly unconscious of the moving mass around her, dead to all the world, alone with her God. It was the beginning of the third hour. The sky began to darken, from far off came the sound of the coming storm; but not once did her head move, or her eyes cease to look towards the tall black cross on which hung the figure of the dying Christ. The air grew heavy, weariness almost overcame me, I had pains in every limb; still I would not move, would not leave her until she had fought out her fight, and the end had come. Nearer and nearer came the storm; many left the church, but still we knelt there; she unconscious of me, my whole being wrought up to the highest, my whole soul crying out in prayer for her. Would she never yield? Would she ever rebel against the justice of God? Would she still refuse His love and tenderness?

The clock tolled again, the last hour was half gone. White as the marble altar, her mouth set, her eyes still dry and defiant —would she fight on to the very last? The earth became wrapped in darkness, peal after peal of thunder rolled. Those of us who had remained felt indeed in the presence of the greatest tragedy that ever happened, or can ever happen. The cold perspiration stood on her forehead, her body was almost exhausted, but her strong spirit had not yielded one inch; rebellion was in every curve of her beautiful face and form. The storm increased, it was nearly six o'clock, and the church was so dark that all was indistinct, even the cross; then for one moment, just as the clock tolled that the end of the last hour had come, the sun burst through a cloud, through a window, and shone full for an instant on the figure on the cross. Worn as all were who had watched with Him during those three hours of agony, strained as was our every nerve, a thrill swept through us from head to foot, as the figure stood out as if in life, and one almost heard the words ring through the church, "It is finished!"

I had taken my eyes for that brief instant from the face of the woman; as I turned her body swayed, a wild look of pain

came into her eyes, her hands went quickly to her heart—a long, dry sob—the sun on the cross was gone, all was black again; she sank on her face to the floor in a deep, deep swoon. I sprang to her as quickly as I could, but not before two men had reached her. With the tenderness of women they lifted her up. "Follow me," I said, and led the way out of the dark church. Calling a carriage, they put her into it; I supported her as best I could, gave my street and number, and was driven there. She was still unconscious when we arrived, and I began to be seriously alarmed. Calling for assistance, I had her carried to my apartments and laid on my bed.

The Mexicans are the kindest, gentlest people I have ever known. A doctor was summoned for me, and after some time she opened her glorious eyes; into them came a look of fear, then she looked into mine for an instant; I smiled and put my hand gently on hers; her eyelids quivered, a faint smile, a long, deep breath, and she slept.

"She will be all right now," said the doctor. "She has a serious heart trouble; here is some medicine to give her when she awakes; if she has another attack, send for me again." He stopped at the door: "By the way, madame, how did you happen to know her?"

"I don't; she fainted in church; I did not know what else to do, so brought her here." It seemed almost disloyal when I added: "Do you know who she is?"

"Well, yes; did you ever hear of ——, the old scoundrel? Poor thing!" With a few more instructions he left me, and I returned to the bed.

She was sleeping heavily; so I lighted a candle, arranged the room, and settled myself to watch by her through the night. Toward morning I fell into a light sleep. When I awoke her eyes were open and looking at me in the same hungry, appealing way that attracted me the first time I saw her. I moved nearer and took her hand. "You fainted in church, so I brought you to my rooms to take care of you until you are well."

"Why should you care? No one has cared for so long"; her lips quivered.

"God put it into my heart to help you, for I am sure you need a woman's sympathy."

She caught my hand in a strong, firm grasp, a grasp that

satisfied me that caring for her was worth while, were there never any other proof of it. She went to sleep again, was more quiet this time, and did not awaken until morning. I then coaxed her to take some nourishment, and she again slept.

All day Saturday I remained with her until nearly dark, when I went again to the church. "Here is a little prayer-book I will leave by you until I return; let it keep you company; it is a book that I love dearly, and it has been a help and comfort to me in my days of hardest trial. Keep it if you care to, and may it bring you the peace it has brought to me."

She had only spoken a few times during the day; now she shook her head and sighed. "There can never be any peace for me," she said.

"I will at least pray for you," I answered as I went out. On my return a tenderer, gentler light than I had yet seen was in her eyes, and her lips smiled a welcome. The night passed quietly and we both slept.

The next day was Easter, and a glorious Easter it was! In spite of the heavy fine imposed by the government for the ringing of church bells, every bell in the city rang out the triumph, "Christ is risen!" The sun was bright, and from earliest morning the streets were full of people in gayest holiday attire. My patient seemed entirely over her attack, and ate some breakfast. I asked her to go to church with me, but she shook her head. "There is no Easter in my heart, will never be; I cannot go."

"You went on Good Friday."

"Yes, but that is different; for me Calvary has no Easter."

I tried to talk to her of Christ's love and tenderness and forgiveness, if she would only accept it. The same hard, defiant look came into her eyes, her lips became set, her hand went to her heart; for a moment she was silent, then was wrung from her the cry of the suffering, struggling soul: "O God, if I only could! if I only could! Sometimes I could; then comes the thought of my child. O my child! my poor deformed child! How can God's justice visit the sins of the parents on the children? Never, *never* will I say, 'Thy will be done!' Oh! that I had never been born. Why did no one help me in that terrible hour?—in all the world there was not one to tell

me, no one to help me; and I did not understand, and for all eternity will suffering be. No, no! don't talk to me of resignation. Repent! yes, I have repented; in the bitterness of death have I repented. Who does not, when all temptation is over and only suffering left?"

I saw that the excitement was making her worse, so tried to soothe and quiet her, sorry that I had spoken. Putting a little worn rosary into her hand, the prayer-book beside her, I pressed my lips to her forehead and left her. The Mass was very long; but my thoughts were much more with her than with the grand ceremonies of the day, though the music was beautiful enough to uplift one beyond the sins and sorrows of the world.

As soon as possible I hurried home. Opening the door softly, for fear she might be asleep, I stood a minute on the threshold; an iron band tightened around my heart. I could not breathe. She was gone! The fatigue and strain of the week was too much for me. I sat down and cried bitterly. Looking up, I saw on the cushion pinned a note; opening it eagerly, I read:

"Please do not think me ungrateful. Indeed, indeed I am not. Your kindness has been as food to a starving man. God will reward you. I could not stay. You knew not what you did, in trying to keep me; it was impossible. I have taken the prayer-book and rosary. I thought you would not mind, and they mean so much to me. I will keep them while I live, which will not be long I know. I leave the city to-day. Forgive me for all and pray for me.—MADELAINE."

About six miles from the City of Mexico stands the old Monastery of Carmel of the Angels. Since the confiscation of church property by the government it has become the beautiful estate of Don Mariano Galvez. On the estate are many picturesque Indians and peons who have kept some of their quaint customs and ceremonies, which, while they are not recognized by the church, have not, as yet, been forbidden. Here is still the beautiful church of the monastery, dedicated to Mary Magdalen. On the Thursday after Easter, which is her feast day, great basketsful of red poppies are gathered by the natives and carried in a procession through the grounds and into the church, then up to the choir loft and the gallery

that is built around the walls of the church. During the Mass, at the elevation of the Host, these poppies are dropped slowly down to the floor below. For the three days following Easter, I remained at home tired and sick at heart, for never in all my life had any human creature appealed to me as strongly as did Madelaine; and to think she was alone, rebellious in heart and soul, with only a short time between her and that day which must come to all of us, that day when we stand face to face with God!

Very early Thursday morning I left the city to go to the Church of Mary Magdalen, anxious to see this quaint custom of dropping the poppies, and to study this type of Indians and Mexicans in their gentle simplicity. In came the women dressed in skirt and chemise, rebozos gracefully covering head and shoulders; little children with their straight brown limbs and soft dark eyes, wearing one scant garment; men with serapes hanging from their shoulders, and large sombreros on their heads—all carrying various-sized baskets full of the most beautiful red poppies, to be taken to the galleries. Many without flowers knelt on the floor of the church near the altar.

Then the Mass began. The priest was an old man, a Spaniard, his life of devotion to his work written in every line of his face, as with the loveliest, softest voice he intoned the Mass. I knelt rather to one side, where I could watch the faces of those above me. One attracted me strongly. It was a tall man of seventy. His hair snow-white, in his eyes more intelligence than is usually seen in one of his class; poorly dressed, yet wearing his clothes with the air and grace of a prince. The expression of the mouth and eyes—yes, and nose also—told his story, which was certainly one of wrongs; but he had endured long and well, and peace had come in the sunset of life. It would soon be his time to lay down all burdens; but they had been borne so long, life would seem empty without them. His lips moved in prayer, his eyes never left the altar, his strong, firm hands rested on a tall basket full to the brim of the flowers he must have spent hours in gathering.

The priest chanted on, the Gloria was sung, the prayer "Cleanse my heart and my lips, O God!" was said, the gospel was read, also the preface, and the preparation for the sacrifice of the Mass was begun. Then through the church sounded the bell, full and soft, telling that now was the bless-

ing of the bread. Those in the galleries put their hands in their baskets, gathered them full of poppies, and at the second bell, slowly, gently floated down, through the soft, dim light, through the air full of incense, these beautiful red poppies.

I watched the face of my old man as he dropped his, and instinctively my eyes followed the flowers as they fell. My heart stopped! Surely that woman in deepest black, covering head, face, all with a soft black shawl,—surely I knew it, yet it seemed impossible, until a white hand drew the covering closer; then I knew. My whole thought and attention was now given to this old man and this young, beautiful woman. She was kneeling just under him, so that all his flowers must fall on her. The bell rang again, he let fall more poppies; they settled gently all over, around her. More and more fell; the Host was elevated, we all bowed low; the shawl fell from her head, off her shoulders, but she knew it not; her hands covered her face, her glorious black hair became loose, and hid her like a veil, and still the old man, unconscious of what he did, unconscious of all but the Divine Presence, praying with heart and soul for some one, something, dropped his flowers, now with both hands, down, down on this woman. Her body was convulsed with sobs, the tears trickling through her fingers, abandonment in her whole being, weeping out her inmost soul; the tenseness which grief without tears always brings was gone. Over her head, shoulders, arms, her entire body lay these crimson poppies, brilliant against the black, she not even knowing they were there.

The Mass went on, time for Holy Communion came; the bell rang three times, "Lord, I am not worthy to enter under thy roof: say but the word, and my soul shall be healed." A long, long breath, a quivering of a soul leaving a tired, weary body, her head sank down, and she was still.

The Mass was soon over and the people left. The old man still prayed on. I watched them both. Finally, as with a peaceful sigh he crossed himself, he looked down on this kneeling woman. I motioned him to come to me, which he did, and without a word we together went to her. I knew before I touched her that it was death. In one hand was my little worn rosary; in the other, crumpled and wet, was a leaf from the prayer-book; on it a little prayer ending "Thy will be done!"

A PEN PICTURE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

T was a winter's evening near the end of the year 1566, and gathered around a fire which was burning on the stone floor of a large, roofless building were about a dozen men and women whose tattered garments and pinched faces told that they knew what it was to be cold and hungry.

"Grandpa, did you really know this place when it was not a ruin?" spoke a young woman, who was clasping a baby to her breast.

At this question a shrivelled-up human being—you might have taken him for a mummy, and who was crouching almost in the fire—lifted his bald head and said: "Ay, Lizzie, I did know Durham Abbey when 't was as fine a building as there was in the whole kingdom. Why, was n't I born within bow-shot of its towers? And did n't our forebears work a holding of ten acres which belonged to the monks for more generations than I can tell?"

"And where be all the monks now?" continued Lizzie as she drew her cloak tighter around the baby. Before her grandfather could answer another voice—'t was the cracked voice of a very old woman—cried out: "Look! Look! There they go. Those flying, whirling leaves be the monks, and the wind is King Harry blowing them away."

"Grandma is dreaming again. She does be always dreaming of King Harry the Eighth. And mayhap you remember him too as well as Durham Abbey?" said Lizzie.

"I do indeed, and his six wives too," answered the old man. "'Tis scarce twenty years since he died. But let's rouse crazy Dick, as you call him, and make him tell us the story of the past hundred years. Richard Godmund is a scholar, and what he says will help to keep us warm in this cold wind."

So saying her grandfather tossed a little stick at a person sleeping a few feet away, and then Richard Godmund drew

the hood from off his head and asked what they wanted of him. It did not take much coaxing to get Richard to speak. Misfortune had affected his mind somewhat, but his memory was pretty good; he was fond of books, and he had opinions of his own about men and things which he was not backward in expressing.

"Well, a good deal of what I know of past times," he began, "did come to me from my father, who did get it from an old great-uncle who was a monk and who lived to be over a hundred, and my father did repeat the story to me when I was a boy on his knee. And you must know that my father, who had travelled in other lands, did have odd notions which he did put into my own head, and there they 'll stick while I live. But the day will come when folks will say my father's notions were right notions. Men's troubles do be mostly of their own making. God did give us eyes, but we do not see with them; and He did give us hands, but we do not use them; and when I behold a flock of sheep driven this way and that way by a dog, I do say to myself, 'Verily, that is what most men are—sheep.'"

"Ha! ha! you do make me laugh. But go on," said Lizzie.

"Well, instead of laughing you 'd better be crying. For ye do all have crooked views about the high-born and low-born, the workers and the idlers. And the rights which the good God did give to ye, ye do not hold fast to. Look at ye here this winter's evening shivering among the ruins of Durham Abbey. What brought ye to this bleak spot? Is n't it because Sir William Cecil—one of the brand-new families, who did never win his title by a battle-axe—did drive ye away from what he calls his manor? His manor, forsooth! And ye departed like so many sheep. He wanted to turn the little holdings, which ye had tilled for years and years and years, into grazing land.* And indeed the sheep that 'll soon be grazing on your little farms will be just as heroic animals as ye be."

Here Lizzie laughed louder than before and declared that he made her warm by his talking.

"Well, another notion which ye call odd and which I did get from my father, and like enough he did get it from his great-uncle, the monk,—another odd notion is that one of these

* Gibbons, *Industrial History of England*, Period IV. chap. i.

days a Pope will appear who will preach to the world a new crusade, the crusade for a Christian Commonwealth. He will preach that the poor folks are not to be used like sheep. And then monarchs like King Harry the Eighth, who did overturn our shrines and our monasteries, and who did give away the best land in the kingdom to upstarts, to new nobles—monarchs like him, I say, and other monarchs too, will take off their golden crowns and become members of the great Christian Commonwealth at whose head will be the Pope."

"Good! good! May that day soon come," exclaimed several voices.

"It will come one of these days," went on Richard Godmund. "For I believe in visions, and my father a week before he died did behold in his sleep a Pope whom all the kings had abandoned. Yet the Pope was stronger than the kings because he did put his trust in the people. But my father did not tell me the name of this great Pope, so I cannot tell it to you."

"Very, very interesting," said Lizzie, who half believed the dream might not be all a dream. "But now tell us how far back your father's story did go."

"Well, thanks to what his great-uncle did relate to him, my father was able to tell me something about King Edward IV., whose mother-in-law, the Duchess of Bedford, was accused of being a witch.* Bloody times those were—battles and beheadings without end—for there was civil strife 'tween the families of York and Lancaster, and my father's great-uncle did say that King Edward IV. being jealous of his own brother, the Duke of Clarence, did have him drowned in a cask of Malmsey wine."

At this Lizzie's grandfather laughed, and declared that he wished he had some of that wine to drink.

"But as it always happens," went on Richard Godmund, "it did matter not a jot to the poor folks of the kingdom which side might win in the strife; they were plundered alike by Yorkists and Lancastrians. But bad as those times were and bad as these times are, my father, who was a scholar and who had travelled, did tell me that we English folk were in some ways better off than the people of other countries; for we do have trial by jury, and stiff-necked as our kings do be, yet their grip on us is not absolute, and our upper folk do

* Lingard, Edward IV., note.

have something to say in making the laws.* And my father did tell me too that the monks were just landlords, and that a poor man might be sure of a gentle word and something to eat when he knocked at the monastery gate. But when Henry VIII. became king, which was a little more than fifty years ago, there came a change for the worse in every part of the kingdom. This king did marry six wives, and two of them did have their heads chopped off."

"Oh, I wonder me how any woman did dare to take him in wedlock!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Well, Harry VIII. did rule his wives with a switch," continued Richard Godmund. "But a Cardinal did rule him. Ay, Cardinal Wolsey was a minister the like of whom England had never seen before. Why, foreign princes did settle annuities on him in order to gain his good will, and the Pope, 't was Leo X., did grant to him the revenues of two bishoprics in Spain.† Yet we must be just and confess that this Cardinal Wolsey was a good patron of literature, and he did often save the poor folk from being wronged. But his ambition was without bounds, and he did crave to be elected Pope, and the Emperor Charles V.—he who was also King of Spain—did promise to use all his influence at the conclave to have him chosen Pope when Leo X. died. But if Cardinal Wolsey's ambition was as broad as the earth, so was the king's ambition. King Harry VIII. did crave to become a renowned warrior. But to wage war he must have money; and where was the money to come from? Well, a bright idea did enter the king's head; and this bright idea was to seize all the land which belonged to the monks—and the monks did hold about one-fifth of the land in the kingdom. And this plan he did carry out; and a great deal of the money from the sale of the monks' lands he did give to courtiers and favorites, who did gamble it away like fools."

"And did the people have nothing to say when King Harry VIII. took away the monks' land?" said Lizzie.

"Oh, in more places than one they did rise up;‡ and when Cardinal Wolsey's agents did turn the monks out of the Abbey of Beigham, a multitude of poor folk did assemble with painted faces and did bring the monks back to the abbey, and

* Lingard, Edward IV., note. † Lingard, Henry VIII.

‡ Green, *History of the English People*, vol. i. p. 426.

they did tell them that if they were molested a second time to ring their big bell and then they would come again to the rescue.* But what made matters worse was that Cardinal Wolsey's agents in Rome had told the Pope—'t was Clement VII.—downright lies about our English monks. Now, some of them may have been bad; and among so many this is not to be wondered at. But most of our monks were good monks and were very friendly to the poor folk, and my father said 't was a pity the Pope did not come to England to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own ears what was being done against the old religion, instead of staying always in Rome and having lies told to him."

"But did the Parliament do nothing to oppose Cardinal Wolsey and the king?" said Lizzie.

"Alas! the Parliament did have very little will of its own," answered Richard Godmund. "And even the representatives of our old-time families did uphold the king in what he did, for King Harry had adroitly won them over by gifts of money gotten from the sale of the monks' lands. But after a time this great minister, Cardinal Wolsey, did fall from grace, and in his place did come a much worse man, Lord Cromwell, a man with nothing noble in his nature, but most crafty, and who did play on the king's vanity—for as King Harry waxed in years his vanity did grow like his body, big and barrel-like. And now there were more beheadings than ever, and many poor folk—like a kinsman of mine—who did use their tongues against this Cromwell, were put in the stocks in midwinter.† And I do remember my father telling me that while my kinsman was shivering in the stocks, a stranger did approach and make him laugh by telling how the queen—'t was Queen Anne Boleyn—had flown into a high rage because she had discovered one of her maids, a young woman named Jane Seymour, sitting on the king's knee.‡ Now, the king not long afterwards did have Queen Anne Boleyn's head chopped off, and he did then wed this Jane Seymour, who had been sitting on his knee. But, as you know, we all must die in the end, and so did King Harry VIII. die. And then his son, Edward VI., became king. Now, during this king's reign—and some of ye must remember it well, for 't was only about fifteen

* Dom Gasquet, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.*
† *Ibid.* ‡ Lingard, Henry VIII.

years ago—the poor people did again rise up against the new landowners, who were making them pay more rent for their holdings than the monks had made them pay. And an army of twenty thousand of them, led by a tanner named Ket, whom I knew, did make a good stiff fight against the king's soldiers, who were mostly foreign mercenaries, Italians and Germans. But despite their hard fighting they were cut down by the German horsemen, and then in a short space there was a gibbet in almost every hamlet and more hangings than you could count. Ay, the poor folk did rue it for daring to go against their new landlords. But one of these days we shall get the better of the landlords and the kings, and then the earth which the good God did create will—."

Here his words were cut short by a voice saying: "Come, come, my poor people, 'tis a chilly spot this to be sitting and chatting; come with me, and I'll give ye a snug resting place for the night." Lizzie was the first of the hungry group to rise up and follow the strange gentleman, who carried an arquebuse on his shoulder, and there was a powder-horn dangling from his waist. Nor were they long in reaching Sir Robert de Granville's abode; a house the like of which they had never been in before, it was so spacious and elegant. It was built of bricks in place of stone, and it had four chimneys and glass windows, and the floors were covered not with rushes but with carpets, and in the chamber where Sir Robert told Lizzie that she and her child might rest there was an immense feather bed with a big feather pillow, and she had never yet placed her head on a pillow.

Here let us observe that carpets, glass windows, and pillows marked a distinct improvement over the old-time homes of even the richest families, and almost the only thing in Sir Robert de Granville's house that was not new was a suit of armor which hung in the hallway. But this might be called old, for it had been worn by his forefathers at Cressy and Poitiers, and also at Agincourt. But perhaps quite as interesting as the armor was a painting opposite, which represented Durham Abbey in its prime. And when Lizzie's grandfather saw this painting he exclaimed: "As I live! 'T is Durham Abbey just as I knew it when I was a boy."

"Well, a distant kinsman of mine was one of the last monks who lived there," said Sir Robert.

"And when will the monks come back to us?" inquired Lizzie. At this question the gentleman shook his head, but made no reply.

"Well, I have n't laid eyes on a priest in ten years," spoke Lizzie's grandfather.

"And I have n't heard Mass in all my life," said Lizzie.

"Well, to-morrow morning you shall see a priest and hear Mass too," said Sir Robert, "for I have a chapel in my house, and once a month a priest comes here; he comes to bring me a load of wood." Here the gentleman smiled. "Yes, a load of wood; and his disguise is so perfect that none of Queen Elizabeth's priest-hunters have been able to tell him from a wagoner."

"Well, one of these days our churches will be given back to us and the priests will not go about in disguise," put in crazy Richard Godmund. "For did n't my father have a dream—"

"Oh, hush! Talk none of your foolishness to this fine gentleman, who is so good to us," interrupted Lizzie.

"But it is n't foolishness," persisted Richard. "Kings and queens will one of these days take off their golden crowns, and then they will belong, like every man and woman, to the Christian Commonwealth which a great Pope is going to preach. And then the old religion will come back to us, and—"

"Now, you must stop your foolish talk," said Lizzie, pressing her hand over his mouth. Then turning to Sir Robert de Granville, "I do fear," she said, "that some day this poor fellow will hang on a gibbet for his wild speeches."

"Well, in these times 't is dangerous to be too outspoken," answered Sir Robert. "But I do admire his bold tongue, and come what may we must have courage for the sake of the old religion." Then dropping his voice he added: "But are all these people who are with you of the same mind as yourself about religion?"

"Not one of my friends will betray you," answered Lizzie.

"Well, I put faith in what you tell me," said Sir Robert. And with this he flung open a door which led into the largest room in the house, and in this room was a table with many good dishes upon it, and Lizzie's eyes opened never so wide as she looked at the dishes and at the numberless candles, and to her innocent eyes the scene appeared to her like fairyland.

When the repast was finished Sir Robert was again ap-

proached by Richard Godmund, who had something more to say to him about nobles and kings. But Sir Robert was the first to speak. "My good friend," he began, as he placed his hand on Richard's shoulder, "bad as things may be to-day in the Kingdom of England, good will come out of it all, for humanity is not going backward; it may seem to be, but it is not. I believe as you do, that one of these days the old religion will return and we shall be none the worse for a little persecution; to make a penny bright you must rub it. Only let us be brave and willing to suffer. And now I shall tell you something which mayhap you do not know. About two centuries ago the poor people in many parts of England did rise up to assert their God-given rights, and one of my forefathers, I am happy to say, did espouse their cause. Well, the uprising of 1381 was put down; nevertheless, it did bear good fruit. It was a sign of self-respect and independence on the part of the toilers—of the ones who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows—and the spirit which prompted the peasants to rise is not dead, 't is only smouldering. Our Parliament may not be what it ought to be; still it is a Parliament in which the people's voice does at times make itself heard, albeit the voice is not overloud. But the day will come when 't will speak louder, and then our kings will find that they are not our divinely appointed rulers. Moreover, 't is only by comparison that we may know what things truly are.

"Now, I have visited other countries, and I am convinced that we are better off than the people of France and of Spain. In France the people have been more harassed than we have been by bloody wars. Did we not ourselves harry them for a good hundred years? We remember only our victories and forget the numberless villages we burned and the thousands of widows and orphans we made during those hundred years. Well, thanks a good deal to the miseries which we, or rather I should say our kings, did inflict on the peasants of France, their spirit of independence, their Christian aspirations, appear to be utterly crushed, and they do wear on their faces the look of dumb animals. In Spain, too, the spirit of national sovereignty, which at one time animated the people, has disappeared; their town meetings are no longer held, and the Parliaments of Castile and of Aragon have been destroyed. Now, the decadence of the Spanish folk did begin with the

one-man-power of the Emperor Charles V. and of his son, King Philip II. If in our country the state is trying to absorb the church, the state in Spain is aiming to do the same thing. There they have what is called a Grand Inquisitor, who does stalk about in the name of our holy religion; but 't is in truth the kings who do back him up in his baneful work, for he does the police work for royalty. Now, nearly all the woes of Spain and of France do come from this one-man-power of the kings; and this one-man-power must at all hazards be destroyed, for 't is petrifying the very soul of the people. But I do believe we English folk have something in our natures which will not bend very long to the yoke which the kings are hanging round our neck; and let me tell you, Richard Godmund, that in my inmost heart I do be of the same mind as yourself about the coming of a Christian Commonwealth. And in that Commonwealth the different nations, while governing themselves, will all be gathered into one religious fold—the fold of the old religion of our forefathers. I am the last of my name; no De Granville will ever see the Christian Commonwealth; but—"

Here his words were interrupted by a loud knocking on the main door and you heard the sound of many voices outside. Presently the door opened and Sir Robert de Granville found himself a prisoner. We need not describe the grief and confusion which followed his arrest; it was a not uncommon scene in those days. We merely add that Sir Robert was shortly afterwards confined in the Tower of London and his trial was brief. He was declared guilty of having had masses celebrated under his roof and of harboring priests, and as he stubbornly refused to acknowledge the ecclesiastical supremacy of Queen Elizabeth, he was beheaded. Let us, who are living in happier days, not forget the ones who died that the old religion might live.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the queer old Flemish city,"
lived the Netherlandish painter, where

"The belfry old and brown—
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded—
Ever watches o'er the town."

Little is told us of the life of Hans Memling but that, between the years of 1425 and 1495, he lived and died in Bruges—

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rooks that round them throng."

He was a pupil of Roger Van der Weyden, the Tournai painter who was so thoroughly a realist. Van der Weyden's art is entirely religious and full of a passionate suffering. He is said never to have painted a smile, and his treatment of shadow appears to have come from a close study of sculptured bas-reliefs. Memling, though his pupil, does not seem to have copied him in subjects, however much his style may have resembled that of his master. Figures better drawn, more natural hands and feet, more careful attention to *chiaro-oscuro* and perspective, softer outlines and truer light and shade, give Memling the palm over Van der Weyden, though the former is inferior to his master in the painting of draperies and in brilliancy of gold work.

In spirit, however, is felt the greatest dissimilarity between the two painters, for in the paintings of Hans Memling is found

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

the greatest sweetness of expression, especially in his Madonnas, and his feeling for grace and refinement is far greater than is common with the Flemish artists.

Vasari mentions him under the name "Ausse" or "Havesse" —Italian perversions of his Flemish name—and he is one of the most noteworthy of the fifteenth century Netherlandish painters.

His subjects are varied, and all are endowed strongly with his own peculiar characteristics. Among the best known of Memling's works are "The Adoration of the Kings," "The Crucifixion," and "King David and Bathsheba"; but perhaps

the most interesting, though not the most beautiful, is a large altar-piece in the Church of Our Lady at Dantzig, portraying the "Last Judgment."

The composition of Memling's picture on this subject is finer than that of Van der Weyden, and the severity of the subject is in parts tempered by the refinement of Memling's handling. The strong point of the picture is its contrast, and this is admirably executed.

In the central portion of the triptych is enthroned our Lord—

"With calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,"

calmly grave of expression, seated on a radiant rainbow, a great golden ball for his footstool. Behind him is the flaming sword of Divine Justice, while four lovely angel-figures, floating aloft, bear the instruments of his passion. The Blessed Virgin kneels at one side, St. John Baptist at the other, and the twelve Apostles are grouped about, stately figures with fine heads, their flowing robes well painted. Below stands St. Michael, a glorious knight-militant in golden armor, his wings beautiful with peacock feathers.

"In stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven,"

he holds the scales, weighing the good and the bad. At one side of the triptych is the way of the Blessed, where St. Peter welcomes them, and

"A glorious company, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed."

Radiant is the sight of those redeemed souls as with floating garments they sweep up the golden stairs toward the Gate Beautiful. Wonderful is the contrast to that other side, where the lost souls, finding not a blessed future, are tortured according to the vigorous mediæval ideas of hell, a place of physical torture so intense as to well-nigh work madness.

The work is supposed to have been painted in 1467, from the number 67 painted upon a tombstone in one corner. It formed part of the lading of a ship chartered by Signor

THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.

Tomaso Portanari of Bruges, and captured by a privateer of Dantzig in 1473. It is not only one of the most important works of Memling still extant, but it is considered one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Flemish school.

Scarcely less in importance is a picture, now in the Munich gallery, painted for Pierre Bultynck, a currier of Bruges, who presented it to the chapel of his guild in 1479. It was formerly in the Boisserée collection, and is painted in the manner of the "Adoration" at Turin, that small but perfect piece of altar painting, which represents the passion of our Lord from Palm Sunday to the meeting with the disciples at Emmaus.

The Munich picture is long in form, and represents the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Not separated into compartments, as the stiff old Flemings loved to paint their altar-pieces, this picture is one soft, continuous landscape, all the events united into a harmonious whole, executed with great elegance and beauty. The Annunciation, Visitation, Incarnation, and Adoration are all blended in a scene of rare beauty. The picture combines religious feeling, natural beauty, and a certain quaintness indicative of the age. Our Lady is portrayed in every detail with the grace and beauty that characterize Memling's women.

Very different from these huge canvases, with their multitudinous figures, is a picture at Bruges—the portrait of a young man. Curious is the costume of rich dark Flemish cloth marked out in Genoese velvet, with huge collar, a vest and laced sleeves after the fashion of the day. The head is slightly bent forward, the dark hair parted and waving lightly on the shoulders, framing a strong, ugly face with deep eyes and heavy nose and mouth. An open book lies before him—one judges it to be a breviary—and the hands are folded in a prayerful attitude. Through an open window one catches a glimpse of a beautiful landscape, with a silvery stream cutting the green sward like a sword; a fine tower is standing guard against the sky. A stained-glass window shows a delicate bit of work. Upon a noble charger sits good St. Martin of Tours, clad in a splendid scarlet cloak which, according to the legend, he is cutting in two to share it with the beggar at his feet. From this we conclude that the "Jeune Homme," of whom Memling painted so strong a portrait, was named Martin in memory of the saint who looks down upon him so bravely from the exquisitely painted window.

Not less interesting is a portrait in the Antwerp Museum of "A Canon of the Order of St. Norbert." Nothing could exceed the charm of this painting. The straight lines of the habit and the severe simplicity of the figure but serve to heighten the interest of the face, so full of earnestness and intense devotion, and asceticism not at variance with its great sweetness. Few of Memling's works are more admirably executed, and none but his Madonnas breathe a more religious spirit.

The galleries of Berlin, Munich, Turin, the Uffizi, the

A CANON OF THE ORDER OF ST. NORBERT.

Louvre, the National Gallery, Brussels, and Antwerp boast pictures of Memling, but none are quainter than those in St. John's Hospital at Bruges. Here is the famous shrine of St. Ursula, a Gothic chest four feet long, made as a reliquary for an arm of the saint and martyr, famous with her eleven thousand virgins. The *chasse* is elegantly wrought and the exterior is covered with miniatures in oil by Memling. Enclosed in a Gothic arcade is painted the history of St. Ursula, the pictures portraying her landing at Cologne, her embarkation at Basle, her arrival in Rome, where she is received by Pope Cyriacus, her second arrival at Basle, and her martyrdom.

These small pictures are among the best of the Flemish

ST. URSULA'S RECEPTION AT ROME.

school. The drawing is excellent, there is no Dutch stiffness or angularity, no Flemish grossness; the movement is free, the coloring soft but powerful, the expression lofty. Perhaps the best of the St. Ursula series is the painting portraying her at Rome. The Holy Father receives her standing, surrounded by his priests and bishops, in the portico of a church. In the distance are the columns, pillars, and noble arches of ancient Rome, while still further distant one catches a glimpse against the blue Italian sky of where

"The mournful pines of the Campagna wave
A solemn requiem o'er some forgotten grave."

Surrounded by her maidens, the little saint, serene in youthful beauty, kneels upon the marble steps arrayed in rich, princely robes, a filmy veil over her floating, dark hair. Her figure is slender and maidenly, her face almost childish in its sweet simplicity and earnestness. The pictures are painted with that close attention to detail which marks the best of Memling's work. The *chiaro-oscuro* is marvellous, and the painter has grouped his figures with especial skill, seeming to know instinctively where the white cowl of a monk should interpose against the dark robes of the soldiers.

But excellent as is most of Memling's work it is as a painter of the Blessed Virgin that he excels. His Madonnas have none of the fleshy beauty of Rubens, nor the grosser hues of many of the Flemish school. They are natural, simple, sweet; influenced by no school, for Memling seems to have painted from a holy, simple heart, attuned to reverence and devotion.

In the Louvre, "The Madonna in the Garden" is a sweet, gentle maiden, with flowing hair framing a lovely face. She holds an open Bible; the Christ Child is on her lap, with St. Michael standing guard. Near by is a friar kneeling reverently, and a lovely kneeling angel playing a mandolin. The background is peculiarly Memlingesque, with blooming flowers, a verdant meadow, the silvery thread of a winding stream, and in the distance a Dutch galleon with all sails set.

Somewhat similar in style and composition, though different in detail, is the "Madonna and Child" at Darmstadt. The Blessed Virgin, holding our Lord and a book, is seated on a throne-like chair, her draperies rich and graceful, her sweet, modest face framed in soft, dark hair with rays of light radiating from it. The Baby Christ is a charming little figure, with wisdom and grace in his lofty features, with their unchild-like gaze as if he saw visions beyond earthly ken. At one side the throne are tall, willowy angel forms, while, half-hidden by a rich curtain, a shadowy figure of St. Cecilia plays the organ in an attitude of exceeding grace.

Another painting similar in design is the "Madonna and Child" in the Uffizi in Florence. This picture is more elabo-

"MADONNA AND CHILD" IN THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE.

rate in detail, and it is worked out with a carefulness of finish equal to some of the lovely paintings of Fra Angelico. The Blessed Virgin is enthroned on a dais, a rich carpet beneath her feet, her head resting against an embroidered curtain, above which six charming cherubs drape festoons of flowers. Through the open windows one sees the usual Memling landscape—meadow-land, a superb castle, a hamlet half-hidden in trees, while in the far distance gleams a small stream. At one side of the Blessed Virgin kneels a stately angel form, the lines of

the draperies wonderfully graceful, the hands touching the strings of a golden harp. Upon the farther side another angel, violin in hand, holds an apple to the Christ Child, who stretches out his baby fingers to it in a most natural, child-like manner. He sits upon his mother's lap, a very sweet, innocent baby, though not with the wisdom of some of Memling's portrayals of the Child God. Our Lady clasps Him close within the shelter of her gentle arms, and though not the most beautiful of Memling's Madonnas, she is one of the most graceful. Her figure is almost hidden under the heavy velvet robe draped around her, yet there is much of graceful dignity in her mien, and a sweet gentle sadness in her face, as if

> "The certainty of Grief is in her eyes,
> And that she once was glad, she scarce believes."

In Bruges there is a Madonna enshrined in a Gothic arch, her form outlined against rich stained-glass windows, which is very beautiful after the gentle type of Memlingesque beauty. At her side are two snowy-clad nuns, Dominicans. The picture is remarkable for the unusually well-handled light and shade, as well as the sweetly wise expression of the Christ Child's face.

Sweetest of all Memling's Madonnas is the one at Genoa, one of the most charming pictures ever painted, pregnant with a certain sweet naturalness and home-likeness which appeals strongly to the heart. As the Virgin Enthroned, or in her Assumption, Our Lady is all glorious, even "more than painting can express," but in the simple scenes of the daily life there is a pathos which seems to bring nearer to our hearts this lovely flower of Galilee. She is seated in her own home beside a deal table, where are all the simple implements of her daily life—a book, a work-basket, a vase of flowers. Holding her little Son upon her knee, she is in the act of feeding him his morning porridge, while a spoon, a knife, an apple, and a crust of bread lie upon the plate. The Baby Christ is very child-like, yet the halo is about his curly head, and his face wears an expression of earnest thoughtfulness, as of pondering upon things not known of men. Our Lady is most sweet and graceful, very touching in a sort of girlishness. Her hair, soft and light, floats about her shoulders, modestly covered with a coif, Flemish fashion. Her brow is broad and open, the eyes downcast under snowy lids, the lips exquisitely curved, the nose

THE SWEETEST OF ALL MEMLING'S MADONNAS.

straight, the chin round and dimpled. The figure is slight and lightly garbed in a dark frock of simple texture; the hand and arm are exquisitely moulded, with delicate, tapering fingers. The expression is full of a wistful sadness as if, through all the mother's joy, in serving her first born, there is the overhanging cloud of that beloved One's great and awful destiny, and

> "In her heart,
> Knife-edged, the Seven Sorrows
> Wake and start."

This picture is by far the most expressive of Memling's paintings of Our Lady, and evinces the hand of one who painted

"When Art was still religion,
With a simple, reverent heart."

This painting of Our Lady seems to stand alone.

"Time with stealthy hand has put to shame
The tints of many a canvas rich of yore,"

but this picture is as bright to-day as when Memling's artist hand lingered lovingly upon it. Following no school, it shows no traces of Memling's master, nor the influence of any of his contemporaries; rather is it the sudden stroke of genius attuned to holy, heavenly spirit, and unique in his day and land for purity, gentleness, and highest nobility of soul.

A MOONLIGHT SYMPHONY.

(On Lake Huron.)

BY LOUISE F. MURPHY.

THRO' tall, dark pines the pale moon drifts her light
Into the forest's depths, where timid deer
May rest in quiet with no startling fear
Of dread pursuit. On Huron's waters white
The moonbeams tread a waving pathway bright
To unseen wooded islands. Soft and clear
The low, sweet murmurs echo far and near
The rhythmic cadences of dreamy night.
Now gently glides upon the gleaming foam
An Indian sail-boat to some shadowy home;
Bright show'rs of diamonds break upon the shore,
And from the moon-lit lake comes o'er and o'er
A strange wild song in changeless minor key,
The strains of some weird Indian melody.

SOUL-BLINDNESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

PHYSIOLOGISTS, in reporting their experiments, tell of a curious phenomenon called psychic blindness, which occurs when a certain portion of a living animal's brain has been extirpated. The animal in this condition, although it sees, walks, or swims with perfect mechanical precision, appears to have lost its normal power of discernment. It will make no attempt to seize food placed within easy reach and, if confronted by one of its natural enemies, will manifest not a sign of fear—a pigeon, for instance, walks into the very jaws of a cat without the slightest hesitation. In short, the activity displayed is merely reflex and unintelligent. The animal, although a good automaton, is nothing more. While it can see, it is utterly unable to recognize or interpret; for the objects within its field of vision present no familiar aspect and hence convey no significance to its dulled intelligence.

Now, something analogous to this phenomenon may be observed in human beings. The facts which suggest the analogy are all the more remarkable, moreover, because not induced by external interference with normal faculties, but occurring in persons whose senses have been perfectly intact from birth. In other words, many of us are lamentably deficient in the power of intelligently interpreting objects thrust upon our notice quite closely; and further, the very sense-powers we do possess are, to a considerable extent, deadened by disuse. What the human eye and ear are capable of, the red Indian has taught us; and the blind daily give us a wonderful object-lesson on the powers latent in our fingers. Nay, without going to any alien or abnormal type, we may obtain as strong a contrast as we need by merely comparing an average citizen with one whose capabilities have been highly developed by training—with a watchmaker, for instance, or a gardener, or a pianist. There is no reason whatever for doubting—indeed, there is every possible reason for believing—that ordinary every-day persons are perfectly

capable of acquiring what we have grown accustomed to consider the remarkable skill peculiar to the classes named. Yet this, if we stop to reflect upon it, will be found to imply such mortifying admissions that, for very shame's sake, we feel inclined to declare either that the gardener is more than normal or that we are less.

For, from the undeniable truth that the average boy can become an average craftsman, we draw the evident implication of amazing dulness and idleness on the part of persons who are helpless as babes the moment there is question of fine observation or dexterous work. Universal possibility of sense-development, if it be true, declares the common man to be fairly saturated with unrealized potencies and inert faculties; and, though this may not appeal to us with any great force while we are adverting only to the question of manual skill, we are likely to experience considerable regret when we go on to reflect that probably we are perceiving but half of what God gave us power to see, and understanding only a trivial portion of what He wished us to know. If the eye was made for seeing and the mind for understanding, then certain faculties must have atrophied in the case of the many who go through life so unfamiliar with the beauty and truth and goodness that God created in order to lead men nearer to himself. And shall we escape all penalty if we spend our days blinking out upon life, like great stupid owls that stare sleepily at things of deepest import to themselves? Evidently not; since even though we are not forced to answer for all our ignorance as for an avoidable and therefore imputable defect, yet we shall at least be punished thus far, that our souls will ever remain less perfect than God planned them to be.

True, it would be unreasonable to contend that a lesser good may not be forsaken in the interest of a greater; nor can it be reckoned a fault if beings of limited capacity pick out and choose from among many possible activities certain ones which are to be cultivated at the expense of others. Forest-rambling on gay spring mornings and meditation beside a starlit mountain-lake may become impossible exercises for innumerable souls enmeshed in the complexities of civilization. Yet even though their choice has been wisely made; and even though a greater has been substituted for a less; it still holds true that a lesser good has been foregone and that some unrealized possibility has to be lamented. More symmetrical

development would have fulfilled the divine purpose more thoroughly, and would more truly have resembled the type eternally abiding in the Creator's mind; since other things being equal, the man whose faculties are most perfectly cultivated must be the man most pleasing to God.

That this may be the more evident, let us direct our attention to activities intimately connected with the attainment of human nature's noblest aim, the knowing and loving of God. So many of us drift along the current, unconscious of the scenes we pass, that at least some measure of soul-blindness may be anticipated in almost every one. Few, if any, use senses, mind, and will in the way and to the extent intended by the Divine Artificer when, creating the human soul to know and to love Himself, He gave it a body and an earthly life as helps in the fulfilment of this supreme commission. The world around us was made, be it remembered, to display the glory of God. In the shining of the stars, He showed forth the light of His countenance, and hinted at the ardor of His love through the blazing noonday sun. Far out in the dark abyss of endless space the testimonies of His omnipotence were flung; and His thought realized itself in the ordered movement of the myriad spheres. Light and color, harmony and form issued from Him as rumors and shadowings of things beyond man's power to understand. In morning's sweet approach and evening's solemn close, in the glad return of spring-time and the saddening change of autumn, men learned something about their Maker. The radiant woods of October, the livelier plumaged birds of May, and the giant roses of June, each caught and reflected a single ray of His surpassing beauty. "Flock and herd and human face divine," clothed with mystery since first life stirred upon the face of the deep, in all the intervening ages have discoursed marvellously of God to those who care to listen. Yet how few consider the birds of the air or the grass of the field; how few inquire of these concerning Him who made them! How few, like St. Francis, praise God to the dumb creatures, or commune, like St. Augustine, with the stars of midnight while they speak of God! Who runs with weary feet and panting bosom in quest of holy truth, examining, sifting, comparing, striving to see if haply he may find more of God? And where is the constant soul that exercises heart and will in loving, as God loves, both man and bird and beast? Yet:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Let us confess it; soul-blindness hangs over us like an impenetrable cloud; and, because we are blind, much of the time we are unthinking and unloving too—dull, cold creatures with the flame of life trimmed low and the waters ever at an ebb.

A walk through the fields with a botanist would perhaps arouse any one of us to a painful consciousness of limitation and ignorance. He sees so many things, where we see so few; and in each of them he finds so much more than we could find. Myrtle and honeysuckle whisper shy confidences to him in a tongue unintelligible to us; sweet fragrance is breathed into his very soul and wafts him away to the land of dreams and poetry where the flowers unfold life-histories before him like chapters from a creation-old romance. Meanwhile we ordinary mortals feel strangely awkward at the proximity of the new world thus suddenly brought to mind; and we begin vainly to lament that our eyes have been so poorly trained and that our soul is so helpless to see or to praise these wonderful works of God. In another way, the same truth comes home again, when we stand beside the astronomer as his telescope sweeps the jewelled night revealing a whole universe of beauty and mystery unfamiliar to us; and again, when for the first time we look at the myriad life in the water-drop mounted beneath the biologist's magic lens. Over and over we are borne down by the sense of our narrowness—being irresistibly impelled to contrast our own apathy with the keen delight of the artist before a line of paintings, the violinist listening to the symphony, the poet as he threads the forest or stands at the water's edge, lifted up in spirit by the amber beauty of the evening sky. Manifestly these lives are nobler than ours.

A far deeper reverence is awakened when we encounter souls who are sensitive not only to the beauty of Nature but to the personal presence of Nature's God. Such lives as these persons lead appear to be passed outside the limits of our world, up on the heights where essential goodness and truth and beauty dwell. For them, though called by many names, the great Reality underlying each partial manifestation, each

individual appearance, is God and only God. His and His alone is the peace-compelling dawn and the blaze of sunset glory, the softened colors of twilight and the throbbing evening star; the tones of His voice echo in the wood-bird's song, in the river's chanting, in the music of ocean wave; the dew is from Him, like the early and the later rain, like the snow enshrouding the lifeless fields, like the darker green upon the winter cedars, like the budding leaves that obey the impulse of returning spring; from Him are life and strength and love and length of days; from Him come penitence and hope and holiness and the glad assurance of eternal rest. There are some who keep mindful of all this; who are steadily sensitive to the sights and sounds that recall it; who go about through the livelong day without ever losing their consciousness of a divine presence, or forgetting the relationship of God to man. "Deus meus et omnia" rings in these souls like a ceaseless refrain chiming in harmony with the rhythm of heart-beat and respiration. Heaven's choirs are nearly audible to them; the glory of God is shining round about them; they are loving with a mighty love strong as death and deep as hell. Each created thing they meet brings them some new message concerning its source; brook and flower and star and stone and soul of man seem to have burst into this existence fresh from an upper world, not in utter nakedness, but "trailing clouds of glory." Meanwhile, within is a constant touch, like the reassuring pressure of a gentle hand, telling of One Friend who will never leave nor forsake His own. It is His mind that has planned, His will that has fashioned all. The senses perceive the moon's chaste light and the violet's fragrance, the falling waters and the lark that soars and sings; and at once the mind recalls how each of these shows forth the measureless goodness and love of God; for patient effort has succeeded in linking the thought of Him with every common object and every experience of daily life. By this means has the curse of blindness been charmed away; God has been brought again to reign visibly in His heaven; and all has been made right with the world.

In the secular branches of knowledge called science and art, progress is insured the moment men learn that their defects are remediable. It remains to be proven that they will display similar energy in regard to matters spiritual. One fears lest those who are striving so diligently to perfect their powers of observation

and appreciation, may be less enthusiastic about the corresponding development of spiritual sense and religious feeling; or, to take another point of view, lest cultured minds—even if Catholic—that have been trained to fine mental accuracy may be content to remain very dull indeed, with regard to things of divine import. The varying lessons of the liturgy may continue to pass unheeded; Prayer and Gospel and Introit with their heart-stirring messages of resistless inspiration may remain unfamiliar still; the majestic harmonies in which during long centuries the Church has chanted forth to God the strains of human plaint and human praise may swell and sink unnoticed. Perfect methods of training will possibly obtain for generations before attention will be turned to the spiritual aspect of life's opportunities. Only the few will know the suggestive symbolism of rite and ceremony; only the few will remember the history of God's saints; only the few will thrill with a sense of the deep meaning of the Morning Sacrifice—although in very truth a vigilant soul might mount heavenward up these steps like the visioned angels upon Jacob's ladder. But the "blind" never see the rays of glory that are streaming in through sanctuary pane; nor watch the flickering altar-light rise and fall as it sighs out its life there in the dusk so near to God; nor read the divine romance writ on the faces beside the entrance of the dim confessional; nor feel hot tears well up as the white-robed little ones pass by on their way to learn for the first time how truly and tenderly Jesus Christ has loved them.

Life would be so infinitely richer to us did we but cultivate a keener sense of spiritual and religious beauty. Like the ceaseless play of solar light upon a planet, like the ever heaving central sea, God's love is pressing steadily on mind and heart and will at every moment, could we but realize it. Around us lies a whole world of creatures clothed with divine suggestiveness, appealing to us constantly, yet almost in vain, to draw from their measureless stores of love and wisdom and enrich our own. How different our days would be were we thus made wise, were God's ennobling shadow thus thrown across the swift-flowing current of thoughts and sensations on whose surface we are floating our lives away. As to the difficulty of so living, we may be sure it is not insuperable; a mind might embrace all this varied content and yet reserve amply sufficient energy for necessary practical affairs. The skilled pianist achieves a far

more remarkable feat in his faultless execution of a thousand mechanical niceties while attention is centred exclusively upon expression and technique. At the beginning of spiritual growth we cannot measure the extent of our possibilities any more than the pianist could during the scale-practising period of development; yet we may very reasonably believe that our minds are going to prove equal to the task of performing what they were originally destined for and are now invited to win. Though not, like Adam, in possession of all the powers and privileges of integral humanity, still we are essentially sound and nothing needed for the attainment of spiritual excellence will be wanting to us.

But apart from the question of acquiring an adequate grasp upon the supreme realities, at least some sort of attention to the invisible world is as indispensable to spiritural fulness of stature as food is to bodily health. Life, in whatever form, must always be nourishing and renewing itself. When we have trained our senses to observe and our minds to interpret the thousand gleaming fragments that reflect God into our lives so frequently, then only shall we be capable of keeping the divine fires aglow within us. This purpose the whole world of matter has been created to subserve; and the whole wide realm of scientific truth as well; and the fruits of speculation and the conclusions of experience also; and the teachings of religion likewise, —these last, of course, being by far the most proper and necessary nourishment of aspiring souls. Thus alone shall we grow adequately in eternal life, in the knowledge of God and of His Christ—having learned loving sympathy for all things made, having acquired a habit of spontaneous and unselfish affection for whatever approaches within range of our observation as related to God. Thus we shall come to employ an entirely new scale of values, to interpret appearances as sensual men can never interpret them, to know the world to some extent as God knows it. And, at least in part, we shall finally thus win back man's primeval power, and set creation right again by putting it beneath the feet of Him who hath restored it all.

Why should such a habit of mind seem too much to be asked or hoped for? Surely faculties were given to be developed and exercised, and in their exercise to lead us Godward; surely truth is given to be made fruitful and not to be hidden in a napkin; and the very fact that our souls respond

to this sublime ideal is sufficient proof that the means to attain it will not be wanting, that its pursuit is an obligation rather than an impossibility.

Inspiring hope! Passed through this magic change, all things become stepping-stones to God, as from the beginning, indeed, they were intended to be. For the ultimate end of all the various elements of this great universe is the same. Through all the world, from worm to star-dust, one controlling purpose runs. The "flower in the crannied wall" holds the secrets of God and furthers His ends no less truly than the storm of light which whirls across the heavens to lose itself in extra-stellar space; and the deepest significance of each is in the message it bears concerning its source, that infinitely fertile Bosom from Whom every being, created or uncreated, sprang. All truth again, whether imparted by the simplest statement of the smaller Catechism or by the sublimest doctrine of the Summa Theologica or The Ascent of Mount Carmel, has the same generic end—it is a means of divine union and it is intended to be studied, pondered, lived. For never will creatures fully effect their ultimate purpose until, swinging the soul of man out beyond the stress of finite longings into the calm haven of rest, they bring it to safe anchorage at last in the deep, peaceful truth of God.

It may be noted here that most of us should attend far more than we do to the spiritual significance of revealed doctrine. On our mind's portals beat steadily the great dogmatic teachings of the Faith—the Eucharistic presence, the Commemoration of Calvary, the Communion of Saints, the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit—and what do they not suggest? Yet commonly we give little heed while they cry out; and see naught though they flash wonderful visions before our eyes. Why, almost at any point we could strike away from the common walks into these thick clustered truths, with the certainty of coming upon paths that lead to rich and pleasant pastures. Once this fact has been brought to our attention, once the stimulus that dogma gives has been carried up over the threshold of consciousness, a new world will be revealed, and there, according to individual taste and need and ability, each man can wander at will.

An instance of these precious opportunities is our chance to become familiar with the person of our Blessed Saviour by

means of painstaking study of His life. Ordinarily verse and chapter that have been falling on our ears since childhood remain quite empty of significance for us; or recall only hazy allusions to far away and faintly pictured events. A relatively trifling amount of care would change this state of things altogether and put us in possession of a spiritual treasure. Had we an accurate idea of the general sequence of the life of Christ and a little knowledge of Judea and Galilee, so that at will we could reproduce the Gospel story in a rich and suggestive setting, the words and things encountered from hour to hour would then recall sacredest memories; white-walled town and blue lake-water, grassy plain and stony wilderness and roadside-well, palm and fig-tree and thorn-bush and field of corn, would bring holy thoughts to mind. Imagination would leap up at the very mention of Thabor or Genesareth, Capharnaum, Bethsaïda, or the Mountain of Temptation. When dull at times of prayer, we could retrace the steps of Christ's pilgrimage, going over again in spirit whatever has been recorded concerning Him. So, for example, we could spend a fruitful hour musing upon the first year of His ministry: how in January He was baptized, and after the Temptation returned to Galilee to do "great things" at Capharnaum and to change water into wine at Cana; how at Jerusalem, during the Passover, He drove the hucksters from the Temple, and comforted Nicodemus, and preached in the southland for many months; how, later, He journeyed north, meeting the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well, and after His repulse from Nazareth went to Capharnaum to live near the ruler's son He had raised up; and then, how in the months preceding the Pasch, He travelled about, calling disciples, freeing the possessed, healing the fever-stricken woman, aiding the disheartened fishermen, curing the sick man, the paralytic, the leper. Fill in these rough outlines, and how gloriously suggestive a series of pictures we obtain! Similarly the two following years provide a store of spiritual nourishment for a life-time.

If we have never yet attempted any exercise of this sort, then we lack a very precious aid to holy living. On our lips the blind-man's prayer might find fitting resting-place—Domine, ut videam! Lord, that I may see,—that my senses may become keen, my mind open, my heart aflame; that I may be alive to the deep meaning of all that comes from God; that Christ may be a familiar figure to my imagination; that I may

live over again with Him the scenes of His earthly life; that His consoling words may re-echo in my ears and His teachings penetrate my soul!*

After all, what is "meditation" but just such an intent study of Christ's life and teaching carried on methodically and directed to the immediate awakening of the soul's deepest emotions? What is "affection" but the steady upward flight to God of fire-tipped arrows of human longing? What is "contemplation" but the absorbed attention of a lover who has forgotten self in the vision of the Beloved? If in the natural order faculties can be developed by persistent striving, why not likewise in the spiritual? Truly there is no bar to our indulging in such an aspiration. Beyond a doubt we can grow delicately sensitive to the impact of God's being upon ours; we can thrill with a lasting consciousness of the indwelling Holy Ghost; we can nourish eyes and soul upon this wondrous world that the Father has created and the Son of Man reconsecrated by His bodily presence. The glowing rainbow and the sheen of starry waters, the gorgeous skies of summer and the neutral tints of autumn, the field of fragrant blossoms and the blue above the trees can move us to prayerful mood; the swelling of ocean-tide and the menacing rush of angry storm-clouds can recall the majesty of God; the smiling lips of innocent childhood and the graver beauty of maturer age alike, can arouse within us new reverence for the great Unseen that we have learned to look upon as very close and very dear. "Domine ut et ego videam"; for then will life resemble what it might have been had not the first man sinned and cast away his race's splendid birthright.

If it be given the pure of heart to see God, conversely it is true that those who see God often, will be pure of soul. Fineness of spiritual discernment and nobility of conduct are reagents. The spirit always throbbing with love and faith and admiration, can scarcely stray far from the heights where alone a satisfying view of beauty and truth and holiness is obtained. So, too, the contrite soul, swept by consuming fires of shame, is

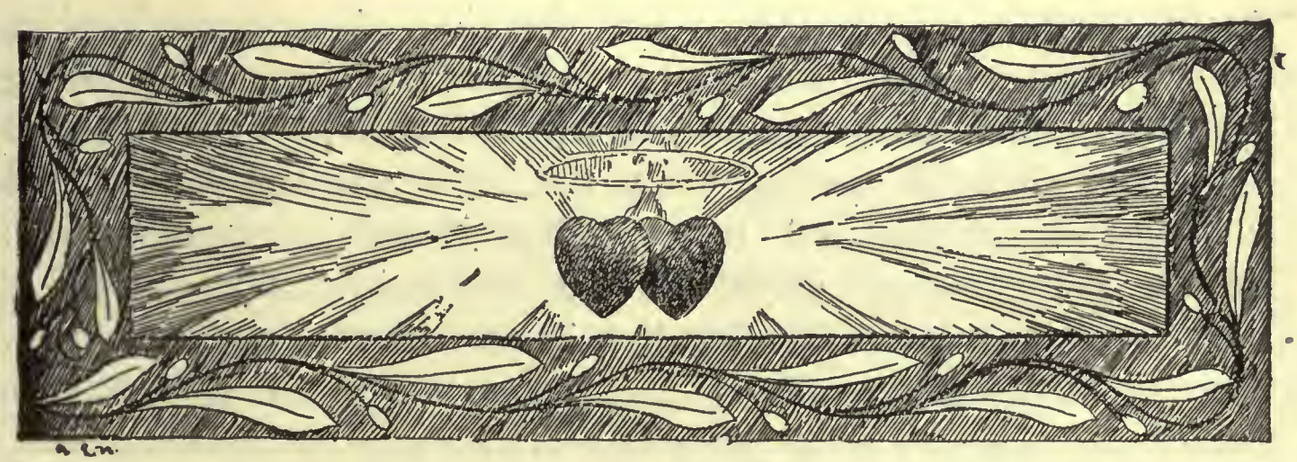
* The making of such a prayer necessitates, of course, serious co-operation on our part. That co-operation might take form of a study of the Gospels in connection with a book like Fouard's *Christ, the Son of God* (Longmans), Gigot's *New Testament History* (Benzigers), or Elliott's *Life of Christ* (Columbus Press). We might go over the sacred narrative and the commentary again and again, studying maps, marking sites of villages and routes of travel, getting the approximate date and proper setting of our Lord's miracles and sermons.

likely to discover that its once commonplace world has become radiant with hitherto unsuspected splendor, and to be moved to cry out: "This only I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." So again in the desolation of an awful grief the suffering soul perceives—with more than natural clearness—that the pain is but "the shade of His hand outstretched caressingly"; and understands the comforting words that have been spoken by a voice from heaven, though to the bystanders it seems only to have thundered. For whosoever is used to the sight of God is enabled to dispense in part with the tedious processes of logic and to exchange cumbersome demonstration for intuitive perceptions which distinguish easily between good and evil, truth and falsehood, light and darkness. Amid the saddest gloom such a mind discerns that the hand which strikes is a divine one, and that the words of chiding have been uttered by the dear voice of God. Therefore he presses on unerringly while others pursue their devious ways unenlightened, having heard a noise indeed, but having comprehended nothing and seen no man. And if paradoxically it happens that the pure of heart themselves do sometimes turn away from God's revelation, we have only to investigate and we shall surely find that the truth from which they shrink has in some way been distorted or made unlovely, or shorn of those accompaniments of graciousness and holiness which belong to it by right divine.

Since the possibility of sense cultivation has been realized whole races of men are rising up, trained to do what hitherto only genius could attempt. Mayhap in the spiritual order likewise, education is destined to achieve startling results. People are coming to appreciate so truly and to regret so keenly the missed opportunities of life, and educators especially are growing so vehement in their denunciation of neglect, that a general reawakening seems not far off; and when it comes, conditions may be so largely amended that only in rare cases here and there will it be true that human lives are but half lived. With the application of scientific methods, individuals will be studied more accurately and latent powers developed more carefully, so that the child—thus runs the hope—will develop abilities far beyond what has been possible in the past. In the coming age, therefore, the race should be more capable and more worthy of lifting its song of praise to God; for surely, acquaintance with visible things must draw men on to thought and knowledge of

invisible things; and surely, other conditions being equal, none can be so pleasing to God as the man of perfect culture.

This gleaming prospect, however, shows an attendant shadow of regret in souls who seem to have learned the lesson vainly because too late. Yet indeed to none is it utterly useless, since for none is improvement altogether impossible. Although in youth we have not been trained as we now wish; although age or other circumstances make it at present impossible to recover faculties long withered away; still undoubtedly all of us can profit by the discovery of truth, no matter how tardily discovered. In some measure we can live our lives more fully; to some slight degree we can develop sensitiveness to God's Self-manifestation in created beauty, in the reign of changeless law, in the goodness ennobling all who look upon it. We can learn to contemplate Nature more reverently, and with livelier memory of its divine significance. We can pay worship—as to the things of God—to all that the genius of man has made, to all the gracious forms that vest crude matter with loveliness, to all the coloring that dazzles and the sounds that enrapture us—for all are, as it were, but so many aspects of God toned down to the measure of our capacity, their wondrous fairness revealing but a faint suggestion of that ravishing Beauty whose inmost essence even for our own sakes, it would seem, must remain for all time wrapped round with light inaccessible.



THE EVOLUTION OF CECILIAN ART.

(*Illustrated by ancient and modern examples.*)

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

CECILIA, sweetest singer, saint and martyr. So she is crowned throughout the ages. From the early-century days when the Christians bore her martyred body to the Catacombs even down to the present times the name of St. Cecilia is as a household word in many lands. Few of the long roll of Roman saints and martyrs have met with such renown outside the Catholic Church; though much of this external interest is poetic and fanciful, perhaps, rather than devotional. Quite of another character is the real and substantial devotion to St. Cecilia existing in the Eternal City to-day, nineteen centuries after her death—a devotion befitting the birthplace of the martyred daughter of the noble house of Cecilii. Rome has changed the outward features of her face—or rather, the growth of centuries, the inevitable human law of mutability, has changed them for her; but no changes can affect her saints. From the gray old walls and roof-trees which were their dwellings, and the Catacombs, their tombs, come the echoes of that one supreme sacrifice of love which alone makes human memory immortal. The present universal materiality of thought and sentiment has destroyed much that was beautiful and touching in life; but it cannot destroy real devotion. The same devotion which led the early church to pray in the Catacombs, laying garlands upon those primitive sepulchres, leads the Romans and strangers of to-day to a fair, still garden out on the "Queen of Highways" near Cecilia Metella's round tower; where rough-carved steps, leading down into the depths of the earth, are carpeted with box-leaves, myrtle, and pale pink petals; showing the way to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus—in which St. Cecilia's relics were laid after her cruel martyrdom.

This same devotion prompted Pope St. Urban I. to build a church in the second century over the saint's dwelling-house; and later on, in the ninth century, caused another Pontiff, St.

ST. CECILIA, BY HOFFMAN.

Paschal I., to found it as a basilica, bringing the relics of the saint here from the Catacombs. Once again, in the sixteenth century, a cardinal-titular of St. Cecilia's basilica restored the ancient place of worship. Now in the dawn of the twentieth century, when materialism reigns supreme, crushing tradition, pious sentiment, and even faith under her sordid rule, a prince of the church, faithful to the traditions of the Church of the Martyrs, has laid his homage at the feet of a saint of the Catacombs, who is yet a saint of to-day. Nor is devotion to a Roman martyr the only thing embodied in Cardinal Rampolla's splendid restoration of the Crypt of St. Cecilia's basilica, for his Eminence has rendered a signal service to Christian archæology in discovering another ancient Roman dwelling-house. The

practical needs of the day are not neglected either in this restoration; for during the considerable period in which the work has been proceeding, employment has been given to hundreds of art-workers. For three years it has been impossible on account of the excavations to throw open the basilica on the feast of its titular saint, and the festival (perhaps the most beautiful of Rome's religious celebrations) has been held exclusively in the Catacombs.

Last year, however, the 22d of November was marked by the reopening of the church and the solemn consecration of the Crypt, by his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla; when all Rome thronged to Trastevere, to honor the memory of "Rome's sweetest singer," and to gaze on the splendors of the brilliantly-lighted Crypt, which is a veritable dream of modern ecclesiastical art. This completion of an historic Roman basilica, which does honor alike to Roman devotion and modern Roman art, naturally calls up comparison with the art which has embellished the shrines of the saint since the time of her martyrdom; for even more than St. Agnes, St. Cecilia has been the dream of artists throughout the centuries. Every spot in Rome hallowed by her memory shows the tributes of art to a purity realized, even if but imperfectly, by the artist-soul.

To go back to the first portrait of St. Cecilia ever painted, we must turn from the threshold of even her early dwelling; back to the Catacombs where her body reposed for seven centuries; where a Christian artist of the seventh century painted a fresco of the martyr over her sepulchre. Few spots are more lovely in the old Rome and the new than this garden leading to the cemetery of St. Calixtus, so redolent of the flowers of martyrdom. For along its quiet garden pathways, above the stones of the Via Appia, martyred pontiffs were carried to their rest in the Catacombs below. No wonder that the roses bloom so thickly here, where the faint green of the trees frames a distant picture of the city; and all around the soft perfumes of the Campagna are wafted across from the Sabine Mountains, beautiful as a dream of the hills of God. One reluctantly leaves this characteristically Roman garden to descend the stairway leading to the Catacombs. Formerly in visiting the Catacomb of St. Calixtus one groped one's way, in the early Christian manner, with the feeble light of torch and taper, which scarcely dissipated the gloom. But progress has penetrated even to the

Catacombs; and there the electric light holds sway, to the damage, it must be confessed, of the sentiment and associations of the early Christian burial-places; but considerably facilitating the inspection of the Catacombs, their conformation, mural paintings, inscriptions, and tombs. Even electricity is dim, however, compared with the sunlit splendor of a Roman day; and the sealed niches in the long, narrow galleries are solemnly impressive always; so full are the old tufa walls of the peace and silence of the ages gone.

"In pace" was the epitaph of the Catacombs; "In pace" the high destiny of those who sleep beneath these stones, leaving it as a heritage here behind them. On the festival the box-leaves strew the pathway of the martyr's triumph; and following them one comes to the shrine, where wreaths and garlands make a flower-garden of the spot in which St. Cecilia's body was found. Near it an altar is erected, and masses are continually said; and the Society of the "Cultorum Martyrum," with its beautiful ceremonial, makes the Church of the Catacombs live again at the shrine of her martyr-saint.

The history of St. Cecilia is too well known to dwell upon, as every phase in the "Acts of the Martyr" has been faithfully illustrated in art; so that each picture in this Cecilian pilgrimage tells its eloquent story. St. Cecilia was martyred during a persecution under Marcus Aurelius; and her body was laid in this catacomb near the Crypt of the Popes, in the second century, by the St. Urban who had won her to the faith; the Christians venerating her relics here till their transferment to the basilica in Trastevere. Few altars possess an altar-piece like this of the Catacombs—*the earliest presentment of St. Cecilia in the world*, dating probably from the seventh century. Beautiful, in the strict sense of the word, this early picture certainly is not; but interesting from its great antiquity, and as embodying the first ideal of St. Cecilia in the evolution of Christian art which we can follow down to the present day. It is an altogether Byzantine style of art, roughly frescoed in the tufa wall, but standing out life-like still in its coloring from the dull gray background. The saint is represented, in the beautifully-reverent attitude of the catacombs, as an "Orante," or one who prays. Full of stately serenity is the figure, with hands outstretched in prayer; her richly-gemmed tunic and jewels denoting her high rank. An aureole surrounds the head;

and flowers (perhaps symbolizing the flowers of the garden of Paradise) spring up from the painted background. All the Byzantine rigidity is shown in the drawing, with its exaggeration of outlines; but the face is pleasing, and the dignity of the figure adds much to the value of the fresco.

And now to the basilica memories of St. Cecilia. When

FAÇADE AND ANCIENT PORTICO OF BASILICA OF ST. CECILIA IN TRASTEVERE, ROME, NINTH CENTURY.

the saint lay dying after the executioner had given her the fatal third blow of the axe, she bequeathed her dwelling-house and belongings to the church; the former to be made into a place of worship, the latter to be distributed among the most needy. This church was built accordingly after her death; but not until its conversion into a basilica, in the ninth century, was it adorned with the splendid mosaic-pictures of the martyr-saints in whose honor it was dedicated. The early basilica was in form much as it is to-day, with portico, columns, a "Confession" (under which was the saint's body), and a long nave, divided into aisles by columns long since covered over with plaster and stucco. The beautiful raised tribune is rich with gold mosaics; and amid the group of her companions in martyrdom, one sees the *next picture of St. Cecilia* known to art,

executed in the ninth century, when St. Paschal brought her body here. It was never lost sight of in these early representations that St. Cecilia was a noble Roman lady. The saint is clad in long, flowing draperies, with rich embroidery, with necklace and bracelets; and a jewelled fillet in the braided hair which crowns the grave yet gentle face. Looking at this stately patrician portrait, one can scarcely realize that this is the portrait of a young girl of sixteen. Still another portrait decorates the mosaic frieze which runs across the portico of the basilica—a round medallion with St. Cecilia's head; and in similar medallions the heads of St. Valerian, her husband, and St. Tiburtius, her brother-in-law; for in nearly every picture dealing with the history of the saint, both in ancient and modern art, these martyr-saints are represented in her company. Little by little, as the centuries passed, the walls of this roof-tree of the martyrs became a shrine of sacred art. Artists of succeeding centuries have worked upon it, in fresco, painting, marble, and metal; but we of the latest generation have laid the touch of completion to the finished whole. In the twelfth century the portico of the ancient basilica was covered with frescoes (as is the basilica of "San Lorenzo fuori le Mura" to this day) telling the history of St. Cecilia. Only one now remains, and it is placed in the church. It represents the origin of the founding of this church—the vision of St. Cecilia seen by the saintly Paschal, which led him to search for her relics in the Catacombs and bring them here. It is a small oblong fresco, in the Giottesque style and coloring, representing the slumbering pontiff in pontifical garments, before whom stands the apparition of the martyr pointing out the place of her sepulture, and still depicted as wearing the rich bejewelled robe of all her earlier portraits. The fresco is stiff and rigid in its drawing, but bright in color; wonderfully realistic as the only twelfth century specimen of art in the Cecilian Basilica. One hundred years later, in 1268, another link in the chain of art was added to our inheritance; another feature of fairest beauty to St. Cecilia's shrine. The grand old Florentine, Arnolfo del Cambio, was called to Rome, under the pontificate of Pope Honorius IV., to raise a marble canopy over the "Confession" in the basilica; and well did he do his work. Fortunately for posterity, it was executed in marble and mosaic, and Arnolfo's slender pinnacles and perfect traceries

still raise their matchless architecture above the martyr's resting-place. Once more St. Cecilia's portrait appears here (for the first time in existing art in the form of a statue); for the four corners of the marble canopy are decorated with small statues of St. Cecilia and her companions. Throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries no especial additions seem to have been made in the saint's basilica in Rome; but in the sixteenth century the noblest artists of the period immortalized St. Cecilia in art elsewhere. In the grand old city of Bologna there is a tiny oratory, unknown and unnoticed by the generality of strangers, even by many of those who love to seek out the treasures of Italian art. Nevertheless, within its narrow limits it contains a veritable *art gallery*, having for theme the life of St. Cecilia, painted by a group of artists of the Bologna school of painting, headed by that master of pure ideals and loveliest color—Francesco Francia. It seems as if Francia had been an artist somewhat overlooked and forgotten; but those who have seen these Cecilian frescoes, and his glorious masterpiece in the Church of San Giacomo Maggiore in Bologna, cannot fail to pay him the meed of appreciation to which he is so justly entitled. When one has found one's way into this disused oratory (defaced in the seventeenth century by French soldiers who had their barracks here), it is a positive *revelation* to see the walls of the deserted sanctuary covered with truly exquisite frescoes, which show the Bolognese masters in so reverent and devotional a character! Their arrangement (divided into compartments) is somewhat similar to the style of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, which its form resembles in miniature; and in ten pictures the whole life-story of St. Cecilia is graphically depicted, from her "Espousals to St. Valerian" to her "Burial." In the first and last of these frescoes (the gems of the whole series) the master, Francia, wrought with tender loving touches, in a perfection of gracefulness of form which even Raffaelle could not equal. To many minds, indeed, Francia surpassed Raffaelle—*always* in *one* respect, the quality of reverence and deep devotional feeling! These frescoes took two years to accomplish—from 1504 to 1506—but their completion laid a noble homage at St. Cecilia's feet, while the work of portraying the life of the pure young martyr must have been indeed congenial to an idealist like Francia, who has shown himself so spiritual-minded in all his paintings. It is sad to see them

THE ESPOUSALS OF ST. CECILIA, BY FRANCIA, BOLOGNA, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

now, however, hidden away in this forgotten corner; waiting, in art's patient timelessness, for a renaissance which shall bring them once more before the notice of the world.

Francia's Cecilian frescoes paved the way for another celebrated presentment of the saint—perhaps the most famous which art has ever given the world: Bologna's treasured mas-

terpiece—the "*St. Cecilia*" *of Raffaelle.* It is a peerlessly noble work; an idyl of loveliest mellow coloring, touched with the ineffable genius of the angelic painter's hand. Living, the sweet patroness of music stands there before us, with the surrounding group of saints—embodied music flushed with color, incomparable beauty, inimitable grace! Yet with all this inspiration of genius, this supreme perfection of studied beauty, there is something wanting of idealism, something of devotion, which make far meaner works appeal more tenderly to the heart. Perhaps I do it injustice in missing some of its inspiration; but turning from Raffaelle's "St. Cecilia," after long admiring its perfect art, does one ever think of the Saint of the Catacombs crowned with the martyr's thorny crown; or feel inclined to murmur, "St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, pray for us"? No; it rather leaves us prayerless, touched not in our devotion but in our æsthetic sense of beauty; with a lasting ideal of the heavenly patroness of music, which no after-picture can ever lessen or efface. This picture, painted in the zenith of the Renaissance, formed the crown of Cecilian art in the sixteenth century; but in the first year of the seventeenth there arose a rival (if it can be called rivalry to compare sculpture to painting) to dispute its precedence—a rival which outdistanced it in pure devotion and true religious feeling.

In 1599, during some important restorations made to the basilica by its titular, Cardinal Sfondrato, the body of St. Cecilia, enclosed in the marble sarcophagus where Pope St. Paschal had placed it, was unearthed and opened in presence of the cardinal. Then occurred the beautiful miracle, which inspired the sublimest representation of deathless purity ever carved by human hands! For they found the martyr's body pure and incorrupt, fourteen centuries after her death, clad in a fine woven garment with embroideries; lying on her side, with the cruel wound in her slender throat and blood-stained cloths of martyrdom lying about her feet. All the world knows the famous reclining statue of St. Cecilia. It has been the joy of generations; and no traveller to Rome but visits Trastevere, to gaze upon the work of art which lies there under the altar—the living saint whom centuries of repose have hardened into marble. Its sovereign beauty lies in the fact that the statue is no idealized vision, but *the* PORTRAIT *of the martyr* as the sculptor Maderno *saw* her, before they closed the tomb.

Through this ardent young spirit, then, full of the artist's striving after the ideal, St. Cecilia's faithful portrait has come down to posterity; true even to the actual measurement of the saint's body. This statue is one of the highest triumphs of sculpture, for not an unnecessary touch of the chisel mars the simplicity of its noble repose. Still more is it remarkable, for

STATUE OF ST. CECILIA, BY STEFANO MADERNO, UNDER THE ALTAR IN THE BASILICA.

at the period of its execution simplicity was giving place to mannerism; and the glory of the Renaissance was imperceptibly waning into the decadent period of the Baroque. This work, however, was worthy of the high tide of its ideality, imperceptibly raising the standard of all the decorations around it. Marbles, precious stones, and costly bronze-work enriched the "Martyr's Confession" under Arnolfo's canopy, so that the pure white vision of the Virgin-Martyr lay enthroned in a niche of richest surroundings. Nor was this homage of art confined alone to the immediate environment of the saint's tomb during the century which saw the rediscovery of her relics. No part of the roof and walls of this venerable Roman basilica but shows the handiwork of able artists, all of whom labored (more or less successfully) to depict the heavenly beauty of the saint so dear to them.

Two great rivals worked in peaceful rivalry here, in this sanctuary full of the atmosphere of eternal peace. In the tri-

bune behind the altar of the Confession, and below the mosaic-pictures of the early ages, Guido Reni painted "*St. Cecilia's Martyrdom*" in a great panel oil-painting, which shows him in his most devotional manner, and with great ability. From the dark, almost Rembrandt-like shadows of the background the saint stands out serenely beautiful; kneeling before the executioner's uplifted sword, steadfast, nay, longing for the blow which is to bring her into the "Presence" already dawning on that blissful gaze. None of the human fear of death and suffering clouds the serenity of the features; for human doubt of the unknown is obliterated by the martyr's perfect faith. It is strange to note in this picture the strong resemblance to Raffaelle's St. Cecilia, in the features, the attitude of the head, and even the attire of the saint.

To another master—Guido's great rival, Domenichino (who must have had a great devotion to the Roman martyr from the frequency with which he depicted the scenes of her life)—was left the task of decorating another part of the basilica of St. Cecilia—a side-chapel somewhat apart from the rest of the church, and once the bath-room of the patrician dwelling. It will be remembered in the early history of St. Cecilia that the original church was incorporated with the saint's abode, of which the traces still remain; for to this day can be seen in this beautiful little frescoed chapel and the corridor leading to it the hot-water pipes and the copper furnace used for heating the bath—one of the most interesting and best preserved remains of a Roman dwelling-house ever discovered. It was in this bath-room the executioners first attempted to give St. Cecilia her crown of martyrdom, by enclosing her in it and heating the furnace to a fiery heat; finding her at the end of three days alive and unhurt. A replica of Guido Reni's martyrdom-picture hangs over the altar of this chapel; but loveliest of all its decorations is the new conception in which Domenichino immortalized the saint—showing, as it were, a vision of approaching martyrdom—the *martyr receiving the crown in company with her husband, St. Valerian.* It is of that shape seldom met with in art—a circular picture, which gives it a character not soon forgotten. The chaste spouses are represented as kneeling in prayer in their dwelling; while between them, in a flood of light, an angel descends with outspread wings, bearing in either hand the rose-crown of martyr-

THE CROWNING OF ST. CECILIA AND VALERIAN, BY DOMENICHINO.

dom. The figures of the martyrs are spiritual and full of infinite grace—the artist's conception of saintly youth; for both saints are depicted as singularly young and pure and innocent. Gracious too is the descending angel, with just a touch of sorrow about it; a tender, half-wistful expression, as if he were envious of the destiny of the martyrs, worthy to suffer for their Lord. The picture hangs on the wall directly facing the altar,—singularly appropriate on the walls of the very spot where St. Cecilia suffered her double martyrdom by fire and sword.

These were the last paintings by celebrated masters placed in the Cecilian Basilica, for the fresco of the "Triumph of St. Cecilia" on the vaulting is (though florid and grandiose) unworthy of its surroundings, and only shows the decadence of

art. Thus the grand old temple was left untouched throughout the period of two more centuries—a hallowed shrine for both pilgrim and artist. Its art-work seemed complete; and the nineteenth century Renaissance of Christian archæology (already much occupied in other directions) had not yet been able to give attention to excavating the Crypt of St. Cecilia.

In 1898, however, his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla (Cardinal Secretary of State and Titular of St. Cecilia's) determined to record the Jubilee Year of 1900 by the complete restoration and art decoration of the "Crypt of the Martyrs" under the "Confession"; and also by extensive excavations, comprehending the entire area of the church, to discover all existing traces of St. Cecilia's dwelling. With splendid munificence his Eminence has carried out his design, even down to the minutest detail; thereby supplying the one thing needed to render this Roman shrine of St. Cecilia perfect, and carry on the sequence of its art. Several alterations and improvements were also made in the upper church. On the Sunday previous to the feast of St. Cecilia, after a solemn vigil of prayer and watching, the new Crypt was solemnly consecrated by Cardinal Rampolla, accompanied by a number of archbishops and bishops. The pontifical first Vespers is always sung on the eve of the feast by the chosen singers of Rome's basilica choirs, and Cardinal Rampolla, in his character of titular, pontificates. But this year the ceremonial assumed an even more imposing aspect. His Eminence was attended by a long train of archbishops, bishops, pontifical masters-of-ceremonies and dignitaries, who, after proceeding in procession to bless the new statue of the saint erected in the Crypt, declared it open to public devotion.

It was a memorable pilgrimage; besides providing another phase of Cecilian art—the most ancient yet the last discovered. We have read the story of a life-time now, in painting and in sculpture. We have seen the humble "Orante" of the Catacombs, the sainted patrician lady of the later basilica, the martyr suffering a cruel death, the heavenly patroness of music, and finally her everlasting rest and glorious crowning, each picture in some way reflecting the tendencies of the age in which it was executed. There appeared to be nothing which a later generation could add to this splendid evolution of Christian art; and no modern painter or sculptor could be blamed for discouragement, if when standing before the art of a Maderno

or a Raffaelle, he felt overwhelmed at the prospect of emulating such perfection. But eternal art is good to her children, though they so often hide, deface, or crush her with their materialism. The well-spring of idealism has not yet run dry; and though it may appear to be modern egotism, still there is truth in the statement that the twentieth century contribution to the cult of St. Cecilia is by no means inferior in merit to its predecessors. Even more; I venture to think that even if not in conception and execution (in which also they favorably compare), at least in ideality and pure religious feeling, we have struck the keynote of the Cecilian symphony of art. The secret lies in the inscription from the Holy Scriptures which has inspired the art of the new Cecilian Crypt: "They were as the angels of God." Could there be a higher conception of the martyrs, or one more calculated to produce spiritual-minded work? The intrinsic beauty of this inspiration seems to have pervaded every portion of the decorations, rendering them most noble and elevated in character.

By the entrance *outside* the basilica (which was the only one open on the festival) one must first pass through the excavations of the Roman dwelling-house before gaining the "Martyr's Crypt." These excavations have been most extensive; covering one-half of the area of the whole basilica from portico to tribune; so that the various chambers of the ancient dwelling have been discovered. Only the *smaller* portion, under the tribune and confession, forms the *crypt proper* of the martyr; the only part which has been decorated as a subterranean church. After descending a low double flight of stairs one comes into a kind of ante-chamber, filled with inscriptions, architectural remains, and detached fragments of sculpture, both of pagan and Christian times; all found here on the spot. The conformation of this subterranean Crypt is something like that of the lower church of San Clemente and the house of Sts. John and Paul on the Cœlian hill.

A succession of chambers open one out of the other, arranged in exquisite order, and decorated with these interesting remains of antiquity: parts of once massive pilasters can be seen; columns with their sculptured capitals still beside them, and portions of a solid wall, recognized as of the period of the emperors. Here is a portion of a sculptured frieze, with graceful acanthus leaves; there a lettered inscription or a

BASILICA OF ST. CECILIA IN TRASTEVERE, ROME. ERECTED IN THE NINTH CENTURY; RESTORED IN THE SIXTEENTH.

bird or beast of symbolic meaning; or, perhaps, a terra cotta vase of exquisite Greek form, filled for to-day's ceremony with palm-leaves, symbolizing the martyr's triumph. In many of these subterranean chambers the mosaic pavement of St. Cecilia's time is uncovered—a small black-and-white mosaic in geometrical designs like those of Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli. The strong electric light, so well placed, shows up to great perfection every fragment and detail of all these architectural remains of the once magnificent Roman dwelling. In the largest central chamber one of the most interesting discoveries of the Crypt has been found—a sarcophagus of the second century, with a fine figure in bas-relief of the Good Shepherd. Other sarcophagi and sculptural remains also decorate this chamber; but opening out of it is another smaller chamber, revealing a characteristic feature of an old Roman dwelling most precious for its antiquity—a survival of the period of this dwelling anterior to St. Cecilia's conversion to Christianity. This is the household shrine of the "Lares and Penates"—a tiny niche in the wall decorated with terra-cotta bas-reliefs.

The central figure represents Minerva, flanked by two other small bas-reliefs; and so perfect is the preservation and carving of the tiny figures that each line stands out clearly—distinct as if carved in the twentieth century instead of the first.

At the end of a narrow gallery lined with inscriptions there is an open doorway from which the light pours forth in silvery floods. Passing the threshold into this Martyr-Crypt of St. Cecilia, one seems to have entered into the midst of a splendid dream of mysticism—a glorified vision of the Catacombs such as they might be pictured could the martyrs' resting-places have been transformed for an instant into the "atrium" of heaven—an atmosphere worthy of "those who have passed through the great tribulation" wrapped in the light of glorious immortality. Dazzling, almost blinding, after the sombre tufa walls of the outer crypt, the gold, mosaic, and marbles seem to cast shafts of light from their glittering surface. Vaulting, walls, and pavement alike show a surpassing richness of decoration, yet most harmonious in the scheme of coloring, so that the effect of even so much gold and color is chaste in the extreme and in exquisite taste. At first the wealth of fine work and detail bestowed on a comparatively small area of space is almost bewildering. One must have time to realize and enjoy the color-harmonies before descending to details, each one of which merits a separate study.

The soft streams of radiance which flood the Crypt come from globes of electric-light in the vaulted roof, surrounded by a setting of studded jewels which flash and glitter. It falls upon point after point of richness—on the lines of beautiful perspective formed by the slender marble columns which support the roof; on the raised stucco decorations of the vaulting in their soft, delicate coloring; but fullest, clearest, and steadiest of all on the Martyr's Tomb.

The front of the shrine (after the manner of an ancient basilica) shows a marble screen like a window, of exquisite open-work, separated by a delicately-slender marble column. Inside one distinctly sees the three stone "sarcophagi" containing the relics of SS. Cecilia, Valerian, Tiburtius, and Maximus. Above the screen is the exquisite arched altar-piece of mosaic, "The Apotheosis of St. Cecilia"; the figure of the martyr standing out in color from a background of purest gold. The saint is represented above a garden of blossoms, rising slowly through

the clouds and supported by two attendant angels. In this—as in all the mosaic-pictures of the Crypt—in order to harmonize with the period of the Catacombs, the art is the modern Byzantine style; with conventionality and slight rigidity of the figures, though the expression of the faces is strikingly beautiful and spiritual. This modernized Byzantine style, with its intense refinement and purity of form, greatly enhances the ecclesiastical character of the Crypt of St. Cecilia. It is exceedingly difficult in a modern religious picture to combine realism with devotionality of feeling; but this style of mosaics has completely surmounted the difficulty. The altar of marble and mosaic work, gemmed with precious stones and marble columns, harmonizes perfectly with the mosaic pictures, two more of which flank the shrine of St. Cecilia on either side of the wall. One represents the "Angelic Marriage of SS. Cecilia and Valerian"; where (as in Domenichino's picture in the church above) an angel separates them with a white lily of purity in his hand. In the companion-picture St. Cecilia is represented *in prayer*, while the glorified spirits of Valerian and Tiburtius hover near, bearing the crown of martyrdom. At the other side of the curved recess at the back of the Confession there is another altar with a marble grating, through which the back of the "sarcophagi" are seen; the wall above being decorated on the arch by mosaic medallion portraits of the martyrs buried there. Two arched side-chapels opening out on either side of the martyr's tomb are dedicated respectively to St. Agatha and St. Agnes. Most appropriate is this homage to their memory here by the shrine of their companion-martyr; and purely lovely the mosaic pictures over the altars, representing the young virgin-saints. Most striking of the two is the almost child-like figure of St. Agnes standing amid a field of virgin lilies, whiter than the white robe she wears or the snowy lamb at her feet, her long fair hair falling over her shoulders. All around the walls runs a noble frieze of Roman mosaic in colored marbles, showing the symbolic imagery of the Catacombs; the dove, the peacocks (symbol of immortality), and the harts panting after the fountains of water.

The crown, however, of all the mural decorations (forming the pure note of contrast which only serves to throw out more perfectly the prevailing mass of gold and colors) is the new statue of St. Cecilia, placed in an arched niche in the wall im-

mediately facing the sepulchre. It was the triumph of architect and sculptor to place it here; for could there have been one touch wanting to complete the Apotheosis of St. Cecilia, it was this pure unsullied image of the martyr-saint—the guardian genius of the spot. It is a full-length standing figure of a fair young girl with head uplifted. Is it the distant song of angels or the call to martyrdom which brings that dreamily rapt expression over the perfect features? No; the answer lies in the inscription graven at the base of the niche. "Fiat cor meum immaculatum"—the pure cry of a virgin heart to the Infinite Purity of the Virgin's Crown. Straight and tall and slender she stands carved before us, in the home whence her soul winged its flight to God more than eighteen centuries ago. There is no pose or exaggeration of gesture here; only the image of a pure and innocent maiden, such as was that fair young Roman saint of long ago, whose virtues made the name of martyrdom sweet even in unbelieving ears. Parted and lying in soft waves around the low, broad forehead, the hair falls lightly over the shoulders; one perfect hand is laid across the breast with ineffable modesty; the other holds the scroll, on which is written "Erunt sicut angeli Dei." A short mantle of Greek design covers with graceful draperies the slight young form; while the severely-classical lines of the robe beneath fall with unstudied grace to the sandalled feet. Truly a white lily of the Garden of Paradise, embodied into earth's marble, so that poor weary earth may not forget the land from whence she came!

In this conception of St. Cecilia the usual formula of depicting her with a musical instrument has been departed from. Possibly some might be inclined to regret the omission; but not after gazing on this ideal work. No symbol of earth clings to the statue, to mar its angelic purity; for remember, "They were as the angels of God." Earth's instruments are not for one who listened to the angels' symphonies. None of the ghastly adjuncts of martyrdom are here; not even the martyr's palm—symbol of the victory of the spirit—is laid in the hand of the saint who walked ever with the angels!

It was by the express desire of the generous cardinal who has donated this work of art to his titular church that St. Cecilia was thus represented, without any musical instrument. For though it is a pious tradition to connect this Roman mar-

tyr with the spirit of music, there is absolutely no historical foundation in her Acts for asserting that the saint actually *played* any musical instrument. Hence, Cardinal Rampolla wished to have the titular saint embodied, not as the half-fanciful poetic patroness of music; not even as the glorious martyr; but as the spotless Virgin who has listened to the Voice of the Bridegroom, in heaven's eternal spring-time of youth and purity. The ideal is indeed a high one—the very highest that Christian art could have for inspiration; but it needed a master of the art of sculpture as well as a devotional mind to carry it out. No one could have more perfectly fulfilled these conditions or more fully carried out the ideal than the eminent sculptor who has executed the work; so Greek in its perfect simplicity of outline, yet with the Christian soul shining through the grace of the material form. To combine grace with repose in a standing figure is a difficult task without perceptible rigidity of the lines; but the Roman sculptor of St. Cecilia, Professor Cesare Aureli, has most successfully accomplished it. In a few broad, masterly outlines he has produced a form of complete reposefulness and perfect grace, owing nothing of its value to gesture or pose, of which there is literally none. As for the ineffable purity of the conception the statue speaks for itself, as the sculptor's realization: "They were as the angels of God!"

It was an interesting study to stand for awhile in the Crypt watching the effect of its art on the crowds who come and go. At first they are dazzled by the almost sunlit burst of splendor; then, as their eyes grow accustomed, they begin to drink in its beauty with appreciative eyes, while constant kneeling groups succeed each other by the martyr-shrine. But with almost loving pleasure they linger by the statue, gazing up at the sweet seraphic face; and it causes no astonishment, even no notice, when now and again some one bends, after the sweet Italian custom, to press their lips to the feet of this living ideal of a martyr-saint. The majority realize little of its art-value, but its pure beauty touches that chord hidden in the hearts of us all for true beauty and purity.

Vespers were going on in the church above; and the sounds of chanting came surging down to the quiet Crypt. But for some seconds there had been a lull—the triumphant chorus had ceased. Just as the hush became oppressive the soft ripplings of

a harp broke the silence; and a single voice began the Antiphon of St. Ceçilia, "Cantantibus organis." First in full sweet measures, then changing into a plaintive minor, the Virgin's prayer transcribed into music arose, as if from that sculptured semblance of the saint: "Fiat cor meum immaculatum!" Rising and soaring the beautiful words of the solo ring out; again and again on the breathless stillness, till the chorus joins the infinite pathos of supplication: "Fiat, fiat, cor meum, immaculatum!" The antiphon is at an end.

Long after the voices have died away the echoes linger around the Crypt, where art has imprisoned them in letters of stone. We read in them the deathless secret of the ages, before whom earth's greatness and power stand rebuked—the mainspring of all this spiritual beauty; poured out through centuries with loving prodigality at St. Cecilia's feet: "Fiat cor meum immaculatum ut non confundar."

THE CRUCIFIX.

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

PLACE not this Image only in my cell,
Above the little shrine where morn and eve
I bow and for my soul's transgressions grieve;
This hidden spot whose silence the soft knell
Of Angelus alone disturbs, or swell
Of distant organ. Here the world I leave,
And think of Him who suffered to reprieve
Me miserable from doom of judgment fell.

But set this Image also where in proud
Array my Plato and my Horace grace
The books of earthly knowledge, held too dear;
That when my foolish heart these pageants crowd,
I may turn from the page in holy fear,
And see all truth and wisdom in His Face.

VERY REV. ALPHONSE L. MAGNIEN, S.S., D.D.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY REV. M. F. FOLEY.

ON Sunday morning, December 21, 1902, spent with labors rather than with years, there passed from earth Very Rev. Alphonse L. Magnien, S.S., D.D., Rector emeritus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. For a quarter of a century he had governed the oldest Catholic seminary in this country, and inside and out its walls had become a mighty power influencing and shaping many minds— a power hardly seen or heard, yet felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. The telling of the story of such a life must be left to other pens. Father Magnien's was truly a many-sided character, and, taken from any point of view, worthy of careful study. This paper can only touch upon a few characteristics which seem to the writer to stand out with striking prominence in that well-rounded career.

Alphonse L. Magnien was born in the diocese of Mende on June 7, 1837. This diocese, situated in the heart of France, was remarkable for the sterling faith and piety of its people, and gave many of its sons and daughters to God in the religious state. We may be sure that in Alphonse Magnien the child was truly "father of the man," and that when he heard the divine Voice calling him to exchange the world for the sanctuary, there was the prompt hearkening and the ready response of the boy Samuel of the olden time: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." To God's first call there soon succeeded a second, bidding him give up fond hopes of living and laboring among his own. Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, was badly in need of priests. Responding to his appeal for help, the young seminarian affiliated himself to the diocese of Orleans, a diocese poor indeed in earthly promise, but rich in glorious memories and in its illustrious bishop.

In Orleans, on June 15, 1862, Father Magnien was raised to the sacred priesthood, and in that city taught the classics for some years with much success. At this period of his life

VERY REV. ALPHONSE L. MAGNIEN, S.S., D.D.

he came under the influence of the great Dupanloup, for whom he was ever after to entertain the greatest reverence and devotion. One could not long know Father Magnien without feeling that between him and the Bishop of Orleans, widely different as their life's ways had run, there was much in common of high resolve, of strong faith, of unfaltering courage, and of single-hearted devotion to principle.

In Orleans, too, Father Magnien came into contact with the Sulpician Fathers, the men whose influence chiefly was to give

clear-cut shape and purpose to all his after life. Impressed with the piety and zeal of these followers of the saintly Olier, Father Magnien determined to cast his lot with theirs, and in 1864 became a member of the Society of Saint Sulpice. He was at the seminary of Rodez teaching philosophy when there came to that house, seeking colaborers, the venerable Dr. Dubreul, superior of the Baltimore seminary. Yielding to the prayers of this servant of God, Father Magnien, to the great sorrow of his confrères, resolved to leave the land of his fathers and go to the land of the stranger, across the western sea.

In 1869, in St. Mary's Seminary, he began his work in the United States. There for nine years he taught philosophy, theology, and Holy Scripture. As a professor he was eminently successful. A born teacher, possessing a vast fund of knowledge, he was never happier than when imparting it to others. He had a magnetic power in teaching which seemed to compel the attention of his listeners, and a happy faculty of investing the dryest topics with a charm that rendered them interesting and attractive.

From the very beginning of his American career Father Magnien was a favorite with his reverend associates, with the others of the clergy who came to know him, and with the seminarians; and the influence of his strong character began early to be felt. In the summer of 1878 there came to him the command, "Go up higher." In the Lent of that year the pious and learned Dubreul had passed away, and a few months later Father Magnien was appointed his successor. The fitness of this choice, recognized at once by all, became more and more apparent as time went on. Father Magnien rose grandly to every new requirement of his high position. None knew better than this son of old France the meaning of "*noblesse oblige.*"

The government of any theological seminary is a difficult and responsible task. It involves the bearing of burdens and the performing of duties of vital import to religion, but of which the average man has little or no conception. The government of St. Mary's was a work of peculiar difficulty and responsibility. From its inception this seminary was not a merely local institution, which trained young men who lived within sight of its walls to labor at the doors of their own homes. The first seminary, and for some years the only one in the land, it always had a cosmopolitan character, but never so much so as during Father Magnien's administration. Men were

there from many foreign lands, and from many parts of our own land,—men sprung from many races and imbued with racial characteristics and prejudices. They were all preparing, 't is true, for the same priesthood; but for a priesthood to be exercised under widely different influences and amid widely different surroundings. To form of so many diverse elements a harmonious whole was no easy task. Yet with no apparent effort Father Magnien did this very thing. A few years ago, when in some quarters brass and wind instruments made the welkin ring with the so-called "race question," the atmosphere of St. Mary's was undisturbed. It had no American party, or German party, or Irish party, or French party, or any other kind or style of "party." It knew only one party—that which sought, *Auspice Maria*, the things which were Christ's.

Catholic in faith, Father Magnien knew only one centre of spiritual truth and life—Rome. To uncompromising loyalty to the See of Peter he joined intense affection and devotion to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. He esteemed no man a Catholic who was less Catholic than the Pope; nor did he hold in higher regard him who would fain be more so.

Catholic in charity, as well, was Father Magnien. His zeal for God's glory was confined within no narrow bounds. Realizing well the imperative and growing need of higher education among Catholics, he was the promoter and staunch friend of the Catholic University of America. He was Delegate for the United States of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and left no means untried to advance the interests of that apostolic organization. The work among our Indians and Negroes was dear to his heart, and he gave it practical encouragement and support. The bishops and priests laboring among the Indians of the West owe much to him; while St. Joseph's Seminary for Negro Missions ranks him among its best friends and benefactors. He ever laid the strongest stress upon the obligations of priests towards their non-Catholic brethren. His interest in the work of non-Catholic Missions was keen and intelligent, and he watched with intense delight the steady growth of that apostolate. A child of fair France, Father Magnien had in common with every true man a deep, tender, and abiding love for the land that gave him birth. He shared her joys and sorrows; he was proud of her glories, and he blushed for her shame. For the country of his adoption, too, his love was warm and earnest. For America and her free institutions

he found no words of praise too strong, and he would have every priest in the land the most loyal and devoted of patriots.

Mention has been made of Father Magnien's success in teaching whilst a professor. As superior of the seminary he presided at the spiritual conferences held each evening. To the students these exercises were a veritable mental and moral treat eagerly looked for. Taking as the groundwork of his remarks the utterances of some approved authority on the spiritual life, he drew explanation and application from the treasury of his well-stored and well-ordered mind, marshalling in array to support his position the Holy Scriptures, the Fathers, and the other shining lights of the Church of God. No one could listen unmoved to these flights of heart-born eloquence. In the received acceptation of the term, Father Magnien could not be called an "orator." But from a logical mind his thoughts came forth in perfect order, and they were expressed in clear-cut, sententious, captivating phrase. His fluency in Latin and in English was remarkable. One could tell from the use of certain expressions, from the structure of his sentences, and from some of his inflections, that Father Magnien in speaking English was using an acquired tongue; but he rarely hesitated, the right words were ready in the right place.

While striving to lead men into the higher ways of the spiritual life, Father Magnien kept a marvellous grasp upon plain matter-of-fact truth. He taught well how to combine theory and practice, how to use God's gifts of every order to advance the interests of the Giver, how to draw men to God by all the cords of Adam. He was fond of bidding students remember that "to those who love God all things work together unto good"—"even their very sins"; and he often held up for imitation the example of Peter and Magdalen and Augustine, and bade his hearers, like these earnest penitents, "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

In the retreats preparatory to ordinations, Father Magnien frequently gave instructions on the Pontifical. None privileged to hear these outpourings of his mind and heart will ever forget them. Step by step, from the moment when the young cleric at the reception of the holy tonsure expressed his desire to have the Lord as his portion for ever, Father Magnien led his auditors onward and upward, in ever-increasing awe and reverence, in ever-increasing fear and love, until the vision of the priesthood's glorious splendor burst upon them.

Called of God to be a trainer of priests, fitted for his high vocation and corresponding to it, Father Magnien believed that the end and purpose of his calling was to form not simply priests, but saintly priests, and this belief sounded in all his teachings as the dominant note. He believed and taught that the priesthood—including in this term, of course, the episcopate, its highest form and development—was the first religious order instituted by our Lord himself, with St. Peter as its first superior, and that all those who are called to the priesthood, the priesthood of Jesus Christ, the Great High-Priest, are called to the highest office on earth; that theirs is the greatest power, the highest responsibility, that ever fell to the lot of poor weak creatures. This great truth Father Magnien would have steadily go before his hearers during all their after lives as the cloud and the fire went before God's elect in the desert of old, guiding, warning, and encouraging them, making their ministry honorable in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world, and fruitful in good for many souls.

Father Magnien ever called upon aspirants for the diocesan priesthood to aim at the highest ideals; and he warned them that they could not safely rest content to be less holy than the holiest of God's anointed, less self-sacrificing or less unworldly. He sternly resented any written or spoken word that seemed to place before them a lower standard; and he denounced as unworthy their calling and their Master, those of the diocesan clergy who acted as if they were content to be relegated to a lower place of spiritual life and energy, and who excused themselves from being in all things what they should be by the pitiful, cowardly pleading of the baby-act—"I am only a secular priest." Many times did this splendid type of the secular priest bring out the true significance of the oft-misunderstood and oft-abused term "secular." With Cardinal Manning, he reiterated that "the diocesan clergy are called 'seculars' because they live and labor and suffer in the world for the sanctification of the world, that they are in the world for the world's sake, not of it but at war with it, of all men the least secular unless they become worldly and the salt lose its savor. Then they deserve the title in all its extent and are seculars indeed."

In his *All for Jesus* Father Faber says: "There is not a thing which has not two sides; and one side belongs to Jesus, and the other side is against Him. The devil has other interests besides sheer sin. He can fight against Jesus with low views

almost as successfully as with mortal sins. The slow poison of souls sometimes does his work better than the quick." This thought, couched in other terms, was often on the lips of Father Magnien. Naturally high-minded, he had an innate contempt for all that was mean and low. He readily, perhaps sometimes too readily, forgave the downright sinner professing repentance; but he looked upon the "mean fellow," to use his own phrase, as well-nigh beyond redemption, and "meanness" he deemed not far removed from the unpardonable sin.

Sursum Corda was ever his motto and his own guiding principle. In word or in deed, in dealing with men of high degree or low, he never struck a low note or a false one. He was honesty personified, brave too, and chivalrous. In his estimation a cause must be either right or wrong; if he thought it right, he was for it; if he thought it wrong, he was against it, with all his heart and soul. He was not a diplomat. He was not even politic. Sometimes in his rugged honesty he lacked what men call "tact." He could not, if he would, temporize; still less could he compromise. He could not stand on both sides of any question. Strong in his likes, he was equally so in dislikes. Like every strong man he had his enemies. They always found him in the open. He was faithful in his friendships. No man ever lost the friendship of Father Magnien unless he deserved to lose it. If his friend's glory was setting, he was willing to share his darkness; he was no worshipper of the rising sun. He had a judicial temperament, and in serious matters did not jump at conclusions; but once he had taken his stand he was not afraid to say, with his heroic soldier countrymen, *J'y suis et j'y reste.*

It has been said that Father Magnien had the happy faculty of winning hearts. The youngest student saw in him not only a superior, but a friend, a confidant, and a father. The very name commonly given him, the *abbé*, was not a title given him as it often is to French ecclesiastics; it was an affectionate nickname put upon him by the students when he was a professor of Holy Scripture in St. Mary's. There was only one *abbé*. The kindly relations between him and the students continued in after days. With keen interest and surprising success, he kept himself informed concerning his "boys" after they passed out into the world. With some he corresponded, many visited him; many again came within the sphere of his benign influence in the clerical retreats given in various parts of the

country, and which of late years occupied much of his summer vacation time.

So, in these and in other ways beside, his knowledge of our country and its needs grew year by year, and he became more thoroughly acquainted, perhaps, with our clergy and their surroundings than any other ecclesiastic in the land. When these things are remembered, and it is remembered, too, that he kept in close touch with happenings in the church of other lands, and kept his finger upon the pulse of mighty Rome, some idea may be had of the power and influence such a man must have wielded.

This sketch, imperfect as it is, would be much more so, if the part taken by Father Magnien in the work of the Third Plenary Council were forgotten. Of the vast preliminary labor undergone in preparation for the assembling of that august body Father Magnien bore a goodly share. During the Council he was theologian to the Archbishop of Baltimore, who presided over its deliberations as Delegate of the Holy See. Father Magnien was, moreover, a member of the special commission on clerical education, and as such had much to do in shaping the action of the Council in founding the Catholic University, and in placing that institution, not in the hands of any religious body but under the immediate care and control of the American hierarchy.

When Father Magnien became superior of St. Mary's Seminary, that house and St. Charles' College were the only Sulpician houses in the United States. He aided in the foundation of St. John's Seminary, at Boston; St. Joseph's Seminary, at Dunwoodie, New York; St. Patrick's Seminary, at Menlo Park, California; and St. Austin's College, affiliated to the Catholic University, at Washington. In addition to these works, Father Magnien was also instrumental in the establishment of the Fathers of Saint Sulpice in the Divinity College at the Catholic University.

Châteaubriand says: "A mighty genius speedily wears out the body which it animates; great souls, like great rivers, are liable to lay waste their banks." These words may well be applied to Father Magnien. Blessed with a splendid constitution and endowed with a marvellous capacity for work, he went on, thinking only of others, forgetful of himself, getting no rest and seeking none, until nature, already prodigal in her

bounty, refused to honor further overdrafts, and the collapse came. Even then he was the same brave, cheerful soldier. Inclined always to look on the bright side of things, he never fretted or faltered even when he knew full well that, humanly speaking, there was no bright side to his case, and that death was near at hand. Thankful to God for the graces and blessings of sixty-five years, patient and resigned, he was ready to live and labor, ready to live and suffer, or ready to die, just as God willed. During his last sickness, whether in the hospital or in the seminary, he was with all around him, priests and students and physicians and nurses, patient and courteous, most grateful for the smallest services, most thoughtful and considerate.

As he lived, so he died—a faithful priest. Fortified with the last Sacraments of Holy Church, amid the prayers and tears of his beloved brethren and children, and in the seminary where he had so long labored, Father Magnien's soul passed from earth. In Baltimore's venerable Cathedral, with all the stately magnificence of the Roman Ritual, amid the great organ's swelling strains and the solemn chant of the surpliced host, the obsequies of this humble priest were celebrated. His faithful and devoted friend, his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop, sang Pontifical High Mass, and his beloved son in Christ, the Right Reverend Bishop of Wheeling, delivered an eloquent and touching eulogy. Other prelates, too, were present, and the throngs of priests and seminarians overflowed the great sanctuary and mingled with the vast concourse of the laity. Thence was borne all that was mortal of this soldier of Christ away from this scene of splendid mourning, back to the home of his heart. And there they laid him in the bare, simple graveyard of St. Mary's, where his dust shall mingle with that of his holy predecessors—the men who have honored the name of Saint Sulpice and blessed this land for more than a hundred years.

Though dead, Father Magnien lives. He lives in the priestly sons whom he has led up to the altar of God, and in them this tireless worker labors still. He lives, too, in the hearts of all who knew and loved him. "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die." Last of all and best, he lives in Christ.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER VI.

JOYCE COMES DOWN LIKE A STICK.

WITH the ghastly face of a dead man, Hans returned, *Extra Scout* in hand. Without a word he passed it to Joyce, whose eager eyes blurred as he scanned it.

"A COLOSSAL SWINDLE.
THE PIONEER MINE
DISCOVERED TO BE THE GREAT FAKE OF THE SEASON.
OWNERS FLEE FROM EXPOSURE.
MINE DESERTED, MINERS UNPAID.
AUTHENTIC DETAILS FROM THE SCOUT'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.
SCANDALOUS REVELATIONS PROBABLE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle.

"For some time, suspicions unfavorable to the Pioneer Mine have existed. The *Scout*, ever foremost in protecting the interests of the people, despatched its special correspondent for investigation on the ground. The result is the following appalling report, which the *Scout* feels it a painful duty to print verbatim. Perusal cannot but arouse general and justified indignation. No more cold-blooded scheme for the ruin of credulous investors is recorded in the tragic history of the bogus speculations of the West. Well-known names standing locally for wealth and influence, are dishonored by association with this gigantic swindle. Let the public protest against Judases in the seats of the mighty. The *Scout* now and always champions the cause of the people! '*Vox populi, vox Dei*,' is the motto dictating the unswerving policy of the *Scout!*"

Then followed a long and detailed account of the disguise of a *Scout* correspondent as a non-union miner, and his experience as one of the night-shift of the Pioneer Mine. He had found the miners on the brink of a strike, their long-smouldering doubt and distrust both of the Pioneer's evasive lode, and the good faith of its boastful owners, fanned to flame by the injustice of unpaid wages. The employment of scabs was likewise a grievance; and in the face of the brewing trouble, Messrs. Bull and Price had beaten a sudden retreat. As a director of the fraudulent mine, Dick Dawson was denounced as an unscrupulous rake; while Josselyn, as fair quarry for a rival journal, was condemned even more scathingly, though in an insidious way. Professional courtesy was preserved speciously, and libel nicely avoided; yet by subtle attack from safe ambush, the honorable *Pioneer* was accused of dishonorable methods, and its policy convicted of selfish rather than popular ends. It was intimated that with the passing of Jim Raymond, had passed, too, his politically neutral organ. Under the guise of neutrality, public interests were being betrayed, and the cause of the great American democracy deserted at the nod of Republican trusts and corporations! This was a hit at Colonel Pearson, who was a howling Republican in his proper person; but editorially, he had followed Raymond's neutral policy, and the aspersion was undeserved.

As Joyce's eyes skimmed the malignant lines, a thousand and one reminiscences flashed upon his sub-consciousness. He recalled the Colonel's warnings against the mine, and his righteous wrath when the *Pioneer* had puffed it: he remem-

bered Stephen's intelligent caution, and even his own instinctive distrust of Bull and Price, and his misgivings when Hans had invested.—Hans! His startled eyes lifted to the blond face before him, in an instant so changed as to be almost unrecognizable. The child-like blue eyes stared ahead in a horror of hopelessness; the weakly sweet, fresh-lipped mouth was parched and contracted: the fair, flushed skin was ashen and shrivelled in texture, as though the blighting hand of death already had touched it. And this was but the first-fruit of his reckless sowing! Beyond Hans, he saw the old mother, the young sweetheart in Germany,—dreaming happily of the humble home now lost to them for ever! And these were but types of hundreds and thousands of toilers who had trusted him,—sweat-soiled men and pain-racked women, struggling heroically to support their little families! With a stifled groan he cast down the paper, just as the Colonel reappeared in the doorway. His face was apoplectic, his rage defiant even of the presence of Mam'selle. He strode to Joyce's side, his clenched hand beating the air as he stormed in anger's guttural utterance.

"You scamp, you fool, you knave, you adventurer,—did n't I tell you this mine was a fake? Did n't I warn you that the *Pioneer* would be made your scapegoat? Out with you to the streets, and see the bulletins all San Francisco is reading! Jim Raymond and I are dishonored by your dishonor. You have ruined the record of the *Pioneer*. It and I repudiate you, you Yankee upstart! Out you go,—you hear me? Out!"

"O Colonel!" protested the women, closing about the infuriate editor. But their intercession was gratuitous. Joyce did not stay to profit by it. Even as the Colonel was still abusing him, he was on his headlong way to the street.

Hans followed him, in blankest silence. The simplicity of his nature made his despair utter. His hopes had been so bright,—and their blight so sudden! Under the blow he staggered dumbly. Yet his resentful heart was straining to find its voice! The *Scout* office was not far from Joyce's quarters. An increasing crowd was massing before the bulletins. In the blaze of the electric lights illuminating the lingering twilight, Joyce read the posters while still nearly half a block away:

"THE PIONEER MINE DISCOVERED TO BE A FRAUD.
WESTERN INVESTORS THE VICTIMS OF CLEVER SWINDLERS.

HAPPY HOMES AND HUMBLE HOPES GO DOWN IN THE WRECK.
NAMES TO CONJURE WITH, FAIL THE PUBLIC TRUST.
RICHARD DAWSON, JR., AND JOYCE JOSSELYN, OF OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY THE PIONEER, RESPONSIBLE FOR LOCAL LOSSES."

"My God!" repeated Joyce, halting on the outskirts of the crowd. Like many a man of godless life, he was facing the truth that in crucial hours God alone is humanity's refuge.

But Hans, with the unhappy atheism of the German socialist misled by Haeckel, Schopenhauer, and Strauss, echoed the Divine Name with irreverent bitterness.

"*Gott!* he cried, with a fierce oath. "*You* call on your God, *you?* Then '*Unser Gott*,'—the God of the men you ruin,—where is He?"

"Hans!" cried Joyce, in incredulous pain. It was the heart-cry of Cæsar,—"*Et tu Brute!*"

Attracted by the voices, a few men at the rear of the crowd turned to glance at the speakers. Then the news of Joyce's presence spread like wild-fire through the ranks. With the murmur characteristic alike of humanity and nature—of an angry mob and a sullen sea—the living mass quivered, surged back, and engulfed him. It swept Hans along with him, so that master and man, tempter and victim, stood shoulder to shoulder like fellow-soldiers, and the martial suggestion that fired Joyce physically, challenged Hans' moral heroism! Better than Joyce, he knew the dangerous temper of the masses; and, waiving his own grievance, championed him whom odds were against. Towering and handsome as a Wagnerian demigod, he clasped his hand protectingly on Joyce's shoulder.

"Boys, he meant all right," he cried, appealingly. Yet his voice choked tragically. The difference between Joyce's intention and his deed was the difference between Hans' life and death, not only figuratively, but in Hans' godlessly pessimistic outlook, literally.

Joyce fought his way by force through the crowd to the front. His charge was so sudden and fierce that it conquered by its courage. A sudden rage against his position burned in his heart. *He* to be the scapegoat of Bull and Price, in public opinion? *He* to be contemned by the Colonel? *He* to be accursed by Hans and his kind, as their heartless ruiner? He to be threatened by this brutal mob? *He* to be championed by the man who, but a moment before, had accused him most

bitterly? All the pride, all the success, all the self-love and confidence, all the hauteur potential in the conscious superior, that had been sown and fostered in Joyce by his years of prosperity, asserted their supremacy in the face of defeat. The exultation of the afternoon was still upon him. The glow of the lights and the perfume of the flowers, the passionate music still echoing in his ears, the triumph of the favor of fair women and men of wealth and eminence, inspired him to resist and defy his downfall. Was he to be flung from honor to dishonor by mischance of fate, at the word of this rabble—*he?* Reaching the *Scout* building, he mounted its steps at a leap, and faced about fearlessly. The crowd swaying after him paused, then fell back uncertainly. The man had been in peril; but for the moment, at least, the gentleman was safe! The grand air, the air noble, has its ethical uses. It quells the wild beast that rages in the breast of the unconstrained multitude, and bids it slink back to its lair.

"You know me," he said; and at the sound of his voice stillness fell upon the crowd. "*I*'m the Josselyn mentioned in this lying bulletin. Yes, boys, it's a damnable lie!"

"That's a libel," called a wag from overhead, where the windows were opening; but the sullen-faced crowd was in no humor to jest. It growled dissent to Joyce's statement, and surged forward threateningly.

"It is a lie," he repeated, "inasmuch as it implies that Dawson and I have floated a swindle. I don't say the Pioneer Mine may not have petered out! I don't say that Bull and Price have not absconded. But I *do* say that Dawson and I are as clean-handed as you are, and that if you lose, we lose with you!"

"Oh, that's too thin, young feller," cried a voice from the rear. "It was you swells got us poor chaps into it!"

"That it was!"

"Right you are!"

"Curse them for it!" a deep voice added.

Joyce paled, not with fear, but with remorse.

"I am sorry to hear you say that," he answered, "but since you say it, I believe you. Well, then, so far as I can see things, your losses are on my own and Dawson's shoulders. I can't promise to make them good till I know their extent and learn his spirit; but to my utmost power, I'll do the

square thing by you. Boys," he cried, with a pathetic break in his voice,—"Boys, on honor, *I believed in this mine!*"

Cries of "Rats!" "Taffy!" and "Tommy-rot!" emphasized by hoots and hisses, commingled with murmurs of sympathy. The sentiment of the crowd was divided, and therefore more dangerous than when unanimous, since on the ragged edge of counter assertion and conflict! But Joyce's temper was up and his spirit undaunted. Moreover, the Colonel's arraignment was rankling fiercely. Coals of fire should be his noble revenge! He had vital words still to say.

"You may believe me or doubt me. That's your funeral, not mine," he cried, wrathfully. "I stand on my truth, and no lies can down me! Take me at my own valuation, or leave me, as you like; but by taking me, I promise you'll not be the losers! Send your middlemen to my rooms, with my friend and yours, Hans Kauffmann, and through them I'll do the decent thing by you, up to the last dollar I've got in the world! As I can't do beyond that—this closes the subject! Now I've something on another point to say to you!"

The crowd was conciliated. The brusque, curt, imperious address pleased and subjugated it. Renewed faith in Joyce waxed with new-born respect for his spirit and courage.

"It's just this," he continued, and his voice rang out clearly, with a new note of dignity, of fine moral strength in it; "I'm no longer on the staff of the *Pioneer!* On the ground of this report, I'm kicked out of my job; and perhaps that will show you that the *Pioneer* stands by your interests. You all know what 'green-eyed jealousy' is—'cruel as the grave'! I put it to the honor and justice of you level-headed fellows: Was it a square deal for the *Scout* to spring this thing on the public and the *Pioneer* simultaneously? Would not an honest spirit have challenged us openly, and not worked against us like a coward in the dark? Would not a generous rival have given us the benefit of the doubt—at least till it heard our side? Is it a fair thing to visit on the *Pioneer* and Colonel Pearson the mistake that is mine solely, and against which the Colonel solemnly warned me? Boys, you all loved Jim Raymond, and knew that he stood by you! Who was his trusted partner in life? To whom did he bequeath his *Pioneer* in death? Who, though well-known individually as a loyal Republican, has buried the political hatchet, and stood journalistically as a non-

partisan champion of the greatest good for the greatest number? What local paper, through the temptations of the fiercest campaign, has challenged the politicians in the interests of the populace? Who but *Jim Raymond's successor,* COLONEL PEARSON! What but *Raymond's voice that survives him,* THE PIONEER! Boys, judge between the mean and underhand methods bulletined against itself by the short-sighted *Scout,* and the glorious spirit of the *Pioneer,* serving no private ends, opening its arena to both sides of every public question, and standing always for the cause of the Western people! *Three cheers for* THE PIONEER! *Three cheers for* COLONEL PEARSON! And as for Dawson and Josselyn—you 'll find *we're all right!*"

The crowd took up the cheers, with the veering mood of the masses swayed by a master. From the windows overhead the *Scout* staff had been observing the effect of their bulletins with complacent interest; but as Joyce turned the tide of public opinion against them, excitement of less complacent order was evident, and as he continued, they rang up the police. A squad both mounted and on foot responded, but only a chaffing interchange of sallies between officers and civilians resulted. The crowd was now in good nature; and with the official command to disperse expressed in the trenchant slang, "Now, boys, get a gait on!" the mounted police "loped" away in peace, leaving the fray to their unmounted brethren. As they began to enforce the captain's order, the boom around the corner of a handsome automobile caused a diversion, sustained by the general recognition of Dick Dawson, who, reducing his reckless pace as the sight of the bulletins and crowd surprised him, beamed downward in tipsy joviality. The liveried footman in charge of the hamper leaped down to terra firma with an alacrity betraying unvalorous relief. The trial-trip of Dick's auto had been a delight to its chaffeur, but an agony to its lacky. Champagne had inspired Dick to break all records; and the auto's speed had increased with each cork popped.

"W—w'at's the r-row?" he stuttered, as he halted. "W–w'at's matter with Pioneer Mine? Pioneer Mine's all right!" His leer at the tragic faces upturned to him was maddening. When in wine, life was a colossal jest to Dick. But his laugh at it, now, was solitary.

The sullen boom of the sea again resounded in the crowd's

low menace. From the first, feeling had been stronger against Dick than Joyce, and the public mood rebounded to ugliness. Joyce, at worst, was a worker—a sober server for daily bread; —Dick was a dissipated youth of leisure; and the undevitalized Westerner of the hustling type has small sympathy with such. All the guilt of the failure of the Pioneer Mine was suddenly laid at Dick's door.

"There's the cock that swindled us!"

"It's our cash that pays for his fizz and carriages!"

"Knock him off his fine perch!"

"Give the dude a taste of our street-mud, boys."

"Hell to him and his kind! They're the ruin of us!"

Recognizing that trouble was brewing, the police formed a cordon, and charged with clubs; but neither they, nor Hans and Joyce, forcing their way to the rescue, were in time to save Dick from the onslaught of the crowd, which with no defined malicious purpose, but on mere brutal impulse, mobbed the car, representative in its costly luxury of the Juggernaut, Monopoly! Dick, no coward out of his cups, and a reckless swaggerer in them, defiantly started the auto at full speed, and in his excitement, and, alas! his unsteadiness of foot, was pitched forward by the initial jerk, and over the side, simultaneously! Striking heavily, he rolled half-way under the car just as the rear wheels, with their awful weight, crushed over him. The sickening jolt of the carriage told the story. Strong hands stopped it short, and its invaders descended with suddenly blanched faces, and lost themselves in the crowd. None in particular had caused the accident,—no individual was responsible for it. Dick's slip had been his own; his fatal fall, the chance of destiny. None had forced it, none could have saved him from it. It was Kismet, as all things are!

"O Dick!" cried Joyce, beating back the crowd with unconscious fury, and dropping on his knee by his side. "Are you hurt, boy? Have these brutes killed you?"

Quite sobered by the shock and pain of his fall, Dick lay on his side, ghastly-faced but smiling. What was it all about, —this fume and fuss, anyway? Why not leave him to lie in this delicious languor? The air was cool on his face, and he felt—like—sleeping. Just for a moment it had been terrible—the headlong pitch downward,—the thud and twist,—and then the awful crunch and agony, as the auto passed over him. But

now it was all so calm, so painless! Not to move—just to stay where he was,—

A gong clanged in the distance, and the crowd parted and fell back towards the curbstone, as the ambulance which the police had summoned drew up and slanted down its litter. The ambulance-surgeon displacing Joyce authoritatively, made an examination, and then rose palely.

"He's a goner!" he whispered. "The poor chap's back is broken. And there are fatal internal injuries."

But Dick smiled on peacefully. His fevered head, his nervous young frame, at last knew utter repose,—the rest of the lotus-eater. When the litter was slipped under him, it did not hurt him. The doctor shook his head. The numbness of paralysis was the presage of death. It was a hopeless, a fatal sign.

"Where to?" he asked gently.

"Pacific Ave—" began Joyce, but Dick's voice interrupted him. It had the pathos of childhood in it.

"Home's too far—and too—lonely! Let me go—to Joss' rooms!"

As Joyce, with quivering face, followed him into the ambulance, a dozen remorseful voices proffered service.

"His father!"

"Where's old Dawson?"

"Send for the old man!"

"He's his only son!"

"Fetch him, you, Hans," chose Joyce. "Dick, where can we reach your father?"

"He's due—by the Overland. I was on my way—to meet him," gasped Dick; and then the slow tears welled into his eyes. Death's approach is the signal for tender regrets. Never again would Dick meet the Overland train, never again cry "Hullo, pater! Thought a spin behind my mare would shake off the car-dust!"

They had been but fitful companions,—the rough old man engrossed in vast financial affairs, and the idle young son whose birthright of wealth had been his ruin;—never friends, in the true sense of congeniality and comradeship; yet in their own way, they had loved each other, though with love unwise on one side, and selfish on the other. Unassociated by home-life, since wife and mother had been long years in her grave, and

Dick had neither sister nor brother, yet the idle young spendthrift had had the grace never to be ashamed of the "grand old pater" who turned rock into gold, and Dawson senior, a rough man of lowly origin, had been weak enough to be proud of his son's "swell" habits, though deploring his wilder excesses.

From Joyce's suite, all save Mam'selle and Dolly had departed. Breezy had found it impossible to resist her baby; and Imogen and Gladys, in concession to convention, had preferred the privileged Mam'selle to represent them upon Joyce's uncertain return. On the decorated table the festive supper still waited untouched. The scandalized waiter had fed the fires of the alcohol lamps, and renewed the ice at patient intervals, until passing from forlorn hope to utter despair, he had fled from the banquet-hall deserted, to storm in the nether kitchen! Now, the ice melted desolately, and the alcohol-flames flickered and went out. The candles already burned low, and the roses drooped on brink of dissolution. The pathetic side of human festivity was uppermost as poor Dick was carried in.

Upon the divan in the smoking-room they laid him, by his expressed desire. The room's fragrant smoke, its fumes of wine, its familiar billiard-table, made up his accustomed element. He clung to it now, with pathetic impotence. Something in his heart warned him of coming transition. He had kept his heart through it all, poor Dick! Perhaps this was the reason that his soul was not dead in him. It spoke to him now, with strange awe, fear, remorse. The tears in his eyes welled over.

"Ah, *le pauvre!*" sobbed Mam'selle, when they told her of his destiny. Then the specialists and surgeons summoned for consultation took possession of the room, in a body. For a few moments there was suspense; then they fell back helplessly, and all save the family physician departed. Dick, smiling no longer, knew the significance of the departure. His eyes glanced about the room appealingly.

In an instant Mam'selle was on her knees by his side.

"O *mon fils, mon pauvre fils,* God bless you!" she murmured, with a caress on his hair.

"I never—knew my mother,—" he panted, and his lips quivered. Perhaps he was thinking that had his life indeed

been mothered, his death might have been—with a difference!

In an ice-pail in the supper-room champagne was cooling. The doctor seized it, and held a brimming glass to Dick's lips. But after the first sip, Dick shut his eyes in revulsion. In the face of death, champagne lost savor.

There was a clock on the mantel, and it chimed the eighth hour. His eyes sought the door. They were glazing slowly. The pater—must come quickly,—or—or—

But suddenly, with life's final flicker, the dying eyes brightened luminously. A noisy clang of the elevator, a ponderous tread in the hall, and big, grizzly-haired, rugged-featured Richard Dawson, in bearskin-overcoat and Kossuth hat, with a gold cord round it, stood on the threshold. At the sight of the wan face turned toward him eagerly, yet upon which the seal of Death was hopelessly evident, he sprang forward with a groan of grief.

"O my boy! O my Dick!" he cried, in incredulous anguish. Was immunity from the common fate something that even his millions could not buy?

"Poor pater!" sobbed Dick, and pressed his hand convulsively.

Poor pater! How much lay in that simple adjective! Filial confession, contrition, too late longing to make amends! Earthly and heavenly fathers alike understood it! Dick's death-bed was to set his life right.

The film on his eyes was deepening rapidly. Only the physician knew the heroic effort by which he sustained consciousness. Against the oblivion gaining upon him, he set the will of his life. He must die true to Joss, who had trusted him.

"Pater, promise me—to square Joss—with the—Pioneers," he panted. "Don't leave him—in the hole—*I* forced him into! Do by him—as you would have done—by me!"

"As by you, Dick, even to my bottom dollar! Oh, my boy, my boy! what use are my millions to me now?"

Was it the tremor of a sob, or the shadow of a smile, that flitted over Dick's face, in answer? Mam'selle, on her knees, murmured a prayer for the dying. Upon impulse, she flashed back to his side.

"*Enfant*," she said, making the sign of the cross on his

forehead, "die not without one prayer to your Saviour! You are baptized? Yes? Then you have only to believe,—to hope,—to love,—to repent! The Blood, the Cross of Christ, will do the rest.—Speak His Name, *pauvre enfant*, speak!"

"*Christ!*"

It was the inchoate, child-like sobbing cry of the ignorant, yet believing and good-willed soul. It was enough. The grace that sanctifies answered.

As if by miracle, Dick's spiritual sight was illumined. He saw his young, manly, wealth-entrusted life as it should have been, as it might have been,—and alas, as in hideous contrast, it had been! From the brink of eternal silence he called back to his father the "*Peccavi*" of the penitent soul.

"O pater,—" he murmured,—and all confession, all repentance, were in the death-cry,—"O pater, *it—did n't—pay!*"

Then, with remorse unutterable in his boyish eyes, they closed on his earth-life for ever!

"*It did n't pay!*"

Not a bad utterance, O prodigal Dick, to echo through the world from your death-bed! Not a bad thing for Dolly, Joyce, and Hans to hearken,—your testimony that the wine, women, and song,—the games and dancing and feasting,—the ribald laughter and squandering,—the idle days and revelrous nights,—the pride and sins of your riotous life,—did not pay, when death claimed their reckoning!

"*It did n't pay!*"

Not a bad epitaph for you, dead Dick, since contrite confession is in it! Had your last breath defended your prodigal life,—the idle, the selfish, the wasteful and wasted, the godless and sinful life of wanton sensual existence,—then had you died as you lived,—unrepentant and unregenerate, an outcast from your Father's house, to which, beyond the grave, there were no returning!—But the sob of the prodigal,—"*Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee. I am not now worthy to be called Thy son!*" sobbed anew in your death-cry, "*It did n't pay!*" and the son that was lost upon sinful earth, God found, by Christ's grace, in heaven!

Back to the home too "lonely" to shrine his young life from the world, the millionaire's son was borne in death; then,

father and son,—living age and dead youth,—were left for the night together. Mam'selle, still weeping softly as she re-entered her carriage, gestured Joyce to follow her, whispering, between her sobs, the inspirative message that Mrs. Raymond *must* speak to him to-night,—however late the hour!"

"But Joyce, glancing from Mam'selle to Dolly, and back to the deserted steps of the stately Dawson mansion, of a sudden missed Hans, who had disappeared mysteriously, even as Dick's redeemed spirit had departed! Why had he stolen away without a word,—where had he fled,—Hans with the blasted hopes, Hans with the anguished face, Hans with the despair in his soul of the agnostics of his race, when temporal blights overwhelm them? Like a vision before Joyce's eyes, rose the little cottage in Oakland! Yes, Hans would be there,—taking his farewell-look at his house of dreams,—bidding good-by to love's little home,—then, perhaps, gazing hopelessly, recklessly, into the blue waters of the bay,—the waters of death, of oblivion,—of rest for the weary, and peace for the ache of love.

"Dolly, see Mam'selle home for me!" he cried, excitedly. "I cannot go to Mrs. Raymond now. I must catch the next boat for Oakland!"

"*Hans!*" his guilty soul cried fearfully, distracting him from psychical consciousness of Imogen's heart-cry, as she watched the red flames of her boudoir's fire,—

"*This is my hour,—my hour and his!—Come to me, Joyce,—Joyce, Joyce, come!*"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Views and Reviews.

1. **Fairless**: *The Gathering of Brother Hilarius;* 2. **Wood-Martin**: *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland;* 3. **B. C. G.**: *The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged; or, Objections to Teaching Answered;* 4. **Vitelleschi**: *La Questione Religiosa nei Popoli Latini;* 5. **Sully**: *An Essay on Laughter;* 6. **Piccirelli**: *De Deo Uno et Trino Disputationes Theologicæ;* 7. **Lemoine**: *Mémoires des Évêques de France sur la Conduite à tenir à l'égard des Réformés;* 8. **Mason**: *The Four Feathers;* 9. **Banks**: *Oldfield;* 10. **Trevelyan**: *Sunday.*

1.—*The Gathering of Brother Hilarius** is a book that is given forth publicly to the greater honor and glory of God. The volume is another evidence of the increasing literary interest in the writings of pre-Reformation times. The growing popularity of such books is a proof that the world, like the individual oftentimes, hankers after that which it does not possess, and surely the restful, retired, monastic atmosphere which the volume breathes is very foreign to our modern life.

Brother Hilarius is from infancy educated within the walls of the monastery. Once, before his profession, he gets a glimpse of real life, as the modern world puts it, through the talk and actions of a dancing-girl whom he meets in the forest. Then comes the doubt of his vocation, and Prior Stephen sends him forth to travel and to learn, to hunger and to love. After some years he comes back, unscathed, and ends his life as a monk in heroic sacrifice for his fellow-men.

We may say that the book is written in an unusually charming style. The author grasps in some measure the spirit of monasticism, but it had stronger food to live upon than the numerous visions and dreams which play so frequent and important a part in the narrative. But the basic principle of the theme, namely, that one must know the world and sin and temptation to prove himself faithful, is utterly false. Heroic strength and saintly virtue may be attained by the soul that is ever alone with God within the quiet walls of the convent, and it may realize perfectly the hunger and thirst of souls in the world without seeking for a temptation like unto St. Anthony's. More than this, the contemplative life is a life efficacious for others as well as for one's self. This is what the author fails to realize fully. He feels that he must compromise between

* *The Gathering of Brother Hilarius.* By Michael Fairless. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

modern realism and ancient idealism, and so introduces a scene which is quite "spicy" and which many a morbid mind will read because of its very morbidness. To show forth the beauty of virtue, it is not necessary to depict vice. Virtue has a beauty besides that of contrasts.

That is the only objection we have against this otherwise most wholesome, beautiful story. Otherwise it is elevating, deeply religious, sincere, strong, and healthy—a most acceptable volume to which we would accord a very high measure of praise. Perhaps if one reads between the lines he will find it to be an allegory with a present-day application, namely, that there are numbers of souls in the world to-day who hunger for the love of God and to whom the ministers of religion should carry food and drink. If such was the author's meaning, the volume is still more acceptable.

2.—Two beautiful volumes * have come to us, dealing with the folk-lore and pre-Christian traditions of Ireland. They are full of interest to the archæologist and the historian; for never was any land so rich in tender legend, in fearsome tradition, and in charming myth as the home of the mystical Celt. What with their holy wells and their sacred trees, their cursing-stones and their hags'-chairs, their children overlooked and their cattle bewitched, their charms and amulets and omens, their imps and fairies and leprauchauns, the ancient Irish lived in the very borderland of sense and spirit, of this world and the next. And besides, in this traditional history of Ireland there occur questions which, though somewhat outside a folk-lore study, possess a keen interest for those who like their archæology enlivened with a dash of controversy. Such questions Mr. Wood-Martin discusses now and then in a brief but interesting manner. For example: Were the ancient Irish cannibals? Our author says they were; but rather inconclusive, we think, is the testimony of his principal witness, St. Jerome, whose account of the Irish, by the way, is certainly terrifying. They live like beasts, he says, with a community of wives and the civilization of a sheep-pen. Other debatable issues are raised about which our one regret is that the presentation of proofs is too often curt and unsatisfying. Still, we wish to give credit to the industry and skill of Mr. Wood-Martin in his

* *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland:* A Folk-Lore Sketch. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

compilation of Irish folk-lore, and to the ardor of his archæological sense. One thing, however, positively disfigures his work. On the slightest provocation, or whenever the mood strikes him, and without any provocation, he drags in sarcastic flings at theology and the obscurantism of theologians. He repeats over and over again the venerable taunt that science has disconcerted faith, and says, we know not how many weary times, that the modern man of learning must withdraw from the superstitions of ancient beliefs. This is most unscientific, since the relation of religion to science is in no way his theme; and it gives one the impression that Mr. Wood-Martin is iterating a catch-word which has taken his fancy, rather than uttering conclusions which are the product of long and solemn thought. It should have occurred to him that people who wish to read a folk-lore study may not wish to peruse simultaneously a polemic against Christianity.

3.—Here is a rare book* in a lamentably neglected province of pedagogy. How many books there are which aim at the mental training of children; how few which attempt the spiritual consolation of teachers! Yet the problem of problems lies in the teacher, not in the child. If she is spiritless and displeased in her vocation, if she is troubled by her class and discouraged at her failure, of what use are all the theories in the world? Her own heart and soul are sick; how can she give health to others? The book under review is an effort and a noble one to sustain the teacher in these crises of her life. It is primarily a spiritual book, and is directly written for religious who teach, but its wise and gentle counsels, its comforting and encouraging tone, its spirit of resignation and of zeal, will uplift the heart of any teacher and prepare it for prayer and grace from on high. We cordially wish this work success. It deserves supreme success, since its purpose is to confirm in their great vocation those who are doing, often with but scanty thanks, a mighty work for God in this country—a work of vast consequences both for time and eternity.

4.—It is a perplexing and distressing question, that concerning the present religious condition of Latin Europe. The brochure† at hand offers some valuable considerations for

* *The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged; or, Objections to Teaching Answered.* By B. C. G. With an Introduction by Bishop Spalding. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *La Questione Religiosa nei Popoli Latini.* Per Il Marchese F. Nobile Vitelleschi. Firenze: Ufficio della "Rassegna Nazionale." 1902.

coming to definite conclusions about it—conclusions, however, from which one would wish to escape. The development of history, says the Marchese Vitelleschi, has left these peoples in the iron grip of the ancient Roman civilization. Customs of their own, a national spirit of their own, they do not possess. Their career has been a process of riveting the tighter the harness of past centuries, instead of a process of achieving an ever distincter national individuality. And in the development of practical religion among these nations, too often they have distorted the idea of divine Providence to signify a capricious Deity attending to their prayers and *ex votos*, and have thereby lost the sense of self-reliance and of the necessity for spontaneous effort which so eminently characterizes the progressive races of the world. Whatever be said of these contentions, it is obvious that the present condition of the Latin races is, from a religious point of view, most lamentable. The cause? The cause lies very deep down in history, and we are far from saying that the present pamphlet has not hit very close to it.

5.—We confess that of all the psychological treatises which we ever heard of or read, Dr. James Sully's *Essay on Laughter** is the fullest of fascination and of genuine and genial human interest. It is, of course, a technical study in experimental psychology. The name of the author is enough to show that. But to a remarkable degree the book is pervaded with the spirit of the subject it treats of, and leads even an unlearned reader by glad and lightsome ways into an understanding of the scientific problems involved. The phenomena presented by the misogelast, or laughter-hater; the agelast, or non-laugher; the gelast, who is the laugher himself, and the hypergelast, who is the laugher gone intemperate, are looked into, and as far as possible accounted for, by Dr. Sully. Smiles, tickling, play, humor, the laugh in its origin and its varieties, in the savage and in the infant, and finally a good study on the uses and benefits of laughter, are the principal topics of this valuable work. Dr. Sully himself is a pronounced laughter-lover. He quotes approvingly Carlyle's saying: "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad." Stevenson still more loftily speaks in behalf of hilarity.

* *An Essay on Laughter.* By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

"As *laborare*," he says, "so *joculari est orare*." We heartily endorse what Dr. Sully says on the moral and social good effects of laughter, and wish well to his book as both a study and a promoter of the jovial in human life.

6.—Joseph Piccirelli, S.J., who is known to philosophical and theological students as the author of *De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicæ*, has brought out a volume, *De Deo Disputationes Theologicæ*.* It is a gigantic work of fourteen hundred pages. It contains *in extenso* all the questions and controversies *de Deo* which have from immemorial time engaged or agitated the *schola theologorum*. Of his treatment of these matters we must be summary in our criticism. The author displays a wide knowledge of patrology and a masterly acquaintance with theological speculation. One regret we have to express. It is that in handling the few questions which have a modern and practical as distinguished from a technical and speculative interest, Father Piccirelli has been far too brief. In treating of the proofs for God's existence, of Divine Providence, and of the Divinity of Christ, there is too little heed given to the new face put upon such questions by modern learning and modern thought. It involves a good deal of risk in these days to quote the Messianic psalms and the Isaian prophecies, as proving our Lord's divinity, without a pretty careful defence of these proofs from modern attacks. Still in the field of speculation, which after all is the one most familiar to scholastic theologians, our author is profound, erudite, and tenacious of the traditional positions of his school and order.

7.—The volume edited by M. Jean Lemoine † is indispensable to every scientific student of European history. It is known even to the man in the street, that we are in our days arriving at a truer and fuller knowledge of history than any previous age has been able to acquire; and that the chief reason of our good fortune is the publication of original documents which are only now appearing before the world. History is no longer a department of polemics; historians have ceased to be party pamphleteers. Nowadays the genuine man of research goes straight to the ultimate sources—

* *De Deo Uno et Trino Disputationes Theologicæ.* Auctore Josepho Piccirelli, S.J. Neapoli: Typis Michaelis d'Auria. 1902.

† *Mémoires des Évêques de France sur la Conduite à tenir à l'égard des Réformés* (1698). Publiés avec une Introduction par Jean Lemoine. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils. 1902.

state papers, chartularies, archives, and literary museums—and, heedless of any prepossessions of schools or systems, gives to the reader the facts as they are. Sometimes, it is true, this method means plain speaking where before there had been cautious reserve or disingenuous apology; frequently, too, it means the upsetting of many venerable prejudices; but greater than these slight discomfitures is the power of truth. It is a pleasure to reflect that Catholics have a glorious share in this new and splendid development of historic science. We have illustrious names in the catalogue of modern scholars to prove that we have no shrinking from painful facts, and no fear of downright frankness. Theiner, Duchesne, Pastor, Janssens, Dr. Barry, stand for scientific scholarship and an intrepid devotion to truth. The volume now under review is a really great contribution to the achievements of this school. It deals with an important epoch in human affairs. One conclusion is forced upon one from the documents reviewed, and it is that the employment of state authority for the enforcing of any religious scheme is futile for the purpose intended for it, and charged with disaster for its promoters. M. Lemoine's compilation, we repeat, is a valuable historical source, and as such it must be highly recommended.

8.—Mr. Mason's novel* is, in the first place, a fascinating story of adventure, and, in the second place, a curious interpretation of character. The hero first shows himself to be a downright coward by resigning from his regiment just when it is about to be ordered to the front. Yet later, in order to remove from his name the stain of dishonor, or rather in order to regain the love of the woman who cast him off when his pusillanimity was revealed, this same coward, pictured to us as having cowardice deep in his blood, performs acts of prodigious heroism, and of course wins back the lady. We confess we think the contradiction a violence to verisimilitude. But as a book of adventure this is a superb story; and it is as a book of adventure that the author most likely intended it to rank.

9.—A new "Kentucky tale of the last century" turns out to be a quiet story† of humble village-life in the South of

* *The Four Feathers.* By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.
† *Oldfield.* By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

fifty years ago or less. It is a plain, sedately-moving narration, attempting no heroics, and free from the least leaning towards the brazen strenuosity of our late historical novels. Only the folk of a Kentucky township, their narrow interests, their quaint peculiarities, their simple prejudices, and their unobtrusive tragedies, are written down in this book. And they are written charmingly. All who prefer to look on the things of life through the glass of simple, moderate, and chaste expression, rather than through a whirling kaleidoscope of frenzied situations and swollen style, will enjoy this novel. It is full of a quiet dignity and a strange atmosphere of Southern peace. It is an outlooking upon life, not an inlooking upon psychological states. It is a story of gentle beings and of their good, pure homes, not a materia medica of giddy brains and unhealthy nerves. We enjoyed it, and we commend it.

10 —*Sunday** is the title of one of the volumes in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology. The book is divided into two chief studies: one, the Sunday in history; the other, the Sunday in practical observance. There is an extensive consideration of the change in the Apostolic Church from the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian Sunday, and a good presentation of the arguments which now and then one would wish to have at hand when in discussion with modern Sabbatarians or Seventh-day Adventists. The later history of Sunday-worship is treated very summarily indeed, until the author comes down to our own times, when he accumulates a mass of evidence to show the melancholy decadence of veneration for the Lord's day. In the practical portion of the work suggestions are given by which clergymen and laity may devoutly and without too much burden sanctify the Sunday. These suggestions are all from an Anglican point of view, though some of them contain useful hints for the Catholic pastor of souls.

**Sunday*. By the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Library Table.

The Tablet (10 Jan.): Father Thurston criticises Mr. W. H. Mallock's arguments in the *Pall Mall Magazine* to prove that Lord Bacon wrote Montaigne's *Essays.*

(17 Jan.): Tells of the lively correspondence in French religious reviews and papers aroused by the Abbé Loisy's latest book, *L'Évangile et l'Église*, which is intended as a reply to Dr. Harnack. On the one hand it is welcomed as a triumphant answer which makes no needless concessions and knows nothing of minimizing. On the other hand it has been decried as giving away the cause of Catholic Christianity, or at least as an insufficient guarding of the substantial identity of Catholicism with the teaching of Jesus. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris has condemned the book because it was published without an *imprimatur* and is of a nature seriously to disturb the faith of the people on the fundamental dogmas of Catholic teaching.

(31 Jan.): Publishes a letter to Cardinal Vaughan from General Agcárraga denying the statement made in the *Contemporary Review*, in an article "Catholicism *v.* Ultramontanism," signed by "*Voces Catholicæ*," that the general as prime minister of Spain refused "to meet his church-censured colleague until his confessor allowed him to do so, on condition that, the meeting over, he would have the apartment blessed by a priest, sprinkled with holy water, and fumigated with incense."

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): "The Three Churches in Ireland" is a surety of the history and present conditions of the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. The space allotted to the consideration of present conditions is disappointingly small. The wide support given now by Presbyterian ministers to the movement for a settlement of the land question is unfavorably noticed. The object of "The Church after the Restoration" is "to collect scattered instances, from the documents and histories of the time, of the social

position of the church and the clergy, and of the nature of church customs and usages and the outward expression of spiritual and devotional life." "Confession and Absolution" discusses the doctrine and practice of the early church regarding the sacrament of penance, and offers some suggestions for the efficacious use of confession in the English Church. (The writer's remark that "the Roman Church allows her children to come to Holy Communion frequently without previous confession" is misleading. Without confession immediately before—yes; without previous confession—*no.*)

The "Historical Inquiry" into the tenets of the English Church concerning the Holy Eucharist is continued. This fourth part deals chiefly with the works of Grindal, Edwin Sandys, Jewell, and Hooker. "The Life and Times of Giraldus Cambrensis" is a sympathetic sketch dealing with the man rather than the historian. In *Contentio Veritatis* the views of the six contributors to that volume receive a good deal of dissentient criticism mixed with occasional words of praise. Mr. Carlyle's essay meets with particularly unflattering notice. "The Credibility of the Acts of the Apostles" studies this question in the light of several recent works, notably those of the Rev. W. Rackham, Dr. Chase, Dr. Selwyn, Archbishop Benson, and the *St. Margaret Lectures for 1902.* This last-mentioned volume is also the subject of a special article. The writer of "The Study of Greek" strongly deprecates any movement towards depriving that language of its present dominant position in university education.

Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): The opening article is Dom Laurent Janssens' tribute to the late Dr. Bouquillon. It was at the Benedictine Abbey of Maredsons (the home of the *Revue*) that the great theologian spent the years devoted to the perfecting of his *Theologia Fundamentalis.* While there he contributed many articles to the *Revue* over the signature T. B.; and the modest cell of this "Benedictine sans cowl" was the frequent resort of monks like Baümer, Berlière, Morin, and Janssens, who appreciated the "living library" that Providence had put at their disposal. He also gave lessons in apologetic at the abbey

school, and always attended examinations, musicales, and literary séances; and in later life always revisited Maredsons at his frequent returns to Europe. Dom Janssens recalls the controversy about Dr. Bouquillon's pamphlet on Education, and the criticisms so little in accord with the soberness of the work attacked. His answers were calm even in the bitterness of misunderstanding and maltreatment, and summed up the psychological aspect of the controversy when in eloquent indignation he declared: "There are rules of justice from which the most praiseworthy zeal dispenses no one." D. Janssens informs us that he himself was called upon in the name of prudence to suppress an article of his own on the pamphlet of Dr. Bouquillon, but hopes to publish it some day.

La Quinzaine (16 Jan.): M. Renaudin relates in an entertaining manner how, when a child, in watching the methods of his mother in her charitable ministration to the poor he found an introduction to the social question. In his final instalment of "Comment Faire?" the author, analyzing the interplay of European politics for the last decade, finds Jewish-Masonic and Socialistic influences everywhere moving towards a grand struggle in which the opponent must be a Christian Democracy called into being by His Holiness, Leo XIII.—M. Fonsegrive (Le Mariage et Union Libre), after demonstrating that divorce is essentially contrary to the nature of marriage, points out how the excessive sway accorded to parental and marital authority, of both social custom and civil legislation, has played into the hands of the advocates of divorce. The writer of "Irreligion Contemporaine et Jansénisme" considers that, in France, the Jansenistic teaching against frequentation of the sacraments has powerfully contributed to bring about the irreligion of to-day.

(1 Feb.): The author of "Comment Faire?" publishes some of the correspondence elicited by his invitation to his readers. One letter declares, "no self-respecting journal would print such an article." Another says, "*La Quinzaine* is full of Americanisms; let those who like its policy go to their darling America, the land of Anglo-Saxon supremacy and vagabond priests." A third writes: "I do not understand this mania to bring things up to

date, since we have the words of eternal life we shall be good enough if we resemble our predecessors."

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): "La Politique Étrangère du Directoire" (M. De Lanzac de Laborie) is inspired by the recently published fifth volume ("Bonaparte et le Directoire") of M. Sorel's great work, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, M. de Lacombe brings to a close his brilliant sketch of Cardinal Guibert. In "La vie économique et le mouvement social" the author reviews the socialist opposition to the modern army; the recent laws touching the workman's liberty of contract; the socialistic conception of education; and the abuse of the national credit by French statesmen in their borrowings for the past decade or more. There is a pretty account of a pilgrimage to Rome by the Princess Louis-Ferdinand of Bavaria, Infanta of Spain.

(23 Jan.): In a characteristic article M. Alfred Baudrillart traces the rise and development of the intellectual reawaking in France, which has resulted in replacing the deplorable mental torpor of the French clergy in the beginning of the last century, by the comparative animation of to-day. The credit of the initiative in effecting this change is due, he considers, to De Lammenais and his disciples, to Père Gratry and the Oratory. The success of the movement was imperilled, remarks M. Baudrillart by an intransigeant party, *qui parlait très haut et qui, fort de la sympathie incontestable du très respecté pontife, Pie IX., semblait souvent parler au nom de l'Église elle-même.* The establishment of the universities of Paris, Angers, Lille, Lyons, and Toulouse secured the gains already made and immensely extended the field of influence.

In "Le Socialisme contemporain et le monde ouvrier" M. Jean Steens discusses the mutual action and reaction which Socialism and Labor Federations have had upon each other. M. G. Mollat brings forward some recently discovered bulls of Clement VII. touching the holy shroud of Turin, the authenticity of which has provoked so much debate.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Jan.): Mgr. Févre, in a severe attack upon Dupanloup, devotes considerable space to

the reiterated statement that the Bishop of Orleans was not really another Arius, but—. In fact, on the whole, Dupanloup's career more resembled that of Eusebius, and this likeness is insisted upon by Mgr. Févre. The writer goes on to say that he is not accusing but exculpating Dupanloup. Dupanloup's biographer, Lagrange, comes in for some attention because of his "three volumes of odes in bad French on the unheard-of splendors of his master." He further tells us that the policy advocated by Dupanloup, Montalembert, Broglie, and Darboy was a plan of entire destruction—implying that both church and state would be given over to anarchy.

Études (5 Jan.): P. Suau, writing on the failures of liberty, says that this modern idol has fallen prostrate from its pedestal. Only a return to an absolute truth and an absolute morality can restore to men the true liberty for which they are destined.

(20 Jan.): P. de Grandmaison, in reviewing the Abbé Loisy's celebrated *L'Évangile et l'Église* says it is a work of the highest intellectual power, of great value against many rationalistic attacks, though it is also marked by dangerous and disquieting concessions to criticism.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): Gabriel Prévost undertakes to examine the causes underlying the present sad condition of religion in France. The church should be aroused to one great fact—namely, that the church is face to face with an apostolate of reconverting her perverted children. Not to realize this is a fatal error; to be alive to it, is to give us hope that once again Catholicity will flourish gloriously on the soil of Europe.

La Democratie Chrétienne (Jan.): The Abbé Paul Six presents a history of the apostolic movement in America for the conversion of non-Catholics; he explains the object and methods of the Catholic Missionary Union and gives an account of the Winchester Convention, which resulted in the establishment of the new Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C. The abbé recommends that a similar movement be inaugurated in France. C. Calippe continues the very interesting letters of a priest who is engaged in the investigation of questions in practical

sociology. Prof. Amando Castroviejo contributes a letter on the social and political developments in Spain since the congress of Santiago.

Science Catholique (Jan.): Dr. Surbled discusses the nature of hysteria and disputes the statements made by Dr. Babinski in a recent lecture at the Salpetrière published under the title *Hypnotisme et Hysterie.*

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Jan.): G. Prato gives twenty-five pages to an Italian translation of *Italy To-day*, by Thomas Okey and Bolton King. E. S. Kingswan concludes, from a reading of the *North American Review's* symposium of opinions about Mr. Roosevelt, that "he is the right man in the right place." The same writer welcomes a second edition of Houtin's *Question Biblique.*

(16 Jan.) E. S. Kingswan comments upon a recent article of *La Revue* of Paris concerning the great crisis of the Church of France; and marvels that at the present day any one should define Americanism to be "a doctrine which vindicates and affirms against the authority of pope and bishops, and all the teachers of the church, the rights of individual conscience, the independence and personal autonomy of the Christian." The writer notes that the word Americanism was first pronounced officially in the Freiburg Congress (20 Aug., 1897) by Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, who in noticing the famous life of Father Hecker said: "Americanism, justly regarded, is simply the loyal devotion of American Catholics to the principles on which their government is built, and the conscientious conviction that these principles offer them a favorable opportunity to promote the glory of God, the progress of the church, and the salvation of souls." To this is added Archbishop Ireland's statement: "There is an Americanism in America to which we hold, and there is an Americanism preached in Paris which none of us know and which we repudiate as an insult to our country." With regard to Cardinal Gibbons' alleged terrible answer to the Letter on Americanism, E. S. K. comments thus: "One must never have heard of this American prelate, so prudent, in order to attribute to him such ferocious conduct toward the Pope."

Comment on Current Topics.

Preserve the Regents.

The clash between the Regents and the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of New York was inevitable, and it has not come a bit too soon. With overlapping jurisdiction and with a distinctly different spirit controlling each department, the marvel is that they have been able to keep the peace so long. Now that they have crossed swords one or the other must go down. If we may measure the sentiment in the State, there is no second choice as to which the people will stand by. Mr. Skinner and his department has been an offence to a great body of the citizens. It is merely a political office controlling the schools for political effect, while the Regents have constituted a body of learned and dignified educationists who have administered the prerogatives of their office with a broad wisdom and according to the lines of a liberal and farseeing policy.

Mr. Skinner has been the assailant of nuns because they preferred to wear a grave and modest dress becoming their calling. The Regents have encouraged every educational agency in the State, and have utilized the powers invested in them for the benefit of all the people. Mr. Skinner and his deputies are modern political upstarts with all the bumptiousness of the beggar who for the first time mounts a horse. The Regents have a century long prescription and with the wisdom and discretion of years.

Governor Odell at the University Convocation last July used this language: "I hope to see a system inaugurated soon whereby such pupils as desire these (high school) advantages, may receive them without entailing on their parents additional expense. This perhaps might be met by a law which would enable the *Regents* to reimburse those districts on which responsibility might be placed for this additional burden." Governor Roosevelt too tried to unify the educational forces of the State. There is but one way to do it. It is to merge the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction into the Board of Regents. The Republican party, now in the majority, has the power to do a thing which will please thousands of voters in this State. If they do so, they will lift the educational agencies of the State out of politics, and place them where they will serve all the people and not antagonize any.

Patriotism and the Parish School.

True patriotism consists not so much in Fourth of July celebrations and flag-raisings as in the enunciation of those principles for which the American ideals stand. The fundamental principles of the American government are equal rights and equal opportunities for all, civil and religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, whereby there can be no interference with the rights of conscience, nor any prohibition of the free exercise of religious practices, the sovereignty of the law guarded by the affections of the people—the reverence for constituted authority. A partisan or sectional policy which denies to any class the full rights of citizenship, and particularly that policy that excludes from public utilities a certain class of citizens because they cannot for conscience sake accept them, is grossly unpatriotic. Looked at from this point of view, the parish schools are far more patriotic and more in accord with American ideals than the public schools.

It cannot be denied that the original American model of education is the religious school, for while the stability of the government depends on the intelligence of the citizen, his moral education cannot be disregarded. When virtue is combined with intelligence there is constituted a basis of citizenship which possesses stability and permanence. Our institutions will never last unless there is reverence for authority and obedience to law. There will be no enduring hope that America will perform her mission—that of giving a higher happiness and a broader liberty to all classes—unless the religious basis of civic well-being is thoroughly established. There can be no honesty in commercial relations, nor will there be any sanctity in the oath administered in courts of law, nor will there be any sweetness in those higher relations of the domestic hearth, unless religion is the cement that holds together the stones of our social fabric. If religion were entirely eradicated from the hearts of the people, social disruption and disaster would be near at hand.

The institutions, therefore, that cultivate the great deep principles of religion do contribute more to the enduring nature of our American institutions than any other, and the school that teaches the child these same principles is the great saving factor in our American life. In point of view, therefore, of the highest patriotism the parish schools are away beyond the school that teaches no religion and brings up the child without a knowledge of his God or his duty to his fellow-man.

The Attack on the Tenement House Laws.

If rapacious greed had its way men would house their fellow-men in dwellings that are less habitable than the original caves in which their ancestors dwelt, for the story of man's inhumanity to man is as old as creation. This statement is apropos of the desperate attempt that is now being made in the New York Legislature to break down the wholesome Tenement House Laws that were recently enacted as the result of the work of an expert commission. No less than seven bills have been introduced from one quarter or another, but all inspired by an effort, not to ameliorate the condition of the poor but to get more money out of building investments, regardless of the moral and physical welfare of the necessitous classes. Studies into the causes of tuberculosis in New York City have demonstrated with all the precision of an exact science that certain houses are just as sure to produce consumption as the pest-house is to cause small-pox. Consumption has attained the prominence of a plague in most large cities. The records show that thousands die every year from the fatal disease.

There is little wonder that people are carried away by this dread disease when they are compelled to live in houses where the most unsanitary conditions exist and are forced to sleep in rooms where there is no access to light and pure air. The new Tenement House Law condemns the old air-shaft, which often was a hole of pestilence and only ventilated the apartments of one family into those of another, and in its stead put the open court, which is open from the bottom up, so that a free access to fresh air is always possible. The new law insisted, moreover, that every room shall open to the outside air, so that good ventilation may be secured.

These two requirements seem to be downright necessities of life, and yet they interfered with tenement-house property as a gilt-edged investment. Hence the attempt to reverse the conditions of the law. The common people never got anything unless they fought desperately for it. It is, good, therefore, to mark the legislators who are anxious to revert to the old conditions, and to let them feel the heavy hand of popular power if they continue to do the behests of rapacious greed as against the people's welfare.

The Native Clergy in the Philippines.

The most noteworthy clause of the Papal Letter to the church in the Philippines is the requirement embodied in the following words:

"Concerning the secular clergy experience has amply proved that a native clergy is everywhere of the greatest utility, and bishops will, therefore, use every care to increase the number of native priests in their dioceses, taking at the same time the greatest pains to assure themselves that they to whom ecclesiastical offices are entrusted, are known to them and fit for those offices, and previously formed to piety and discipline." Those who have shown themselves by practice and experience to be superior men are to be gradually promoted to the more important offices.

It is Rome's purpose, and it has always been the traditional policy of Rome, to insist on the cultivation of a native clergy. Over and over again has the Propaganda insisted on the open-door policy for the native priests to even the highest responsibilities. There never has been any race which as a race have been debarred from the priesthood or even the hierarchy. If any people has been called to the Catholic Church it has also been called to the responsibilities and dignities of the clerical state.

In the history of the Catholic missions this policy has not always been followed by some of the missionaries. An oligarchic form of spiritual government has been instituted and the native has been kept in tutelage. In the history of the ill-fated Church of Japan the Propaganda was obliged to command certain bishops to admit such Japanese as were found fit to sacred orders. In the early missions in California the Indians were always treated as children. And in both these cases when the storm of persecution came, the fruit of years of labor and sacrifice was swept away so that scarcely a vestige remained.

The reason probably was the Church never struck its roots deep into the soil. On May 10, 1775, Pius VII., in a letter to the Vicars-Apostolic of the Far East, urges the establishment of colleges where the natives may be trained: "In this way will the increase and safeguard of the clergy be provided for, and if persecution assails a mission there will be no danger of the apostolic ministry suddenly ceasing, as unfortunately happened in the Japanese mission." Hereafter in the Philippines the native clergy must be given opportunity to advance themselves in learning and in sanctity, and consequently in places of dignity and responsibility in the church.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SOME time ago in this department the new plans of the New York Public Library were discussed with the admonition that a broad policy should be adopted in securing and retaining the effective co-operation of parish libraries, which can do valuable service in promoting the circulation of the best books. At a recent meeting in the Hotel Majestic, New York City, Archbishop Farley delivered an address on the same topic, pointing out in emphatic words the danger of departing from the plan hitherto legally recognized, of allowing a small appropriation to local societies engaged in promoting good reading matter for the people. The report of the Catholic Library Association shows a work of considerable magnitude from the date of its beginning, January, 1888, in the Cathedral School Hall. It contained then 500 volumes purchased and gathered from the libraries of church societies. At first it was opened three times a week; later, in 1892, five times weekly, and in 1896 it was found necessary to open for seventy-four hours in a week, which was twelve hours for six days in the week and two hours on Sundays. By complying with the conditions of the State Library Law, a charter was given from the University of the State of New York, October 15, 1896, and by the work during that year it became entitled to receive from the State a grant of $200 and from the city a grant of $500. Since then the appropriation has been increased in proportion to the amount of circulation, and last year from the city $17,000 was received of the moneys appropriated for the support of public libraries. This year, although the circulation was very much larger than last, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment saw fit to allow the appropriation to remain as it was last year, thereby preventing the carrying out of plans for development and crippling activity in many directions. Comptroller Grout in a public announcement in the newspapers, whether speaking with authority or not, announced that libraries such as this would in future receive no appropriation or subsidy from the city. A few statistics will show how great would be the work that would have to be suspended if this determination became the decision of the authorized Board.

This library has grown from 500 to 64,000 volumes, with five libraries that are open seventy-four hours weekly, one that is open thirty-six hours, and eleven smaller branches which are practically delivery stations, open a few hours each week. The circulation in 1888 was 8,393 volumes, and in 1892 it was 408,948 plus 35,969 issued in the smaller branches, or a total of 444,917. This enormous increase in circulation and capacity has been the result of the generous application of the provisions of the Library Law of this State by the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment since 1897, and it is easily seen that a curtailment or suppression of this appropriation would bring about a weakened condition, as it would not be fair to expect from private enterprise sufficient funds to make up the deficiencies thus caused.

It seems that the gift of Mr. Carnegie has induced some of the managers of the New York Public Library to think that they can now cast aside some of the workers who have rendered splendid service in the past by the aid of philanthropic and religious societies. A letter written January 28, 1903, and published in the *Evening Post*, is here given as worthy of profound consideration:

Mr. Carnegie, by his many gifts for libraries, seems to have established a reputation for great liberality, and is referred to as a philanthropist. Consideration of his methods shows that, on the contrary, he is doing a vast deal of harm, and legislation is urgently needed to put a stop to his practices. His methods on the surface seem so generous and so ingenuous that his victims readily succumb, and should be protected by law.

His gifts for libraries are always made conditional upon the recipient running into debt, and while the sums he gives ends the matter as far as he is concerned, the unfortunate victim of his wiles is obliged to tax himself or itself for all time thereafter. As an instance, take the city of New York, to whom he gives $5,000,000, but in accepting the city agrees to squeeze from the poor taxpayers the sum of $500,000 a year for ever; that is, they must raise by taxation every year 10 per cent. of the amount he gives. In a few years the city has paid more than he gives, and is besides saddled with a debt of $500,000 a year for ever after.

I do not see why the citizens should have such an additional burden cast upon them to keep up libraries for which Carnegie receives the credit. Our legislators should not possess the power to thus sacrifice the best interest of the city, and the same thing applies to all the other towns and villages which have been thoughtless enough to accept the offers of Mr. Carnegie. If he made these gifts through any genuine spirit of philanthropy, he would in each case give a sum for endowment, so the library would be self-supporting; but as it is, he does incalculable harm in inducing and encouraging so many cities, towns, and villages to run into debt, and not a debt to be paid off at any time either, but a perpetual tax upon the people; and a tax, I think, the people as a whole obtain the least benefit from; and they that pay the taxes, that is property, scarcely any at all.

A TAXPAYER.

* * *

The Public Library at Utica, N. Y., has now for the first time admitted, as a gift of Mrs. Kernan, wife of the late United States Senator, a set of bound volumes of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Some of the missing numbers were given by a non-Catholic to whom honor is due for sharing in a good work. It is now to be hoped that the Catholic patrons of the library will make use of these volumes frequently. Nearly all the important public questions affecting the welfare of the United States will be found ably treated by competent writers in the back numbers of this magazine. Much of this information is not available elsewhere. Since the year 1865 to the present time THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE has endeavored to voice the convictions of intelligent Catholics, and to advance the cause of enlightened patriotism.

Right Reverend Monsignor Lynch, D.D., when notified by Mr. John E. Brandegee that a favorable decision had been rendered, sent the following letter in reply:

You are quite right in assuming that I am glad to be informed that you have now a file of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the Public Library.

I am quite sure that you agree with me, that a public library, like many other useful things in this world, is not an unmixed good. It is unfortunate that in the books provided at the public expense for the development of the mind there are—necessarily, perhaps—to use the words of St. Peter, speaking of Scripture itself, "some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition."

On the other hand, much of the light reading provided for our young people to while away the passing hour, is more harmful than helpful in the cultivation of that purity of heart that makes so much for good citizenship.

With all good citizens, then, I rejoice whenever I hear that those burdened with the responsibility in this important matter are taking pains to provide, even if it be necessary to take advantage of private benefactions, some antidotes for the unwholesome and poisonous literature of our day, for which, unfortunately, our young folks seem to have such an abnormal craving.

Hoping that THE CATHOLIC WORLD may prove beneficial in this respect to a large class of readers, and thanking you again for the information so courteously given, I remain, Yours very sincerely, J. S. M. LYNCH.

We hope that other friends of this Magazine will get the suggestion from the letter of Mgr. Lynch that it is a good investment for private funds to be employed in giving a subscription for a copy to be sent to the nearest public library, since public funds may not be used for any volume or periodical representing distinctive religious teaching. The non-sectarians oblige the State officials to endorse the vagaries of undenominationalism, which has been recently set forth in these strong words by the Rev. R. C. Moberly, D.D., of Oxford University:

It cannot be too often or too strongly insisted that there is no such thing as purely negative teaching. Every negative contains an affirmation, and every omission implies a positive precept. You cannot, by any possibility, forbid the teaching of what is distinctive . . . without thereby necessarily teaching that insistence on these things may be amiable but must be untrue. . . . It is only by a serious revolt against the whole principle of their own education that pupils will ever escape from its practical influence.

The fact is, that undenominationalism, so far from being unsectarian in character, is itself an instance of the sectarian spirit in its most exclusive and aggressive form. It is really itself of the nature of an attempt at a new denomination, more latitudinarian and rationalistic in basis, more illiberal and persecuting in method, than any that before exists. It sins so flagrantly against the first principles of liberalism as actually to attempt the suppression by force of the liberty of every denomination other than itself. . . . It does direct injustice, whether more or less, to every one who has serious convictions upon theological subjects.—*From pamphlet on Undenominationalism, published 1902 by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.* M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Sophocles. Translated and Explained. By John Swinnerton Phillimore. With illustrations. Pp. lxxxvi.—212. Price $2. *The Creeds.* An Historical and Doctrinal Exposition of the Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian Creeds. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer. Pp. xvii.—321. Price $1.80 net. *Meditations on the Passion.* Part I. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. Pp. viii.—219. *An Eucharistic Eirenicon.* Carson. Price 50 cts. *The Making of Our Middle Schools.* An Account of the Development of Secondary Education in the United States. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D. Pp. 547. Price $3. *St. Margaret of Cortona.* By Rev. Leopold De Cherance, O.S F.C. Pp. 256. Price $1.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

A Book of Meditations. By Edward Howard Griggs. Pp. 226. Price $1.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

The Pilkington Heir. By Anna T. Sadlier. Pp. 212. *The Art of Life.* An Essay. By Frederick Charles Kolbe, D.D. Pp. 109. Price 75 cts. net. *In Holiest Truth.* The Story of St. Encratilda, one of the Martyrs of Sargossa, A. D. 304. Pp. 208. Price $1 net.

ANCIÈNNE MAISON CHARLES DOUNIOL:

Journal Intime de Monseigneur Dupanloup. Extraits Recueillis et Publiés. Par L. Branchereau. Pp. 356.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Truth of the Papal Claims. By Raphael Merry Del Val, D.D. A Reply to "The Validity of Papal Claims." By F. Nutcombe Oxenham, D.D. Pp. xiv.—129—xv. Price $1 net. *Beyond the Grave.* From the French of Rev. E. Hamon, S.J. By Anna T. Sadlier. Pp. 300. Price $1 net. *The Whole Difference.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. Pp. 361. Price $1.60 net. *Hail, full of Grace.* By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Pp. 261. Price $1.30 net. *The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America;* with special relation to their early Cartographical Representation. By Joseph Fischer, S.J. Translated from the German by Basil H. Soulsby, B.A. Pp. 131 and maps. Price $2 net.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & Co., New York:

The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith. Pp. 367. Price $1.50. *The Rose and the Sheepskin.* By Joseph Gordian Daley. Pp. 389. Price $1.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Ste. Alphonse de Liguori (1696–1787). Par le Baron J. Angot des Retours. Pp. xvii.—182 Price 2 fr. *Urbain II.* Par Lucien Paulot. Preface de Georges Goyau. Pp. xxxvi.—562.

NEW BOOKS.—*Continued.*

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Laboratory Manual of Physics. By Henry C. Cheston, Philip R. Dean, and Charles Timmerman. Pp. 128. Price 50 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
St. Augustine and his Age. By Joseph McCabe. Pp. 516. Price $2.
HINDS & NOBLE, New York:
How to Gesture. By Edward A. Ott. Pp. 124. Price $1.25.
ARTHUR H. CLARK, Cleveland, Ohio:
The Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Pp. 215. Price $2.50.
MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
The Social Unrest. Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements. By John Graham Brooks. Pp. 380. Price $1.50.
MARLIER & CO., LTD., Boston:
Rev. Mother M. Xavier Warde. By Sisters of Mercy, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H. Pp. 287. Price $1.25.
AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
A Royal Son and Mother. By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel. Pp. 127. Price 75 cts.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Seventeenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1902.
Thirteenth Biennial Report of the State Board of Agriculture, Kansas. By F. D. Coburn. Vol. XVIII. Pp. 1127.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

THIS PAGE IS FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT of Reader, Advertiser, and Publisher. 1. To Reader by calling attention to meritorious articles advertised. 2. To Advertiser by, **FREE OF CHARGE,** directing the reader's attention. 3. To Publisher by reason of service rendered reader and advertiser.

PEOPLE who wear alternately one pair of eyeglasses for long distance vision and another for reading, or those who use bifocal glasses with lenses divided in the ordinary way, will be interested in a new and greatly improved form of bifocal glasses offered by Mr. E. B. MEYROWITZ, the optician.

When these new glasses are in place they appear exactly like the usual single lens eyeglasses. No joining of long and short distance lenses is apparent, the eyes of the wearer being scarcely conscious of the dividing line. This "invisibility" is secured by a marvellously ingenious device by which the small lens is enclosed *within* the larger lens—not cemented to the surface as in the old style bifocal glasses.

The increased efficiency and elegant appearance of this new form of bifocal eyeglasses are certain to make them popular. Read the advertisement in this number.

MANY of the foremost institutions are now enjoying the fine COFFEES and TEAS of the Fulton Mills. If you are not already a patron of CAUCHOIS & CO., a card to them will bring quickly samples without cost. The Fulton Mills have been in continual running existence over 50 years, and the product is celebrated among the connoisseurs and lovers of *good* coffee. Their PRIVATE ESTATE COFFEE is the *only* coffee absolutely *fresh daily* that can be obtained of the grocers in Greater New York. Cauchois & Co. make a specialty in *the service to institutions.* Write them for free samples. The proof of *their* coffee is in *the drinking.* You will be surprised at the quality and price you can secure the very best values in coffees of all grades from them.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY has begun the new year with a series of very interesting advertisements, which may be designated as a Land-Mark Series. The first of these, which appeared in the January magazines, consisted of a half-page picture of City Hall Park, New York. The February advertising presented the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, Canada, and that for the current month shows the splendid Carnegie Library Building in Schenley Park, Pittsburg, Pa. Of course The Smith Premier Typewriter is made prominent in each of these pictures with a note regarding its use in the localities portrayed.

AP
2
C3
v.76

The Catholic world

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY